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FATHER TOM BURKE

VOL. II.

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THE LIFE

OF THE VERY REV.

THOMAS N. BURKE, O.P.

BY

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LIFE

OF

FATHER THOMAS BURKE.

CHAPTER I.

AMERICA.

ON October 11, 1871, Fr. Thomas Burke went to the United States as Visitor of his Order (writes his friend and Provincial, Fr. Towers). During the sojourn, besides sermons, he gave four hundred lectures, and about 80,000*l.* was the result of his labours, many churches thus being freed from debt, and orphanages and hospitals endowed.

The duties of the office on which Fr. Burke now entered were to visit the convents of the American Province, hear the complaints of all who had small grievances to report or suggestions to make, and to frame such regulations as seemed to him expedient.

Fr. Burke received his appointment not from the Master-General Jandel, as some Dominicans suppose, and has even been stated by 'L'Année Dominicaine' (No. 279, p. 409), but under an authority still higher—that of a general chapter, which can depose, if need be, the Master-General himself.

Fr. Sablon, who sat at the General Chapter at Ghent as Definitor for England, just as Fr. Burke did for Ireland, conceived a great liking for him, and was easily persuaded to

become the Socius of the Visitor to America. Some recollections that he has given us will be duly drawn upon.

Conflicting emotions struggled in Fr. Burke's breast as the receding outline of his native land became more and more indistinct. His aged parents he might never see again. One died during the interval. His own health presented at times a serious warning, and when he recited in an early lecture at New York lines descriptive of an Irish exile's departure, all were struck by the deep feeling with which he spoke.

Adieu ! The snowy sail
Swells her bosom to the gale,
And our barque from Innisfail
Bounds away.
While we gaze upon the shore
That we never may see more,
And the blinding tears flow o'er,
We pray, &c. &c.

And then follows a prayer worthy of priest and patriot. What further thoughts came may be gleaned from the same lecture :—

When his ship's prow is turned toward the setting sun, he beholds upon the headlands of the iron-bound coast of Mayo or western Galway the round tower of Ireland, the last thing the eye of the lover or traveller descries. This is not the time to enter into an archæological argument as to whether the round towers are of Pagan or Christian origin, or as to whether they are the offspring of the Goban Saor, or of the men of the fifth century ; or whether they go back into the times of which no vestige remains upon the page of history or in the traditions of men. I attempted this once, and whilst I was pursuing my argument, as I thought, very learnedly, I saw a man sitting opposite to me open his mouth, and he gave a yawn; and I said in my own mind to myself, 'My dear friend, if you do not close your dissertation, that man will never shut his mouth ;' for I thought the top of his head would come off.

Although Fr. Burke was fond of the sea and sailors, he was himself by no means a good sailor. On the third day he got very sick, and Fr. Sablon, who would have made a first-

rate Boswell, observed that 'deep groans and fervent ejaculations to St. Dominic alternated with explosive retching.'

'C'est ici la période saillante et glorieuse de la vie du Père Burke,' declares 'L'Année Dominicaine.' 'His progress in America is certainly the most important period of his life,' states Mgr. Neville, who knew him well, and was a close observer of his career. The same remark has been addressed to us by the Archbishop of St. Louis, his fast friend also. Therefore we must try to trace his progress with some care.

It has been said—and a few Dominicans believe it—that Father Burke, seeing by the newspapers that Sothern was going to New York, quietly arranged to travel by the same ship. On examining the ship's log, however, the name of Mr. Sothern does not appear. But after long inquiry we find that Fr. Burke and Sothern met in New York under circumstances which will be detailed hereafter. Fr. Burke had indeed a higher and a holier motive in selecting the 'City of London' than the hope of meeting Mr. Sothern on board. Miss Wyse had a good deal of his confidence, and she informs us that Fr. Burke 'purposely sought out a ship where there were many steerage passengers. During the voyage Fr. Burke repeatedly preached to the poor people, and heard from them more than three hundred confessions.' When leaving Queenstown he received Faculties from the Bishop of Cloyne. These continued in force until his arrival in New York. The idea that Sothern was on board seems due to a remark made by the comedian, namely,'You can do everything I can do, but *I* cannot do all that you can do!' alluding to Fr. Burke's religious ministrations.

He spent the greater part of the time (writes Fr. Clarke, S.J.) cheering the emigrants, comforting them, encouraging them to be faithful to their holy religion in their new home across the Atlantic. He was asked to preach in the saloon cabin, but declined, unless the steerage passengers were allowed to hear the sermon. This was conceded.

He also gave, in the saloon, an interesting lecture 'free

from polemics,' Fr. Sablon states. Mass, however, was not attempted, Benedict XIV. having held that it cannot be said at sea, even if safe from irreverence, without papal dispensation. The danger of the chalice being overturned is pointed out by Gavantus.

Mr. Edmond O'Flaherty, who saw Fr. Burke continuously about this time, describes his eloquence as

like Curran's, no regular stream rolling down in a smooth and straightforward volume; it had the wayward beauty of the fresh mountain torrent, perpetually delighting the eye with some unexpected sweep through the wild and picturesque, always rapid, always glancing back sunshine till it swelled into sudden strength and thundered over like a cataract. His conversation was like Curran's, singularly brilliant and full of radiant vivacity. His imagination was wonderful, and humour perfect. Like Curran, too, he had fifty faces and twice as many voices when he mimicked; and the Captain of the steamer in which he went over tells with delighted wonder of how from dock to dock he kept the passengers in a roar, astonishing, provoking, amusing, and delighting, and yet under all these springs of mirth in social life, and the most deep and ardent expression of feeling in the pulpit, there ran an undercurrent of sadness. In his brightest play of thought—something easier to feel than convey—there was a tinge of melancholy. His sermons bore often 'the broad oblique glow of the winter noonday, the red flashing of a November sky.' He had a most gentle and modest bearing, with a voice singularly penetrating and tender, and above all—his most marked characteristic—a piercing glance which seemed to seek out foes to conquer, and hearts like Wiseman's to win.

When about half way a great storm came on, accompanied by vivid flashes of lightning and deafening peals of thunder. Somehow the ponderous machinery of the engine-room stopped, as if in mute awe of a greater power, and Fr. Burke —at all times nervous—jumped from his berth, and half dressed rushed on deck. Fr. Sablon, more impassive, remained in bed, resigned to any fate, and smiling over the story of the man who, when he heard some one say, 'We shall all be in heaven in half an hour,' responded, 'May

the Lord forbid!' On going on deck, however, next morning, Fr. Sablon observed traces of the struggle through which the good ship had passed—its sails in shreds, part of the bulwarks stove in, and a long brass bar which ran round the deck twisted like a coil of bell wire.

Some of the thoughts that filled Fr. Burke's mind after the crisis had passed found expression in an extempore lecture which he gave in New York:

Why are so few saved? Why are so few found to comply with the conditions which Holy Church commands? If she received the commission to command the whole world and to convert it, why is it that the Church has been always persecuted and abused? Oh, my friends, there is a deep analogy between the things of nature and the things of grace. The goodly ship is strongly built; she is sheathed and plated so that in every tide she shall cleave through the waters and override them; and when thus prepared, she is launched, and her mission is to spread her sails and navigate every sea to the furthermost end of the world. Through all must she go; over them all must she ride; a thousand storms must she brave; and that ocean which takes her to its bosom apparently receives her only for the purpose of tossing her from wave to wave, of testing her strength, trying every member and every joint, opening mighty chasms to swallow her up, but, failing in that, dashing its angry waves against her, as if in the order of nature the ship and the sea were enemies, and the ocean that received that vessel aimed only at her destruction. Is it not thus in the order of nature? Is it not this stormy ocean, these foam-crested billows, these angry, roaring waves, the thunder that rolls, and the lightnings which flash around her, that try and prove the goodness of the ship? And if she outlives it; if she is able to weather all these storms, to override them all, and to land her freight and passengers in the appointed port, is it not a proof that she is well built? If the ocean were as smooth as glass; if the winds were always favourable; if no impediment came upon her; if no wave struck her and threatened to overwhelm her, or no chasm opened to receive her into its mighty bosom—what proof would we have that the ship was the work of master hands, under the care of master minds?

Shortly after his arrival the warm-hearted priest writes to Mr S. G. Nicholson:

I came to America on one of your splendid steamers. There were nearly 300 Irish emigrants in the steerage. I had free access to them, and they to me at all times, and I hope and pray that my poor countrymen may be always treated as well.

Fr. Burke often told his friend Fr. Flood, O.P., that he did not expect to remain more than three months in the United States. For several weeks his official duties kept him occupied in Kentucky and Ohio.

He came without any flourish of trumpets (says the *New York Democrat*), without the usual preliminary puffing which ushers in stars of all magnitudes—shrinking from public notice instead of endeavouring to attract it—and yet, in spite of himself and his hatred of display, he was only a few months in our midst when the whole country was ringing with the fame of his eloquence, and his name was on the lips of all. While our people are never slow to detect a sham, no matter how highly recommended, they quickly feel and acknowledge the presence of genius.

Early in March he had been persuaded to deliver three lectures in New York, and also to preach the Lenten discourses at St. Paul's.

His fame spread like wildfire (Major Haverty writes), and in a short time the large edifice was quite unable to hold the crowds which flocked to hear him ; hundreds of labourers going direct from their work carrying their dinner-cans, merchants coming from business—in fact, people of all classes eagerly waiting until the doors should be opened.

On March 17 (states Mr. Meehan) Fr. Burke, at the gospel of the High Mass, preached on St. Patrick in the old Cathedral in Mott Street, to such an audience as had never before been seen in the sacred edifice. It was literally packed, and thousands who sought admission had to go away.

Hundreds, however, lingered in the hope of catching even the echoes of the preacher's voice.

Previous preachers had obtained fame by appealing to the sympathies. Fr. Burke generally appealed to the intelligence.

His later and more moving sermons are easily indicated. On Good Friday, 1872, he preached in the Dominican Church, New York, 'Christ on Calvary.' The various stages of His Passion were presented in a grand series of word-paintings. Nothing can be more painful than the glimpses given of the Saviour's bodily sufferings; but in the best of his Passion sermons the logical strength of his mind overrides the more hackneyed course. One Good Friday sermon essayed to prove that Christ must have suffered quite as keenly from the consciousness that he was regarded as an impostor as from bodily wounds.

There is something that belongs to Him, and it seems as if no man could take from Him—that which is the interior and peculiar inheritance of every man—His reputation. Even though Mary be already in the arms of her second child, even though Peter and the rest of them be shivering with fear far away in the city or at the foot of the mountain, even though the soldiers have taken the few garments that belonged to Him, He is still robed in the crimson mantle of his own sweet blood, and He may still fall back, in spite of His Father's abandonment, upon that which no man can take away from Him—namely, His grand character for sanctity, for wisdom, and for power.

He described Christ sent in the hour of His Passion from Pilate to Herod dressed in white and paraded through the streets as a fool, followed by boys who plucked his garments. But Fr. Burke thought that the hardest part to bear was when the Pharisees and priests came to the foot of the Cross, and looking into the face of the dying man, said, 'You called the dead to life—now, malefactor and fool, save Thyself and we will believe in Thee.'

You men who are so anxious to shine for genius, for knowledge, for wisdom, for power, and perhaps, for sanctity of a certain kind, look on the face of Christ dying! See how He has stretched Himself out upon the Cross on our pride, on our vanity, and has come eye to eye with us, that through His eyes, closing in death, our eyes, like those of the child under the prophet, may open to the life eternal.

To this sermon Colonel Roberts made touching reference at New York :—

I came here to-night from Washington, where eloquence of all kinds runs riot in the halls of Congress, so much indeed that I often wish men were born without tongues, and that legislative business were conducted entirely in the language of signs. And yet God has given no grander gift to man than the power of conveying the thoughts of heaven in language which angels might envy. We have here one who has spoken in the words of Divine authority, and has spoken the language of Ireland like no other man since the days of Grattan, of Flood, and of O'Connell. His speeches and his reputation have spread upon the wings of the press over this vast continent. A few evenings ago I took up a sermon of his delivered on Good Friday. I commenced to read, and I went along each mystery—my mind and heart getting more and more absorbed—until I came to where he described in language such as I never heard before the sufferings of the Son of Man upon the Cross, and with my heart filled with emotion and my brain on fire I dropped the paper, for I could go no farther. I thought I was looking at the Crucifixion. It is remarkable that two of the most eloquent living men are of Celtic blood—Emil Castelar of Spain and Fr. Burke of Ireland.

While Fr. Burke was unloosing floods of tears by his picture of Christ on Calvary, a great audience had assembled at the same hour to hear unfolded a tale which presented as great a contrast to his as it was possible to conceive. Speaking at Brooklyn on Nameless Sin, June 2, 1872, he said that

it had made God draw back the bolts of heaven, and rain down on mankind that deluge of water which destroyed the whole human race. It was the self-same sin that made the same Almighty arm rain down upon Pentapolis, the valleys by the Dead Sea, a deluge, no longer of water but of fire. Living fire came forth, enkindled by the wrath of God, sweeping away great cities and a whole nation. It was that sin repeated again that made Him send forth the terrible command to the children of Israel—that the tribe of Benjamin should be destroyed—and all the cities and villages of Benjamin were consumed with devouring flames. So that a whole tribe and a whole nation was wiped out of Israel, because of that fearful sin of which St. Paul says, 'Brethren, let it not be so much as named

among you.' Well, this is the sin which has assumed such proportions to-day that it has actually lost its shame! I say it in the face of a community which has been insulted, as New York was insulted on last Good Friday evening; whilst we Catholics were weeping at the foot of the Cross, and knelt there with Magdalene, and the Virgin Mother, a woman—calling herself a modest woman—had a congregation—an audience—to hear her whilst she blasphemed against purity, and advocated the detestable principles of free indiscriminate love.

Fr. Burke felt with Walpole that life was a comedy to those who think, a tragedy to those who feel.

One of his first lectures was, 'The Christian Man the Man of the Day,' delivered at Brooklyn, on March 22. He declared that our age cannot live without the character which he undertook to paint, and that we are fast approaching to such a point that the world itself will be obliged, on the principle of self-preservation, to cry out for the Christian man.

But to-day he is not in the high places, for the spirit of the age is not Christian. Now, mark you, there is no *man* living who is a greater lover of his age than I. And, priest as I am, and monk as well, coming here before you in this time-honoured old habit; appearing before the men of the nineteenth century as if I were a fossil dug out of the soil of the thirteenth, I still come before you as a lover of the age in which we live; a lover of its freedom, a lover of its laws, and a lover of its material progress.

Fr. Burke's first lecture in New York, April 5, was on 'The History of Ireland as told in her Ruins:'

We have often seen our largest buildings (records the *Irish American*) thronged with eager and excited multitudes on occasions of great public interest; but never has it been our fortune to witness such a gathering as assembled at the Cooper Institute to hear the world-renowned preacher speak on the history of his native land. Long before the hour announced for the lecture the entrance was beset by a dense throng, through which there was no piercing. Those nearest the door were so hopelessly hemmed in, that even had they desired to leave the attempt would have been futile; while those on the outer verge of the crowd had no other resource but to

wait patiently, on the very slight chance that they might get in if the building were not crowded to suffocation ere their turn came.

Before 7. the outer doors were opened; and then the multitude surged in, in a tide and with an impetus that was irresistible. Before the day of the lecture the committee—finding that as many tickets were out as the hall would hold—stopped the sale, and announced that none would be sold at the door on the evening of the lecture. In the crowds which came in with the first rush, however, there were hundreds who had no tickets, but offered the price of admission, and who were absolutely forced into the hall by the pressure of the thousands behind. Nearly a thousand people, who had previously purchased no tickets, were thus crowded into the hall before the ticket-takers could control the ingress of the multitude. After that no others were allowed in but those holding tickets, though thousands were still outside clamouring, and offering any price for the privilege of even standing room. It was not until a large placard was hoisted announcing that the hall was already more than full, and that the tickets of any of those who might have been excluded would hold good for the next lecture, that the crowd began to relax the vigour of its siege, though hundreds lingered round, in desperate hope, till the echoing cheers of those inside told that the orator had appeared and the lecture was commenced.

Fr. Burke's appearance was the signal for an outburst of enthusiastic welcome. The vast audience rose up, as if by one impulse, and for some minutes the cheering and waving of hats, hands, and handkerchiefs baffled description. Fr. Burke gracefully acknowledged this warm reception. Colonel Roberts, in announcing the lecture of the evening, said: 'Ladies and Gentlemen—The multitude I beheld outside this hall as I approached it, and which detained me so long, indeed, that I feared at one time I would not be able to gain admittance—and the crowd that I see inside, filling every portion with as enthusiastic and intelligent an audience as ever assembled within this Institute—these vast crowds, these eager, anxious people, all give evidence, if any were needed, of the enthusiasm which the high, the holy character, and the eloquence of Ireland's gifted son has created in the minds and hearts of all.'

Among the papers which Major Haverty has sent us is Fr. Burke's original memorandum for this lecture, embracing only thirteen lines. A MS. accompanying it records:

He was about to give this lecture for his convent in Dublin. He

heard, however, by telegraph that a house of the Order in Louisville, Kentucky, was threatened with foreclosure for debt, and he immediately sent them the receipts of the lecture and some other moneys.

He told an anecdote about a difficulty he had in getting in to give this lecture, and which nearly prevented its delivery. Cooper Institute occupies a whole square ; the main entrance is on 8th Street, and the private entrance to the platform on 7th Street. Fr. Burke and some of the Dominican Fathers, forgetting about the 7th Street entrance, undertook to get in through the immense crowd in 8th Street. After being jostled about for some time he was hustled into a blind door between the pillars and a big fat Irishwoman in such a position before him that he could not stir. After a while he said, 'My good woman, will you let me try to get past you?' 'Don't bother me,' was the reply, with her head over her shoulder ; 'what are you better than anyone else?' 'My good woman, there won't be any lecture if I can't get in, I'm Fr. Burke.' '*You* Fr. Burke!' she exclaimed disdainfully, and with her elbow gave him a dig as she made the unchristian remark, 'Go to the devil!'

Fr. Burke said she hit him right in the pit of the stomach and took his breath away. Fortunately Captain Byrne, in charge of the police, saw his Roman collar and made way for him. He came down the steps to the Lecture Hall scarcely able to speak.

The difficulties which threatened the convent at Louisville led him to visit it. His Socius, Fr. Sablon, tells us that a person calling himself a Scot waited on Fr. Burke at Louisville and invited confidence, first by cautioning him against his countrymen, many of whom, he said, were tricky, and secondly by promising to contribute some hundred dollars to the Dominican convent. Seeing a sovereign with Fr. Burke, he flew into an ecstasy at recognising once more the portrait of Queen Victoria, and asked leave to take it into another room to show it to his wife. Fr. Sablon says that Fr. Burke never saw his gold again, and that he was always very sore when reminded of his want of discernment. And no wonder ; for he plumed himself on being sharp. Lecturing on Roderick O'Conor at this time he says :

If you be a 'Mac' or an 'O,' I can tell you what part of Ireland you or your fathers came from. Some time ago, in New York, a poor

fellow came to me, asking me to give him a letter, to get him a situation as porter in some establishment. When I sat down to the letter, I asked him, 'What is your name?' 'Well, your Reverence,' he said, 'I am a M'Guire.' 'And what made you leave the county Fermanagh?' 'Oh, then, God knows,' said he, 'I left it through misfortune!' If you hear the name of an O'Reilly you at once say, 'Oh, he hails from Cavan.' If a poor fellow comes into the store to you, and says, 'My name is M'Dermot,' you at once say, 'Oh, you are a Connaught man.' If, again, a tall, square-shouldered, dark-haired, hazel-eyed man steps in like a giant, and stands before you, and says, 'I came to this country and I am one of the O'Neills,' then you say: 'Ah! then you are from Ulster, my friend—from the county Tyrone.'

This extract further shows that, though he disliked letter-writing, his pen was always ready when charity called.

He could not fill half the engagements for which he was importuned (writes a travelling companion), being often followed from place to place by those who wanted him to preach or lecture; one priest coming from Boston to New York, and thence to St. Louis, determined not to disappoint his congregation of the promise he had made them that they should hear Fr. Burke.

The Dominican who supplied to a Paris serial ('L'Année Dominicaine') some notices of his career in America says:

During the time that he preached the Lent sermons and those of the Month of Mary in the church of St. Vincent Ferrer, served by our Fathers, he found means to make himself heard in other churches, and also to give two or three lectures a week. And never during this laborious course did the power of the orator or the enthusiasm of the audience flag for a single day.

He adds that in the churches every seat was occupied four or five hours before the commencement of the sermon, and the approaches were literally besieged, not only by troops of the pious faithful, but also by a crowd belonging to all religious denominations. 'Protestant clergymen mustered,' adds the Dominican reporter, 'and there might be met in succession all that the different communions of New

York possessed of distinguished preachers.' And yet these compact crowds were not his only hearers; 'his speech, reproduced, was sent through the columns of thirty or forty Catholic journals, to re-echo to the very extremities of the States, and to invite some hundreds of thousands of readers to the delights of his hearers.'

Strange to say, the fine discourses in St. Vincent Ferrer's were never reported. Of this we are assured by Fr. Lilly, the American Provincial.

'When he came here as Visitor-General he never intended to preach,' he says, 'but as soon as it was rumoured that he had come he was beset by so many requests for sermons, that he could not refuse them.' Lectures and sermons followed for endless charitable objects. He was now habitually addressing audiences sometimes three times a day. The New York journalist, Mr. Meehan, informs us that one of the most experienced stenographers, whom he employed to follow and report Fr. Burke, gave up in despair after three weeks' experience. 'Why,' said he, 'this is not a man of flesh and blood; he must be built of iron—for nothing else could stand what he goes through.'[1]

Many stories are told of the endeavours made to induce him to promise a lecture when he was already deeply engaged (writes Major Haverty). One morning two Sisters from a neighbouring city sat in the parlour at St. Vincent Ferrer's from five o'clock, waiting patiently, saying their beads, until they could catch him as he passed out; and when at last he came, and, hurried and over-driven, said, 'No, no, Sister, I can't do it,' he used laughingly to describe his consternation when the poor nun, putting her hands to her eyes, sobbed out in broken English, 'Well, it is the will of God, but we are very poor.' Fr. Tom hastily cried out, 'There, there, that'll do, Sister; I'll try and manage it.' And of course he *did*.

A frequent occurrence was a question uttered in his earnest way: 'Tell me what am I to lecture on to-night?' or, 'Have you a

[1] But even iron wears out and rusts out, for it is now no secret that the close of Fr. Burke's bright career was marked by worry, which is rust on the blade. But the time has not yet come to examine it.

programme? I really don't know on what I am to speak.' Having got the information asked for, he would relapse into silence, burying himself in the depths of his memory and knowledge; and it may be fearlessly asked when was he known to fail or to disappoint his hearers?

Fr. Lilly says that he lectured first with great reluctance, though after he gained confidence he continued it for many months. So early as April 24, 1872, he thus apologetically began:

My friends, you are here this evening as an illustration of the old proverb that people can get used to anything. I have heard of a man who was seven times tossed by a mad bull, and he vowed he was tossed so often that he had got to like it. The last time that I was in this great hall, when I looked up and saw the mass of heads around me, I confess I was a little scared. This evening I have got used to it; I have also got used to your kindness, and I hope I shall never abuse it.[1]

Intemperance formidably prevailed at this time. At Paterson, U.S., on April 25, he spoke strongly on that evil.

The effect of Fr. Burke's splendid address upon the vast congregation is indescribable (concludes the report). As he proceeded, the audience by one impulse stood up in their seats, and crowded up through the aisles, as if each one were anxious to get near the speaker, and to fix his very features on their memories.

Scattered through the American newspapers are many appeals on the same subject. At Boston he said, and we print from the original report:

There is one man who is a disgrace to citizens—the drunkard—he whom I came here to fight. He above all men insults the genius of liberty and law by giving up his personal liberty and making himself a slave to his passions. No man is so enslaved as the drunkard. There is no man who cannot control his passion but he. There is no form of sin which excludes the whisperings of conscience, paralyses the soul, and leaves only the burdensome body to disgrace that soul as does intemperance. The drunkard makes himself incapable

[1] 'The Constitution of the Church,' Brooklyn, April 24, 1872.

of obeying or making laws, because law means the expression of reason for the good of all men—therefore law is intellectual. You might as well try to set up a government among the hogs of Ohio as to take a nation of drunkards and say to them, 'Take your liberty and make your own laws,' for they are incapable of government. Who destroys nations and is the enemy of States? The drunkard. When Rome was in the climax of her republican strength, when the last contest approached and the Roman people were called upon to test the virtue of free principles, won by a Brutus or a Cincinnatus—when the question came, would they bow down before the imperialism of Cæsar, who lost? The general who could raise his arms and crush his enemies easily, who stood unequalled in war, Marc Antony, went to Alexandria and there gave himself up to passion and wine. While steeping his brain in wine Augustus marched against him, and with one stroke of Cæsar's sword the Roman soldier was swept into disgrace. Imperial Carthage, so long as her people remained sober, could, under Hannibal, withstand the world. They crossed the Alps, and by their bravery made every city fall before them. At last they wintered at the foot of Vesuvius, became addicted to drink, and their hearts, souls, and bodies were so shattered that when the first Romans came they were swept away like chaff. Go back among the nations and you find the same story from the Persians, Armenians, Assyrians, &c. States fell and society was ruined while Belshazzar revelled in his palace; and thus it has ever been that nations have always fallen by the sin of drunkenness. How shall it be in America —this land which has a future greatness, a continent teeming with all sorts of wealth, minerals rich and abundant, fruits and flowers of every form of sweetness? Nothing hinders her from becoming great except the shadow of intemperance, which casts nations in shame.

This appeal was so successful that towards the end of his peroration Fr. Burke called upon all who desired to take the pledge to raise their right hands.

Large numbers did so in all parts of the room (observes the reporter), and they repeated after him the solemn words of the pledge; and at the close of the scene he exhorted them to keep it, saying that if they did they would be surrounded by the blessings of God through all time. When deafening cheers had ceased, President O'Brien read a series of resolutions amid much enthusiasm, the first of which was, 'That the thousands of American citizens here present,

representing different nationalities and religious beliefs, unite in thanking the Irish scholar and orator.'

Fr. Burke's visit to Jersey City on May 15 was marked by a great torchlight procession organised by Temperance men. 'For two miles,' records the *Boston Pilot*, 'the streets seemed ablaze. An open barouche contained Fr. Burke, Fr. Hennessy, for whose Church the Dominican had come to lecture, and Major Haverty.' At intervals along the line were beautiful transparencies bidding him welcome. Arrived at the Presbytery, and the great *cortège* having filed past in review, the President of the Union read an address full of Celtic fervour. Fr. Burke replied:

My Friends and my Brothers,—It is gratifying to me, an Irish priest, to witness this great ovation of temperance men to-night, for I look upon it not as a personal compliment to me, but as a tribute of the Irish people to the body of which I am a humble member, the Irish priesthood. Other nations are persecuting their priesthood, chasing them from their land; but my countrymen cling to theirs, and delight to honour them. The temperate Irishman is the man of hope for Ireland. In the temperate Irishman I see the man who will bring honour upon our name in this land. I beg of you, my countrymen, to stick to your faith and practice of temperance, bring all our people on this continent within the temperance fold, and then the gallantry and genius and nobility of the Irish character will establish for us a leading position among the various races that dwell here, and the temperate Irish people will stand at the head of the population of this young republic. Aye, and more than that, the old motherland will throb for joy, she will revive and get a new soul, the glory of her excellent children will cheer her in her sorrows and aid her in renewing her national life.

[Loud cheers rose, which we learn were taken up by outside crowds and extended to a great distance.]

And now, my brothers of the temperance cause, it is late, and you and I are tired. We will part now and go to sleep, and, as we are members of the Catholic Temperance Society, we can rise bright and early in the morning to attend to our business unaffected by a headache.

Other ovations followed fast. The *Metropolitan Record* states that

the marked success which attended the three lectures delivered at the Academy of Music had a pleasing culmination on the evening of June 12, at the residence of the Hon. Terence Farley, who entertained in a sumptuous manner the committee by whom the address to Fr. Burke was prepared. All awaited with anxious expectancy *the* guest of the evening, the great Dominican, with the praises of whose eloquence and genius the whole land resounds.

The representative of the *New York Herald* and his brother guests waited two hours for the 'Conquering Hero,' when Fr. Burke—who had come direct from Syracuse, not from Sicily, however—where he had been lecturing, arrived, and was received with enthusiastic welcome. Remembering his engagement, he had started by the earliest train, and travelled three hundred miles to keep it. An address to him had been prepared and was quite an artistic gem.

Emblazoned in letters of light were the initials of the 'Order of Preachers,' while the words of the address were beautifully interwoven through varied lines of beauty. At foot was an admirable medallion portrait of the great Dominican embowered in shamrocks; while on either side was a beautiful picture of Clare Abbey, Galway, with the ancient bridge over the river, and in the distance the massive and hoary stone cross. The document was set in a framework of heavy blue silk fringe with rich pendants, while the whole hung from a *bâton* of crimson velvet, which terminated in golden knobs tastefully carved with shamrocks.

All this had a fitting receptacle in a morocco case, lined with green silk; on the cover Fr. Burke's name was inscribed in gold. Looking deeper, a cheque for 6,250 dollars appeared, which, with a previous instalment, made 6,500 dollars.

The address said that again the name of Burke had been made 'illustrious in another of Ireland's sons, whose genius and intellect are devoted to the holiest purpose that can

enlist the energies of head and heart.' Our friar replied that he was at a loss which to admire most—the generosity of his friends or the gracefulness with which they had festooned their gift. Living in the body as well as in the spirit, the most spiritual amongst us requires bodily help and aid; and, although the religious is supposed to be the most spiritual of men, yet even he cannot live without a house to shelter him, and the vulgar surroundings of butcher's, baker's, and tailor's bills.

In gazing upon the delicate beauty of the document he went back in thought to the day when the Irish monk of old was the first illuminator in Europe.

Our ancient manuscripts still attest the wonderful power of their genius and cunning hand. The genius that inspired them still lives in their children; and we have proof in this handsome address that that genius only requires the encouragement which America so generously gives to every form of intellectual power, to make it expand into creations of artistic beauty fitted to hold their place with the masterpieces of olden times.

Your address embodies a hope that, at some future day, I may return to this great country. The future of us all is in the hands of God, and mine is in the hands of my Superior, under God. Like the soldier who waits but for the trumpet's sound to move in arms, the monk awaits but the command of his Superior to move even to the ends of the earth, armed with the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God. If ever that command is issued which should turn my face towards the setting sun, I shall promptly and joyfully obey it; and the voice that shall tell me to return once more into the midst of you will fall as welcome upon my ears as music breathed forth in the summer night. For I recognise the greatness of a priest's mission in this land—to work with such men as surround me here to-night, upon whose faces I read the marks that tell me that their souls and hearts have expanded in the genial air of free Columbia. How joyfully would I not lend myself and my labours to the building up in this land of a glorious future for Catholic Irishmen!

The report adds, that besides the 'Reply,' Fr. Burke made the happiest of speeches. 'When the hour of separation

arrived, it looked as if Time, jealous and envious of our pleasure, had cheated us out of at least one half of our fair and just proportion.'

Meanwhile his zeal as a priest continued.

> The politician may speak to you of the interest of the passing hour (he said). The lecturer on science may come to reveal to you the motions of the stars or the secrets of nature; these, also, are things of the hour. The historian may put before you the panorama of the past in all its glowing colours. But the priest, when he rises to speak, has for his argument and for his subject the things of eternity—the immortal interests of the soul which shall never pass away, so as to be either a remembrance in the past or a mere transitory thing in the present; and on this great subject, all-important because of its eternal interest, the priest preaches with arguments taken from the highest authority—from the very mind and heart and mouth of God.

And he then proceeded to deliver 'his message to the people of God.' Conversions thickly followed. The press teemed with tributes to his power; poetry serenaded him. The final verse of a series sang

> So full of fire, and sweetness, and delight,
> The burning thought that thrills us day and night,
> That surely thou hast almost met His face.
> And when He calls thee nearer to the throne,
> So close thou standest to His dwelling place,
> One little step will make thee all His own.

À Kempis says that 'We are apt to inquire how much a man has done; but with how much virtue he has done it is not so diligently considered. We ask whether he be strong, rich, fair, a ready or a good writer, a good singer, a good workman, but many say nothing of how poor he is in spirit, how patient and meek, how devout and internal.' (Book iii. chap. 31.) It was the opinion of the Fathers who knew Burke best that humility was his distinctive virtue, which gave lustre to the others. 'What struck me and his other religious brethren most was the solidity of his virtues. Though

praised on all sides, I can honestly say I never met a more completely and truly humble man, with a true and genuine humility.'[1]

Old John Selden was universally esteemed for the goodness of his heart. When, therefore, he writes that 'humility is a virtue all preach, none practise, and yet everybody is content to bear,' it should be taken not as satiric humour, but as the honest opinion of a good man who for seventy years had watched his kind.

Fr. Burke mentioned to the friend of his youth, John Brady, how hard it was to pass unscathed through the flattering ovations which constantly hailed him. Those who follow his career in America will frequently find in his grandest bursts of oratory the occasional presence of physic to purge pride. A sample may be seen in his lecture at Boston on 'The Genius and Character of the Irish People,' and 'L'Année Dominicaine' translates it into French:

The Corporation of Limerick[2] were once divided upon the question of making a Mayor of the city. They could not elect this man or that, and at last they agreed that they would elect as Mayor the first man that entered the gates of the city on a certain morning. The man who approached the city walls the first on that morning was a poor fellow with a load of brooms on his shoulders, who came from the Wood of Cratloe. His name was Adam Sargent. The moment he arrived in they made him Mayor. They took the poor broomseller, and they put him on the bench, with all his grand robes of office. Not returning in the evening, his mother missed him, and she came to inquire what was the matter. She went into the city, and, after looking for him two days, she found him in the Court-House, on the bench, with all the magistrates about him. When she looked at her boy, she said, 'Arrah, Adam, don't you know me?' And Adam said, 'Arrah, mother, I feel myself in the same position.' I have been speaking to my countrymen in Ireland (added the great Dominican), I have been speaking to my countrymen since I came to America, and all I can say is that, if the poor old woman in

[1] Fr. Bertrand Wilberforce, O.P., to the Author.

[2] The Corporation of Limerick is nearly as old as that of London, dating from 1197.

Galway that calls me her son were here to-day, to see me surrounded by this vast, intelligent, and magnificent assembly, she might stand there at the foot of the platform and say, 'Father Tom, jewel, don't you know me?' And all that I could say is, 'Mother dear, but I don't know myself!'

No one was more pleased to recognise blue blood, even in a Dominican, than Fr. Burke. When lecturing on 'The Evils of Ireland,' he spoke of the old Dominican monks as of the best blood in Ireland.[1]

It is recorded of Thomas Aquinas that he could not bear to be honoured on earth where for the sins of men Christ had been humbled even unto death. Burke continued to follow his great teacher. 'Therefore in the convent, in the schools, in every event that happened, humility was the watch-word, the mainspring of his life.' The speech of Fr. Burke at Boston surprised no one more than the people of Galway, who knew the position of his parents, and saw the strange darkening of the picture. But vainglory must needs be crushed, even though family pride should perish in the wreck.[2]

That these humbling avowals were part of a self-imposed discipline is shown in another trait. Mr. Matson, an important public officer in Dublin, met him at a dinner given in honour of the great Dominican. Fr. Burke mentioned incidentally that he had been the stupidest schoolboy in Galway; and that his master—'himself no great shakes'—said to him afterwards: 'If it was not for me you'd be the biggest donkey in the Claddagh.' Mr. Matson adopted the

[1] Vide *Lectures and Sermons*, 2nd series, p. 176; also vol. 1, pp. 48-84 *ante*.

[2] In all this he seems to have travelled somewhat beyond the traditions of the Order; for it has been curiously remarked by a careful explorer that 'the Franciscan recruited itself from the ranks of the people still more rapidly than the Dominican Order, which had from the beginning a certain aristocratic element about it.' See 'The Mendicant Orders, a lecture by the Archbishop of Dublin' (Dr. Trench), 1874. The late Bishop Hogarth (born 1786, died 1866) was a man of some humour, and once said to the Dominican Superior in his Diocese, 'In Rome they always call you the proud Dominicans.' 'Thank you, my lord, that is a shot from Hexham and Newcastle,' was the reply.

impression that young Burke had been, like Goldsmith, a dunce, and ten years after was amazed to hear from us that at Dr. O'Toole's school he carried all before him.

A venerable Superioress of the Order of Charity, Sister Aloysius, tells us that he once said in reply to praise of his sermon, 'Are you not afraid to tell me that?' Some nuns were so charmed by the eloquence of one of his discourses that they could not resist saying so. He replied, 'The devil told me that three times already.'

By early training in his novitiate he had come to regard pride with such sensitive aversion that when its passing presence visited him he would recoil as though it were some poisonous gas. Just as physicians say that one should not approach effluvium fasting, Fr. Burke, to strengthen himself for the ordeal, had daily recourse to the Bread of Life. A sermon on the Eucharist is now before us, preached in St. Michael's, New York, June 2, 1872, and filling four long columns of smallest type.

Will you be able to overcome this pride? (he asks)—this pride that carries away the best and highest of earth's children? No! You will never be able to contend against it, to keep the humility of your intellect, the fidelity of your faith, unless you feed upon Him who is the source of all virtue and all life. And thus it is only by the same means that Christ has effected in the Incarnation—by God uniting Himself in our nature in Christ—that He also effects our sanctification in the Holy Communion.

His hearers, who were by birth and descent Irish, he reminded that

throughout three hundred years of persecution it was Ireland's devotion to the Holy Communion that kept the faith alive in our fathers. They resisted that pride of life. The world came and declared to them that they should give up their faith. They said no, against the whole world. They kept their faith through Jesus Christ in the Holy Communion. They resisted their passions so that Ireland's purity, in the blamelessness of her daughters and the manliness of her sons, was unexcelled. They resisted even when

titles and honours were ready to shower. And when high intellect was challenged to disprove the faith in which they believed, they bowed down before their time-honoured altars ; and Ireland's faith was never stronger than in the days when she suffered most for it. I say to you, Catholics of New York, that no man can be saved from the world around him, the flesh within, and the devil that is beneath him, unless Jesus Christ be with him. I tell you, men of New York who only go once a year to Holy Communion, that it would be almost better for you if you did not know the truth. If you want to know the explanation of your sins—of the drunkenness around you —of the impurity and savage assaults committed ; of all the quick, hasty crimes of which our Irish nature is more capable than of the meaner and more corrupt crimes—the reason of it all is this—that you are not frequent and fervent communicants. If you ask me for a rule, I find, although I go to Communion every day of my life, I have enough to do still to conquer my spiritual enemies. And if I, a priest, have enough to contend with to be saved after receiving the Holy Communion every morning, how can you be saved? If you ask me for a rule, I will give it in a few words. I believe every man who wishes to have the peace of Christ, and His Christian holiness, and have Christ brought forth in him—that man should be, at least, a monthly communicant.

In all his ovations, in all the whirligig of excitement, this young man, though now in the prime of life, constantly courted thoughts of death. No pressure of business led him to omit his daily meditation. In one of his uncollected addresses, when dilating on the vice of drunkenness, a sin against God and man, not only against the divinity, but against the humanity that is in us, he asked:

In what consists our human nature? It consists in our power of thinking, of living, and of acting freely. Take away this from a man and not a vestige remains of that which makes him man ; for a man is made by soul as well as body. Take away the soul and you have destroyed his humanity. For instance, if you saw a dead body lying there before you, stiff, cold, and stark, you would not say it was a man. You would say it was the remains of a man. They will not write on my grave : 'Here lies Father Tom Burke ;' but, in all probability, they will write, 'Pray for the soul of Thomas Burke, whose remains lie here.' The moment you take away the

soul, nothing is left but the *remains* of a man. And what does the remains of a man mean? Why are we so anxious to bury our friends as soon as the breath is out of them? Because we cannot keep them. 'The remains of a man' is a very noisome business. You very soon have to avert your nose and say, 'We loved him dearly as long as he was with us; but we love him no longer; for the soul has gone.'

And again:

Now, let us leave Ireland and come to this land. It is a fine land. It is not mine; for, until I die, I shall have no other land except some six feet in some old churchyard, where the prayers of Irish mothers shall ascend to heaven over my grave, and where the shamrock shall bloom out of my body. But this land of America is God's gift to you. It is your land. It lies before you; and it is for you, with the intellects and the energies of Irishmen, to lay hold, each one, of his own portion of the land, so as to be able to say what you were not allowed to say at home, 'I stand upon my own.' It is now, my friends, some four-and-twenty years since the heart-broken men of Ireland turned their faces to America. Crushed, saddened, not allowed to live at home, her children turned to the far western mighty land, and said, 'Let us go forth and bring our faith with us; and whatever gifts of nature and of grace that God has given us.' You came; and I have come to see how you are getting on. Tell me, why have you not more wealth? While Ireland has sent nearly eight millions to America of her sons, why have you not, in God's name, eight hundred million acres of American soil in your hands? Is it for want of genius or of talent? Many nations have sent their children to America; but no nation has sent so much mind to America as Ireland. Is it for want of physical energy, strength, and determination? The cities of America, the dockyards of America, attest that no nation has sent such strong arms to America as Ireland.

And he then went on to chastise them for convivial indulgence.

With consciousness of its dangers, he continued the triumphant march of his progress. Exactly two years before (October 18, 1869) the greatest living preacher, Père Hyacinthe, whose career has proved that the history of the Apostles repeats itself, left France for America.

In his humility, as we have said, Fr. Burke followed St. Thomas, who by prayer battled against the whisperings of pride, and declared that a religious who did not pray was like a soldier without arms. The full extent of his sacrifice will be seen, when, as appears from his speech ten years later in praise of Mgr. Meagher, he admired a deportment the reverse of that which from humility he himself bore. 'There was in him a certain stateliness of one who belonged to the old school, and which I regret is fast dying out.'

A further glimpse of the inner instincts of the man, and how much it must have cost him to put on the great humbleness which he wore, is found in a lecture inculcating self-respect and self-reliance, and delivered at Harlem, U.S., October 14, 1872:

> Now, my friends, you will ask me what do I think of the race—its future at home and abroad. I think well of it. I don't care what views any historian or any lecturer take, I think well of myself as one of that race. It is a bad thing for a man or a people to think too little of themselves. Humility is a beautiful virtue, but it has its limits. It is lawful for a man to think well of himself and of his people. I am not skilled in phrenology—I don't know where the bump of self-esteem is; but I know that a hatter, when he makes a hat for an Irishman, must always make room for that bump. I think well of you; I think hopefully of the future of the people that are one on that magnificent, that extraordinary point; one in the sacred unity that binds them together like one man; for of all the questions upon which a people can unite, the most powerful and the most glorious is the question of their faith.

Congratulatory messages, in words of flattering eulogy, flashed across the then recently laid submarine cable, but these awakened no other emotion within him than one of Christian philosophy.

> God is divine, essential wisdom (he said), infinite knowledge, intuitive comprehension of all things made, and of everything that exists, because they pre-existed in the creative mind of God. He has given to us that wonderful power of the soul by which the man is able to bend spiritual essence and intelligence to the consideration

of the things of earth until all the mysteries of nature are unfolded before him, and in the perfect triumph of the scientific mind over matter, he coerces the very elements that would destroy him to be his faithful and obedient servants. The lightning flash will be made a message for his thoughts. Thousands of miles of ocean may be between him and the mind to whom he communicated these thoughts; yet in the twinkle of an eye the lightning flash enters the depths of the sea and thought appears, the instinct, the impression of the love and intelligence so far, far away!

In all his wanderings and ovations, his thoughts ever returned to that simple hearth by Lough Corrib. 'The aged father and mother, whom he leaves behind when he goes to a distant land—though there may be thousands of miles of ocean between them—are as present to his mind as if he were on the floor with them, as we say in Ireland.' Thus he spoke at St. Gabriel's Church, New York. He said to Mr. E. O'Flaherty: 'My mother—the old West Convent—and the first dawnings of my vocation are built up in my soul together—the first, "my mother," the most intimate and enduring of all.' With smiles on his lip and infinite pathos in his solemn dark eyes (as Major Haverty informs us), he would relate how, when he went on his knees to ask her blessing, on rare visits to his home, she would keep his tall form bent before her, while with her hand placing her constant companion, the Rosary, on his head, she would fervently invoke God's benediction on her son.

Everywhere he was welcomed as the 'flowers of May,' but that month had for him but one significance. One of his May sermons at St. Vincent Ferrer's said that 'Spring had put forth all its life, the cornfields promise to yield an abundant harvest, the lark rises to the upper air and pours out his song, every bud expands and every leaf opens, the grand old oak hails with joy the summer.' He rejoiced that the Church selected this season of promise and gladness to dedicate it to her who represents in the order of grace the springtime of man's redemption. But, alas! summer brought

not to him the fruition of which his words seemed to give a foretaste. Mr. Meehan informs us that, in the summer of 1872, Fr. Burke, through overwork and failing health, had to cancel all his engagements to preach or lecture, and seek a temporary vacation in the parent house of the Order in Kentucky. Even there, however, his restless intellect would not allow him to remain idle, and in a few weeks he was back again in the field of labour.

He had been attacked with hæmorrhage of the lungs (writes Mr. Redpath), having often preached three times a day, each sermon of two hours' duration, and in churches a long distance apart. Although scarcely recovered from a most dangerous sickness, he, on September 22, having preached in the morning at the dedication of a church in Brighton, Mass., in the afternoon addressed in the Coliseum, Boston, the largest paying audience ever assembled in the world.

It was for the Orphan Asylum, and forty thousand persons gathered to hear him in the immense building which had been erected for Gilmore's great concert. Special trains brought people from all the neighbouring cities, so widely had his fame as an orator spread. 'What American orator or lecturer had ever a paying audience of ten thousand?' asked the *Standard* of Philadelphia. 'How few had even five thousand in any hall in the United States under the most encouraging and auspicious circumstances?'

His theme at Boston was 'The Genius and Character of the Irish People;' 'and in his discourse,' writes Mr. Meehan, 'he set forth in the strongest terms the wrongs of the Irish tenant farmer, and predicted that the day was not distant when those wrongs would have to be atoned for, and the ruling powers must yield to an united Irish people.' The agitation and organisation which extorted all this were not dreamed of when Fr. Burke opened the question.

CHAPTER II.

AMERICAN NOTES CONTINUED.

THERE is something in the atmosphere of America so intoxicating that it acted as an elixir which, at times, carried him completely away. He felt his spirit roused to a degree that it never knew before, and it is certain that after he left the States he never expressed himself as he did there. Ireland was too small for Fr. Burke. 'Here he enjoyed full freedom; here he had a field worthy of his eloquence,' says the *Standard* of Philadelphia. 'Here he was not confined entirely to the pulpit—here he could stand upon the public platform.' His very figure seemed to expand into gigantic proportions, and to become an impersonation of Columbia; the flood of his eloquence was so majestic and overwhelming, its roar so deafening, its rush so menacing, that one might compare it almost to Niagara. An occasional stray leaf is seen borne along irresistibly on the torrent. For example, Judge Keogh's oration, embodying his Galway judgment in June, 1872, spoke of 'priests thick as leaves in Vallombrosa.' The expression clearly stuck in Burke's mind. Milton he rarely read.

You have seen the lights, you have seen the shadows of the Irish character. The lights, I have endeavoured to prove to you, come from above, the shadows from below. Twenty years ago, Ireland-oppressed—starving—the Niobe of all the nations—turned her eyes westward, and, with that vivid imagination which has never failed to realise the beautiful and the true, beheld the magnificent shores of Columbia. She sent her people there. Eight millions of them are on American soil, the bone and sinew, the intellect, the energy of this land. . . . The Irishman in America has what he never had

at home—he has the genius of freedom around him. He is able to expand his glorious Celtic bosom, to breathe an air untainted with tyranny. I am a 'royal' British subject, because I am a priest, and the Church teaches loyalty and peace; but I confess to you that never, never for twenty years have I spoken in Ireland as I feel I can speak in America. I can't tell you what it is; I only know that it is so. I feel like a blind man when his eyes are first opened, and he beholds the light; I feel like the maniac man when his chains first fall from his limbs, and he knows that he can use his arms; I feel like the worshipper of Freedom when he first beholds his goddess and kneels before her. Glorious America! The first land of freedom that struck every chain off the Irish hand. Every shadow of the past is gone. Why then should not the confusion that sprang from these shadows and this misgovernment be gone? Why should not the Irishman in America be provident, thrifty, industrious? [And then follows sound advice.] He has a glorious land before him, bright skies above him, a splendid liberty around him, a high scope for the intelligence with which God has endowed our people. Why should he not be a king among men, a leader of men? Place, power, influence, civic and military glory are before him. Why should he not be in the van of the army of America? Was he not foremost on the bloody slopes of Fredericksburg, when the soil was steeped in Irish blood, and the bodies of Irish soldiers covered its hills as thick as *leaves in Vallombrosa*? He was in the front ranks behind the ramparts of New Orleans with Jackson, when, as the yellow grain falls before the mower's scythe, so fell the red soldiery of Britain before the avenging sword of America. Why should not the Irishman in America live in peace and fellowship with his fellow-men? Is he not the first to vindicate the freedom that they have given him? Why should he not be the first man in the State? Has he not genius? American history, as well as Irish history, will tell you. Whatever else Almighty God deprived us of, He gave us a large amount of brains. Has he not energy? The cities and the railways of America attest the work of the Irishman's hand, and the Irish energy that triumphs beyond any other race upon the earth. Has he not virtue? His religion will answer for him, if he only come within the shadow of her walls. The principle of unity—namely, the unity of faith—is his; the principle of conjugal fidelity is his also; the faith of the Catholic Church will answer. In Ireland we had little hope. Our foes make laws for us. If they be just laws, they destroy them in detail. They declared that the Irish

farmer has the right to his land, yet the 'crowbar brigade'[1] is at work to-day. Ireland has but little to hope for at home. But what are our hopes here? I admire the grandeur of the prospect when Ireland looks across to the West and beholds her children in great Columbia. There, when, through the faith that they brought with them from the old land—the faith for which their fathers died—when, through the sanctity of that faith, which enabled them for three hundred years to be a nation of martyrs, as well as of saints and patriots, if they will only give fair play to it by sobriety, industry, and peacefulness, using the brains that God has given them—then behold before you the prospect! I lift up the veil of the future. I look with an anxious, longing eye. What do I behold? I may be in my grave, yet it will come! I may be sleeping beneath the shamrocks, yet come it must! All hail, Irish Columbia! All hail, Great and mighty Power that I see advancing over the ocean's waves in an unconquerable flotilla! Genius is there; bravery is there; power is there; the fair figure of Mary the Virgin is hanging at the mast-head! They come to save Ireland, our ancient Ireland; and she no longer shall be enslaved. A great and mighty race have risen to elevate her, and to place her upon a higher throne among the nations of the earth.

Fr. Burke, on his return to Ireland, reproached himself with having sometimes spoken too warmly, and more than once said that all his expressions must not be taken *literatim*. But to the men deep in his confidence he used more manly words. Fr. Flood, O.P., his former novice, states (June 3, 1885):

Over and over again he told me that he could never speak at home as in America. It was there that his genius took its highest flights, there it achieved its greatest triumphs. The spirit and genius of Liberty met him as he landed on its shores. To use his own words, 'I never knew what freedom was until I set my enslaved foot upon the emancipated soil of Columbia. Then I said, "I am a free man, and I will speak my soul."'

Some of Fr. Burke's most eloquent passages have never been reported, and instances are known where the shorthand-writer laid down his book to see—to the end—some marvellous piece of delivery or half-acted story. Mr. T. P.

[1] Exterminating landlords, who pulled down the cabins of poor tenants, were called 'the Crowbar Brigade.'

O'Connor, M.P., himself an able orator, but originally on the reporting staff of a great journal, writes:—'Even a cool head can scarcely avoid being carried away by his rush of brilliant imagery, sonorous language, and broad mirth.'

The general tone of his lectures is laudatory of Irishmen, but sometimes he told, with honest candour, wholesome truths. Thus, at St. Gabriel's:

Do not imagine for an instant that I am one of those men who believe that every Irishman is perfection. I see the faults of the Irish people. It would be a strange thing if, after twenty years of priesthood among my people, I did not know their failings well. For those twenty years they have been telling me their faults. People do not go to the confessional to tell their virtues, but to relate their miseries, woes, errors, and shortcomings.

Though hostility to England would have been a welcome tone, he was too honest not to recognise 'the grandeur of the English character.'

He was sitting in the vestry, after having preached for an hour in hot weather, when the local pastor, now Bishop of Trenton, entered, and said that after so much hard work he ought to be tired. 'Tired is not the word,' replied Fr. Burke. 'I can compare my case only to Ned Burke's dog during the famine. They had to support his back at the wall to enable him to bark.' And Fr. Smith was told that probably he would have to say his night prayers similarly situated.

His restoratives were simple. Major Haverty's Manuscript goes on to tell:

Many a night, when detained by lecturing in the suburbs—too late to reach his convent—he would stop at my house, and, although often fatigued, stay up until a very late hour singing the melodies.

If in the farthest part of the parlour engaged talking, as soon as he would hear an Irish air played on the piano, he would soon end the conversation and go over to the player, ask for one of his favourite melodies ('They came from a land beyond the sea' was among them), and continue singing, regardless of the fatigues he had had in preaching or teaching, never less than two hours at a time.

He would not for a second allow enjoyment of any kind to interfere with duty. One day we were going to the seaside; he met one of the priests in the hall, and said, 'John, come with us, we are going for a stroll.' 'I have a meeting of the —— Society this afternoon,' replied the priest, 'and will have to get some one to preside for me.' 'No,' says Fr. Burke; 'if you have any duty to do, stay and do it.'

He was very fond of swimming. On many occasions when at my house on Jersey City Heights, he would go down to the Hoboken Baths, and then go out through a door and leap into the North River (the Hudson).[1] He would enjoy it as completely as any schoolboy let loose for a day.

A deceased Western prelate, in his hour of relaxation after a diocesan conference, would give his *pièce de résistance*, 'The valley lay smiling before me.' Fr. Burke would puff up his jaws, fold his hands over his stomach, and imitate him thoroughly.

Whilst visiting St. Joseph's, Ohio, a house of the Dominican Order in America, he went with some of the priests to pay a visit to Bishop Rosencranz. The Sisters of St. Dominic have an academy near the cathedral; the bishop invited him in to their yearly exhibition, which took place that day. After the children had finished the exercises common to all such exhibitions, and the bishop had addressed them on their progress, he asked Fr. Burke to say something to the parents and children. The Sisters and audience were all in great delight at hearing, without expecting it, the great Dominican orator. Fr. Burke leant over and said to the bishop, 'You asked what sort of a preacher —— is,' mentioning the name of a great and holy man, now deceased, more celebrated for the good he did for the Church than for his oratorical abilities.

The bishop had heard Fr. Burke before, as had also all the priests, but you can only imagine the astonishment of the good Sisters and the general audience when they heard him, with a strong nasal twang and very slow monotonous voice, give them a series of very commonplace religious platitudes. The clergy could scarcely restrain their laughter at the looks of surprise on all the Sisters' faces, which said plainly, 'Is this the great Irish preacher?'

After about five minutes, he, by an anecdote gracefully introduced, changed his manner to his natural one, and sent away his audience more mystified than ever.

During the first six months of Fr. Burke's sojourn here, my

[1] What Fr. Burke's thoughts were when swimming, *vide* vol. i. p. 34.

family were yet in Clonliffe, Dublin, where they had gone for a year's vacation. I was during this time so much in his company that he dubbed me 'Brother' Haverty.

St. Peter's, Memphis: June 26, 1872.

My dear Brother Haverty,—Don't show this to Madame, or she'll think from the title that you were professed during her absence, and you know you only entered your novitiate and cannot make your vows for the next nine months at least. Get an imprimatur in this form:—'Imprimatur: F. Dominicus Lilly, F. Petrus Sablon, Revisores Ordinis,' and out with the book as soon as you can.

This was the first series of his sermons, and he seems to have been quite spent after the effort. Writing from Memphis, Tennessee, August 12, 1872, in reply to Mr. Haverty's desire that he would protest against the publication by outside parties of his lectures and sermons, he says: 'I have been in bed sick for the last week. If we could dispose of the entire edition of the book, I'd let —— and the rest of them go to Jericho.'

Toil fatally told. But it was meet that his grand nature should be proved in the crucible of suffering. It may be said that the brain was not the seat of his disease. It is not unusual, however, for the nervous system, when unduly excited, to prey on some vulnerable organ far removed from the head. The translation of his own frequent ejaculation, *Oremus* ('Let us *pray*'), suggested the havoc which conflicting diseases were making within. Their gradual development will be duly traced. The French Friar Preacher at Ohio who supplied notes illustrative of Fr. Burke's progress[1] says that complete repose for some months now became specially necessary; but he adds: 'Les Américains sont fort exigeants, et quand ils possèdent un trésor, ils tiennent à en jouir jusqu'au bout.'

[1] They appeared in 'L'Année Dominicaine,' edited by Père Mercier. Paris, 1872.

The strain may be easily understood. His lectures were attended by all classes, for he had the power of adapting himself to all intelligences and persons of the most opposite creeds and degrees of education. The power of his logical deductions attracted the thoughtful student; while the charm of his beautiful imagery and wonderful spirit of wit and mocking fun was enhanced by his deep musical voice and impressive though apparently unstudied gesture.

It is quite impossible to give an idea of his marvellous power of description. He so carried his audience with him at times, that each individual could almost see the scene as if passing before his material eye. In his lecture on 'What the Popes have done for Rome' is the passage:

'Forth from the storm-ridden clouds of the far North of Europe was heard the ominous sound of the tramp of the coming nations; even as the thunderstorm gathers upon the horizon and approaches until it covers the whole face of the heavens, and the black cloud is seen rising up through the sea, creeping along the sea-shore, enveloping the mountains in its black shade, and then dashing in fury over the city, whilst the terrible thunder comes before the storm. So in the hour of pomp and pride and power of Rome a cloud was seen approaching from the north, and the thunder was heard, but it was the tramp of nations on the march. They had risen like the locusts—in thousands, tens of thousands, and hundreds of thousands. They swept down from the fastnesses of Northern Asia and Europe in their restless course, trampling upon nations, ruining kingdoms, breaking down provinces, leaving no green or flourishing thing of life behind them; and so they came, enlarging themselves, sweeping away everything, devouring everything before them, until they concentrated their force and dashed against Imperial Rome.'—The grand Dominican waving his hands (states Major Haverty), as if gathering the storm-clouds around his head, and then at the final words dashing them forwards as if launching the accumulated terrors against the devoted city, shook his immense audience as though they saw the hordes of Attila actually flinging themselves against the walls of Rome.

And this lecture, he adds, so powerful and brilliant, was one of those delivered with scarcely any preparation. There

was indeed no time for it. He would answer from the pulpit or platform, on the very day they appeared, the leaders or challenges published in the *New York Herald* and other journals. Many of those we had marked for extract, but as most of his American lectures are in the hands of Fr. Burke's admirers, it is undesirable to block our narrative by lengthy citations.[1]

The help given by Fr. Burke to the languishing Dominican Church at Louisville had a parallel incident.

> The recent destruction by fire of the Dominican Church at Washington (writes Fr. Sablon) reminds me that when Fr. Burke and I were entering that city we passed a church but partially built, presenting very much the appearance of a ruin, and strikingly contrasting with the palatial banks and Government treasury around it. Fr. Burke, thinking that it was some Dissenters' chapel, ejaculated, 'Hic homo cœpit ædificare et non potuit perficere.' Some minutes later we learned that it was our own Dominican church that the Fathers had not the means to finish. Fr. Burke's lighter tone now gave place to one of deep emotion. He was much pained to hear of the poverty which compelled the relinquishment of so much good. He told me he would try to help the good Fathers, which he did so effectually, that they were able soon after to finish their church. [2]

The small edition of his lectures, circulating largely in Great Britain, includes one which contains two startling statements. Fr. Burke was deeply pained when he first read them in print. While on a visit to Archbishop Ryan at St. Louis, he addressed to the Press a letter of defence and vindication, which has unfortunately escaped the vigilance of the firm who republished in this country the American lectures.

Fr. Burke began by saying that he very seldom read the reports of his lectures, but happening to throw his eye over the address delivered on Sept. 22 at Boston, he was shocked

[1] Examples of his readiness in reply may be seen at p. 142 of his *Lectures and Sermons* [shilling edition]; at p. 33 of his 'Case of Ireland Stated;' and the 'Answer to Mr. Froude,' *passim*.

[2] Letter of Very Rev. P. Sablon, O.P., to the author, St. Peter's Priory, Hinckley, April 20, 1885.

to find what a different impression it created, when read, to what it made, and was intended to make, when spoken. Since my arrival in America, my position has been a peculiarly hard one. Called upon constantly to speak, I must perforce speak extempore; yet I find every word of mine reported, and the utterance flung out in the heat and passion of speech reappear in the rigid type, cold and crude. A word or phrase which, perhaps, qualified a whole passage or statement may escape the ear of the ablest reporter. The expression, intonation, action of the speaker cannot be stereotyped; in fact, the living word is not there; and so a thing may *read* very differently indeed from what it meant when *spoken*. This is really the case with the concluding parts of my Boston lecture, in which I dealt with the faults and shades of the Irish character, and the crimes imputed to us.

He went on to say that nothing was farther from his thoughts than to palliate, much less justify, acts of violence. In speaking of the grievances of the Irish people, he meant chiefly to speak of the past, of how things were some years ago, not forgotting the example of the Roman historian, who prudently declined to record the events of his own day. I thought and spoke of the days when Norbury would send half-a-dozen Irish peasants to the gallows with a joke, and amid the laughter of the court. In speaking of the Irish father defending the honour and purity of his child, I was only supposing a possible case of wrong committed and justice denied. In print it looked as if I had been stating a fact which had actually occurred. The mention of the Adorable Trinity at this point escaped me in the heat of the moment. In speech it might pass for an impassioned utterance, a strong figure of rhetoric (quite too strong I confess), but *verba volant*: in print it reads perfectly horrible; and I do not exaggerate when I say that I joyfully wipe out this portion of the record with my heart's blood. There have been agrarian murders perpetrated and attempted from time to time in Ireland. These are fearful crimes, and as such they must be denounced by every man. He who applauds or countenances them is in his heart a partaker in the guilt; and if that man be a priest he is a traitor to his character, to the teachings of the Church, and to the altar which he serves. I pray God that my tongue may cleave to my jaws, that it may be torn out from the roots, before it ever utter a single word foreign to the teaching, the discipline, the spirit of the Church, my mother. Whatever she

teaches, I teach ; whatever she reprobates, I from my inmost soul reprobate and abjure.

Fr. Burke was a man of strong impulse, and, speaking extempore and often most dramatically, it is only surprising that so few expressions escaped that he afterwards deemed it right to modify or explain. In one of his lectures he exclaimed, 'Oh, Henry VIII., wherever you are this night!' &c. Later on that night his daily examination of conscience was made. Fénelon retracted in the Cathedral of Cambray. Fr. Burke withdrew his words in St. Michael's, New York. The following is found in a sermon on Salvation :—

I may be asked the question, 'Is everyone who is not a Catholic to be damned?' Ah, my friends, I do not come upon this altar to damn any man. I follow my Divine Lord and Master's word. 'I am not come,' He said, 'to judge the world, but that the world might be saved by me.' I am not here to condemn any man. The Church, that commands me to speak, and honours me with the supreme privilege of preaching her word, tells me at the same time, 'Judge not, that thou mayst not be judged, for judgment is mine, saith the Lord.' I have from time to time in lectures said hard things about Henry VIII. and Oliver Cromwell. Speaking of them, I may have been understood perhaps to have said, 'Surely they are lost.' Well, no matter how strong my fear may be, no matter how I may be in my own mind influenced by a thousand historic prejudices, influenced perhaps by the living Celtic blood that flows in my veins ; no matter how hardly I may have spoken, here, upon this altar, here, within these sacred walls, I assert that the Catholic Church condemns no man ; the individual she leaves to God, to His judgment.

His inculcations aimed, generally, to maintain the supremacy of the law. An inedited lecture, published in the *Irish Star* of June 21, 1873, asks :

First of all, what are the obligations of a man, as a citizen of the State, and as a member of society, governed by laws? His first obligation is to obey the laws ; to yield to them an intellectual, manly obedience. To assert the dominion and omnipotence of the law is the very quintessence of freedom ; to uphold his rights as a citizen, and to maintain them, within all lawful and reasonable

limits—to help to preserve the State that protects him in life and in property, and to edify his fellow-citizens by the example of a manly, intellectual life, in obedience to the law.

In a previous lecture he speaks of the grave responsibility which rested on him as a priest. Other remarks now claim citation, conceived in a lighter, pleasanter vein. They occur in his lecture on 'Catholicity as Revealed in the Character of the Irish People,' delivered at New York, June 4, 1872:

I ask you if I were not a priest could I not go out and become a lawyer and make a fortune? Could I not go out and marry a wife and have a grand house and a carriage? Why not? I am as well able to do it as many who have done it. Could I not go out and make a big fortune and a name for myself, and surround myself with all the comforts and pleasures of life? In the winter season I could have a great house, with carpets and fires and everything around me grand. In the summer season I could go off and amuse myself. Why do I not do it? Why am I tiring myself day after day and night after night for the last twenty years? Why do I sit in the confessional day after day (and in speaking of myself I speak for all priests)? Have we ever seen what we are working for? Never, for the quintessence of the Catholic religion is to let the invisible so enter a man's life that he makes that the substance of his life, and sacrifices for it all present pleasures. It annihilates his passions, curbs every desire of his nature, tramples upon himself, and makes him a victim and slave for the sake of something that he has never seen in his life. This is the first and grandest feature of the Catholic Church.

On July 12, 1871 (proceeds the MS. of Major Haverty), over twenty persons were shot in 'the Orange riot,' as it was called, but at which there was no riot, the massacre having been caused by General Skaler ordering green Militia troops to turn out with loaded pieces.

In June 1872 Fr. Burke was here, and some priests asked him to give a lecture a few days before the 12th, advising the people to their proper behaviour. He consented; and four gentlemen agreed to pay the expense of advertising, hall, &c. They were Charles O'Conor, the jurist; Eugene Kelly, the Irish banker; Bernard Cassidy, and myself. The title of the lecture was 'Irishmen: their Duty to God, to their Native Land, and to their Adopted Country.' Fr. Burke told me he prepared this lecture with more care than any that he had yet given. On account, however, of the opposition of

some of the pastors of the New York City churches, who considered that Fr. Burke was interfering with the care of their parishioners, he did not deliver it.

On September 29 he lectured at Boston on 'The Future of the Irish Race at Home and Abroad.'

I am reminded by the very title of this subject of the difficulty it presents. If I were adhering to my first resolution of lecturing on 'The Lights and Shades of the Irish Character,' I might fall back upon the past. The past is the common property of all men; its pages are open to all alike, so that 'he who runs may read.' Or, if I were speaking of any question of the present, I could appeal to living witnesses for support, and my task would be comparatively easy. But when I come to speak of the future, you might well stop me at the outset and ask if I claim to be a prophet or an inspired man.

At the same time he could not but feel—as he humorously said at Newry six years later—that there is no one who excites a greater interest in every age than the man who professes to tell what is to be. Wherever a prophet appears, true or false, he is certain to have followers.

A French Dominican, attached to the Convent of Notre Dame, Columbus, supplied to 'L'Année Dominicaine' for Sept. 1873, a graphic picture of Father Burke's progress:

At St. Louis (he says) various Catholic societies, numbering about 3,000 men, made an ovation such as one would offer only to princes. In spite of his desire to escape from all public manifestation, the Archbishop brought him to his house to receive the homage of fervent admirers. A reception in a carriage and four, accompanied by a brilliant *cortège*, a banquet of one hundred and fifty covers—these are *fêtes* a little worldly for a monk; but in a country such as this they are the glorification of the Catholic idea; they are for Fr. Burke the exaltation of his religious habit and of his Order.

The writer describes the same enthusiasm at Chicago and Cleveland.

The *fête* at St. Louis is accurately reported in the *Western Watchman*. The banquet was given 'by the Knights of St. Patrick.' Archbishop Ryan—himself the best Irish pulpit orator after Burke—in reply to the health of 'Archbishop

MacHale,' called upon the Dominican to speak. The toast was not upon the list, but Fr. Burke was equal to the occasion. This, one of his least known efforts—fully reported in the *Western Watchman*—began racily as follows :

Knights of St. Patrick,—I am a Friar, and one of the Friars' vows is obedience. Acting upon that vow, a great big six-foot-four of a Friar in Ireland was once known to eat the whole of a roast goose because he was told to do it. 'It can't be done, ma'am,' says he to the farmer's wife. "You will have to do it, your Reverence,' says she. 'Well, ma'am,' says he, 'I was brought up to obedience, and I'll do it.' The voice of ecclesiastical authority calls upon me to speak, and I thought I might resist because this is not exactly an ecclesiastical meeting ; but when the mailed hand of the leader of the knights is lifted up, and from out that visor of a good-humoured face the voice comes telling me I am in order, I said to myself in the language of the old monk, 'The Lord Abbot may be wrong, but surely when the baron comes in with him he must be right.'

His method of preparing a sermon was singular (observes the head of the American Friar-Preachers). He never used a MS., and seldom spent more than a few minutes in considering how he would treat his subject. He often came to me in the morning and said, 'Lilly, what is the gospel of the day?' When I had read it he would explain to me in a few words the scope of his sermon, mapping out briefly the ground over which he proposed to travel. He saw everything by intuition, and never lost sight of a single salient point in his discourse. Give him a few leading thoughts, and all else was clear. I could never imagine him sitting down at a table and patiently putting his fiery thoughts on paper. He did so once here, when he was invited to deliver a eulogy on St. Patrick. But in the pulpit he found his own imagination more potent than the penned panegyric which had cost him so many hours of labour, and, trusting in his own ready rhetoric, he electrified the congregation by a spontaneous outburst of eloquence. He possessed a large fund of information, a store of wonderful resources, and an inimitable readiness in applying them. His dramatic power was marvellous, and as a word-painter I have never seen his equal. One series of his sermons, entitled 'Groupings of Calvary,' delivered in Holy Week, were the most perfect specimens of unpremeditated oratorical art that I have ever heard ; and all the while he was a sound theologian. The thousands who came to hear him preach were enthralled by a sort of magnetic

power; they surrendered themselves for the time to the sway of his resistless oratory, and kept so quiet that one could hear a pin drop in the midst of the crowded church. He enforced his doctrines by a clear delivery, and a use of gestures that were as little studied and yet as effective as his language. His memory was so retentive that he knew every hymn in the breviary by heart, and could repeat the 'Office of the Dead' from beginning to end. At a retreat given by him in St. Joseph's Convent, Ohio, I have heard him preach three times a day for nine days, and the sermons were as finished as the others. His forehead was low, his complexion dark, his clear, piercing eyes were, like Curran's, the only indications of the genius that was in him. His wit was irresistible. He would almost kill you with laughter as he talked away hour after hour in his own peculiar droll strain. Take him for all in all, I doubt if the world shall look upon his like again, at least during this generation. Endowed as he was with all the intellectual equipment which goes to making a great orator and a grand preacher, he may fitly be placed among the greatest ecclesiastics of the century.

I saw Fr. Burke last in 1873, when I spent a few months with him in Ireland. Though continually suffering, he was always at work, never sparing himself under any pretext.[1]

[1] The Archbishop of Philadelphia, in a kind letter, having pointed to Fr. Lilly as specially qualified to furnish material illustrative of Fr. Burke's life in America, it is due to those who share that view to give Fr. Lilly's explanation of the relations which subsisted between them, and from which it will be seen that, so far as we are concerned, no stone has been left unturned. 'Fr. Burke's life, during the months he spent in America, was a very busy one, and as far as I know he left behind him no record of his visit except that with which the English-speaking Catholic world is already familiar in his published volumes of sermons and lectures. After his return home in 1873 he wrote me but few letters, and these were mostly introductions brought by hand, requesting me to use my good offices in trying to procure employment for the bearer. Indeed, I received two such from him a week after I had already heard the news of his death by telegraph. One was written on the Friday before that Sunday on which he appeared in the pulpit for the last time. As such, I prize it as a cherished memento, and, coming under the circumstances in which it did, as a veritable message from the tomb. It was characteristic of the self-forgetfulness of the man's nature that he made no allusion in it to the sufferings which he must have been then enduring, and which were so soon to extinguish the grand life that was in him. It would have given me very sincere pleasure were it in my power to add anything that would help you to throw light on the character of my dead friend. But he was here such a short time, and lived so much in public, that with the exception of some casual friend of his youth that he chanced to come across, nobody knew anything about him except what everybody knew.'—Very Rev. M. D. Lilly, O.P., to the Author, New York, July 15, 1884.

A glimpse of his renewed activity in America is found in the *Boston Pilot* of October 23, 1872. His movements in Pennsylvania are described, and how five dollars were readily got for seats. It is added:

Fr. Burke left Boston on the 30th for Perth Amboy, N.J., where he lectured in the evening. On October 31, he lectured in the Cooper Institute, New York, for the Church of the Transfiguration. On Sunday, November 3, he will preach at High Mass at St. Mary's, New York. At 2 P.M. on the same day he will preach at St. Michael's (Passionist) Monastery, West Hoboken. And on the same evening he will lecture in the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, for the schools attached to St. Anne's Church in that city. Three discourses in one day!

This affords a mere sample, and, indeed, it is hopeless to give much more.

Grave annoyances continued to worry him, and some letters of sympathy which he received from the Irish Provincial, though meant well, were not much calculated to cheer. Fr. White is described by the colleagues who knew him best as an expert hand in dealing an indirect blow. No doubt his motive in this instance was to effect a counterpoise to the praise which everywhere flowed on Fr. Burke. The late Very Rev. Robert Augustine White, O.P., writes from Ireland, September 8, 1872:

I do not wonder that you regard this whole business as a cause of pain, for, not to speak of the annoyance caused to you by intermeddling publishers in the United States, there are remarks and criticisms upon the book in some of the papers here which are far, in my opinion, from just, and, from invidious comparisons introduced, anything but friendly or complimentary. It is not many days since we were treated to a notice of this sort in the *Freeman*, and though I have not been able to trace the authorship, I have good reason to suspect that it was the deliberate deed of a priest.

As the dedication is a *fait accompli*, there would be now no use in my commenting on it; but I must confess that I am quite unable to comprehend the meaning of singling out John of Tuam as your Mæcenas. Perhaps Paul[1] had done something to displease you.

[1] Cardinal Cullen, Archbishop of Dublin.

Still he is more a patron to our Order than the other ever has been. The General [Jandel] is greatly broken down in health, and is even threatened with consumption. What a terrible calamity would not this prove at such a crisis! His P——,[1] of course, has his wise reasons for detaining you in America, but still I am one of those who would have wished that you had left it six months ago. I was lately told by a bishop from Massachusetts that your constitution cannot long stand the work you are going through. Your friend Mrs. Martin has been over here, and she told me that she is constantly praying that America may not spoil you.

'This was a lady who lived several years in Rome,' writes a Father who resided with Fr. White at that time. 'She was one of the many who admired and followed Fr. Burke, and, being in Dublin, called to inquire for him.'

Tall, gaunt, and grave, his ample hat reposing on the back of his severely-shaped head, Fr. Robert Augustine White—the writer of this letter—has but recently ceased to be a familiar figure. There was no character in Fr. Burke's dramatic *répertoire* that he produced more true to life than the ascetic friar whom he nicknamed 'Raw,' in allusion to his initials.[2] Personally, however, he held Fr. White in great awe. Some Vincentian Fathers met Fr. Burke and Fr. White at dinner in

[1] It appears on inquiry that the title of the General is 'His Paternity.'

[2] Born in 1800, Robert White received his education from a Protestant clergyman in Jervis Street, Dublin, just as Cardinal Cullen was instructed in a Quaker school. Entering the novitiate of the Order of Preachers, and studying at the Minerva, White was ordained priest in 1829. In Rome he became a distinguished professor; but the wants of the Irish Dominican province recalled him home, there to enter upon a career more laborious than that of 'A Teacher in Israel.' At the election for General he got one vote, which was believed to have been given by Jandel himself. In 1856 he was appointed Provincial, and, like the present occupant of that office, governed so wisely, that, in 1868, he was again called upon to discharge its duties; and in 1877 the Fathers of St. Saviour's elected him Prior for the seventh time. Fr. White died January 8, 1885.

Fr. White, when one day walking with Fr. Towers, called to see Archbishop Nicholson, a confirmed invalid. Fr. Towers remained outside until White rejoined him. He then saw that White's usually impassive features were ruffled—that something must have been said that wounded him. Pressed to explain, he at last said, 'Only fancy, he wanted to make me archbishop of Corfu.' This was the see held by Dr. Nicholson, which he would gladly have resigned in favour of Fr. White (*vide* vol. 1, page 169).

Paris. He was as silent as the grave, but the moment Fr. White left the table he seemed a second Yorick.

The episcopacy of America have mostly attained such eminence and perfection that we at first thought Fr. Burke must be joking when he told the following; but we learn from a Chicago priest that the sketch is likely to be accurate. One worthy bishop, he adds, Dr. Rosencranz, wore white trousers and a Panama hat. This, however, may have been owing to the heat, just as priests in India wear white soutanes. Fr. Burke, describing his professional tour to Cardinal Cullen, said: 'Arrived at the bishop's residence, I sent up my card. On entering the presence chamber I found his lordship smoking, his feet somewhat elevated. "I am Fr. Tom Burke, my lord, from Ireland." "I saw that on your card," replied the bishop, curtly. "I wish to ask your lordship for permission to preach." "You have it. Will you liquor?" "Thanks, no." "Then, sir, our business is done." I retired.'

Fr. Burke was received most kindly by every bishop in the States except one, who seems to have conceived some prejudice against him. Even the local newspaper, edited by a priest, opposed him. It may be added that this was not the American prelate on whom Fr. Burke played the hoax which amused Cardinal Cullen.

He brought home but one story illustrative of Episcopal wit in America. One day when several ecclesiastics were conversing on the deck of a steamer, the conversation turned on their natal places. One said that he was born in the state of Cincinnati, another in Massachusetts, a third in Connecticut. 'In what state were you born?' Dr. MacCloskey was asked. 'In the state of Original Sin,' he replied. 'I never heard of that state before,' interposed a matter-of-fact Yankee; 'when was it annexed?'

The incidents above described he told on his return to Ireland. Now comes an anecdote which he told in

America. We find it in the MS. of his Boswell, Major Haverty:

Pill Lane, Dublin, is an obscure fish market. The vendors of fish—in all cases women—sit along the edge of the channel, with their sieve of fish before them.

It happened that a mission was given at North Anne Street Church, and one of the fishwomen attended it, and was consequently away for some days. When she returned she was met with sullen looks and side remarks from the other women, who considered her action in attending the mission as a reflection on themselves. One took her pipe out of her mouth and remarked to the next crone:

'Oh, look at the ould rip. She went to her duty and got religious!'

'Musha, I pity the poor priest that had to listen to her story after twenty years of street walkin'!' was the reply.

Other taunts followed. These the devotee could no longer bear with equanimity; and at last, jumping to her feet, singling out the most prominent, she exclaimed:

'Mag Molloy, you're taking advantage of me now because I'm in the state of grace, but, plase God, I won't be long so, and then I'll be even with you!'

The subject of several sermons was commercial dishonesty, and in this way he did a vast deal of good. Even when sitting in the railway car he kept his ears open and quietly acquired information as to the sins then predominant.

Honesty is an element in the greatness of a people. It is getting scarcer every day. Some time ago I was in a railway carriage, and a gentleman quoted the poet: 'An honest man's the noblest work of God,' when another cried: 'I am sorry to say that God Almighty doesn't seem to spend much of His time producing works of that kind nowadays.' I don't speak from experience. I know nothing about society; I belong to the cloister. I find those amongst whom I live are honest. It is easy to be honest amongst us, for we haven't anything; so nobody can take anything from us. But I read the papers and hear great complaints of commercial dishonesty.[1]

[1] 'The Catholic Church in America,' St. Patrick's, New Orleans, Jan. 13, 1873.

How he comported himself towards his fellow-travellers appears in another passage of the same lecture:

My friends, amongst the nations through which I have journeyed, nowhere have I found the distrust and fear of the Catholic Church more unreasoning and more powerful than in America. I generally enter freely into conversation with people—strangers with whom I am thrown into contact. But sometimes I have met people to whom if I say 'Good morning,' they will move off as if they heard the voice of a rattlesnake. Sometimes I have been obliged to say, 'You needn't be afraid of me; I am a priest, but I will not eat you.' 'Well, this is the first time in my life that I spoke to a Catholic priest. Do you know I think I would rather not have anything more to say to you.' But I reason with him. I ask him, 'What fault have you to find? Why are you afraid of me?' 'Well, nothing particular, but I don't know. It is a subject I avoid!' Then by a little pressing I get the man into an argument, and I find that he hasn't a single clear idea about the Catholic Church, that he is frightened at a bugbear, a creation of his own fancy, like the monsters which the Chinese make to carry before them in battle, at the sight of which their enemies turn and run away.

We owe to the retentive memory of his travelling companion, Major Haverty, some of the polemic points interchanged on such occasions:—

Whilst we were travelling in a railway car Father Burke was set upon for a controversy by one of those itinerant Baptist preachers, who professed he wanted to learn the dogmas of Catholics. The minister raised his voice for the benefit of all in the car, and in his harangue frequently quoted St. Paul. Fr. Burke said, 'My friend, will you answer me a few questions?' 'Certainly.' 'You believe firmly that the Baptist Creed is the true religion?' 'I do, beyond doubt.' 'Well, now, suppose St. Paul were to come on the earth and tell you that you were wrong, and that Presbyterianism was the true religion, would you believe St. Paul?' 'Certainly.' 'And would you, then, on the word of St. Paul, join the Presbyterians?' 'Without doubt, I would.' 'Well, now, my friend, there you and I differ; for if St. Paul and all the saints were to come down and tell me that my religion is not the true religion, I would not believe them, for we have the words of our Saviour Himself to the contrary.'

This was a *non sequitur*; so Fr. Burke turned round and read his office.

Another anecdote comes from Mr. Benziger, of New York. Once, while on a railway car, he met as fellow-passengers a Methodist minister and his wife. Both entered into conversation with the now famous preacher. The name of St. Patrick occurring, the minister began a conclusive argument to prove the great apostle of Ireland a Protestant. Fr. Burke listened patiently to the end, and then with one of his most quizzical looks, remarked, 'Well, well! to think I never heard that before! But tell me, was St. Patrick ever known to travel with his wife?'

In graver mood he disputed with another 'shepherd.' Lecturing on the Pope at Brooklyn, he casually mentioned an incident which belongs to this period:

The Pope may make a mistake. If he write a book as a private author, he may put something in it that is not true. If he propound certain theories unconnected with faith and morals, he may be as mistaken as you or I; but the moment the Pope stands up before the Holy Church of God, and says, 'This is the Church's belief, this has been from the beginning her belief, this is her tradition, this is her truth,' then he cannot, under such circumstances, teach the Catholic Church, the spouse of Christ, a lie. Consequently he is infallible. I do not give the Church's infallibility as the intrinsic reason of Papal infallibility, but I say this, that if any reasoning man admits that Christ founded an infallible Church, it follows of necessity that he must admit an infallible head. It was but three or four days ago that I was disputing with a Unitarian minister, a man of intelligence and of deep learning, as clever a man almost as I ever met, and he said to me, 'If I once admitted that the Church was infallible, that she could not err, that moment I would have to admit the infallibility of the Pope; for how on earth can you imagine a Church that cannot err bound to believe a man that commands her to believe a lie? It is impossible; it is absurd upon the face of it.' And so, my friends, it has ever been the belief and faith of the Catholic Church, that the Pope is preserved by the same Spirit of Truth that preserves the Church.

Pio Nono—a man of sorrows—was at this time in the

throes of his hardest suffering. Fr. Burke—for 'auld lang syne,' as well as on more legitimate grounds—felt deep sympathy, and sent to Rome the proceeds of several lectures. Victor Emmanuel had just taken the Roman School from the Jesuits, and threw its professorships open to all sorts of people, including Jews. Lest Fr. Burke in this statement should have been misreported, we wrote to Mgr. Kirby at Rome, who confirms it. Fr. Burke, in acknowledging a grand ovation with which he had been honoured, dropped some very characteristic words :—

So the Christian children are to be taught by the Jews. God bless the mark! I respect the Jews. I despise no man. There is only one man in the world that I despise, and I hope to have the grace to continue to despise him; and that is Father Tom Burke. I know that the Jews are good diamond-setters, and our best musicians. I know that as merchants they are upright. But, tell me, would you like one of your children to learn the Catechism from a Jew? The first thing the Jew would be obliged to tell the child would be, that there never was so great a malefactor as our Saviour Jesus Christ. Such are the men Victor Emmanuel has put in the place of the Jesuits, to teach the Roman children! Victor Emmanuel has passed a law that every man in Rome shall serve in the army. Even the priest at the altar is liable to be dragged out of his house and put into the ranks as a common soldier, and sent out to be shot. That is what Victor Emmanuel is doing; and you may know from that what the Pope is not doing, or rather what he did not do. Victor Emmanuel has taxed the people, so that the cobbler seated in his bunk, mending an old shoe, cannot buy an awl—cannot buy a wax-end, nor a pound of 'sparables'—until he has first paid the taxes. Would you believe it? They have brought things in Rome to this pass, that the farmer that goes out with his men to reap the corn has to pay taxes upon it before he can carry it into the barn; and then when he has threshed it, and would take it to the mill, he has to pay taxes again on it before he can take it out of the mill.

The newspapers record that uproarious laughter and applause greeted many passages in this speech.

His lecture at New York on the great Irish saint

Columbkille—whose farewell to Erin is noticed p. 94, vol. i.—was introduced in a gossiping sort of way, which gives us Fr. Burke's impressions of the different peoples he had studied:

'Now, my friends, the world is divided into various nations and races; and all these races differ from one another in a most extraordinary manner. All that you have to do is to travel to see this. I have travelled a great deal—all over the continent of Europe, I may say, with the exception of Russia and Turkey, and nothing in all these countries struck me more than the difference of the various races. For instance, in France I found a lively, impulsive, generous, and passionate people; most polite, most willing to go out of their road to serve you. Entering a stage-coach, coming in hat in hand, with a 'May I be permitted to speak to you, sir?' air—making themselves agreeable to you at all times. Passing into Germany, I found a people silent and reserved, with perhaps more of the grandeur of manliness than in France, but no approach to anything like conversation, no apparent external politeness, though a great deal, no doubt, of true politeness—in a word, as different from the neighbouring country as night from day. So, in like manner, go to Ireland and travel through it. Let a man who is not an Irishman go there, and he finds a quick, bright, intelligent, generous, and impulsive people. If he makes a joke, no sooner is it out than the Irishman laughs, and shows that he appreciates it; if he does not make a joke, the simplest Irish peasant he meets on the road will make one for him. If he wants a drink of water and asks for it, the probability is that the farmer's wife will say to him, 'Don't be taking water. It's bad for you. Take a drink of milk'—impulsive speaking without thinking; saying the word first and afterwards thinking whether it was right or wrong to say it; perhaps giving you a blow in the face and afterwards thinking you didn't deserve it; more or less slip-shod or imprudent, allowing things to take their course. Pass over to England, and you find a country as different as if you passed from this world to another sphere. Everything kept in its own place; you may pass through the land and there is neither welcome nor insult for you. If you ask for a drink of water there is very little fear that you will be offered a drink of buttermilk. So throughout all the world and the nations, each one has its own character. Don't imagine that I am abusing the Englishman by contrasting him unfavourably with the Irishman. My friends, I am one of your race; but I tell you that the Englishman has qualities that are admirable. As a rule, he is a brave man,

a self-reliant man, a truthful man; his word is his bond. Argue with him on any point—only leaving Ireland and the Catholic religion out of the question—and you will find him a fair man; but the moment you talk to him of Catholicity or upon Ireland he becomes irrational and unjust. Now, why am I making these remarks? For this purpose. The saints of the various nations partake of the national character. They are, perhaps, the very best specimens of each nation of people. Whatever the nation is, *that* you are sure to find in the natural side of the saints' character, with this difference: there you find the grace of God in its highest, noblest, and strongest form, acting upon the natural character of the man, or, if you will, upon the natural character of the people as embodied in that man.

He had heard from the American priests some curious experiences acquired on that mission. Previous to telling one of these anecdotes he praised the chastity of Irish womanhood, and finally took a fling at the Divorce Court. He spoke of the purity that makes the Irish maiden as chaste as the nun in her cloister; that makes the Irishman as faithful to his wife as the priest is to the altar he serves—the purity that makes Mormonism and defilement of every kind utter strangers to our people.

I know that there are men here who do not believe in the Catholic religion, or in the integrity of our Irish race; yet I ask these men to explain, how comes it that, whilst the Mormons are recruiting from every nation in Europe, and from every people in America, they have had only five Irish amongst them? And amongst these five, four arrived in New York last week. A reporter of the *Herald* went to them, and said, 'In the name of God, are *you* become Mormons?' They said, 'Yes, we are.' 'Why, don't *you* come from Ireland?' The answer he got was this: 'Aweel, we cam' fra' the North of Ireland, ye ken; but we're a' Scotch bodies.' Men and women of Ireland, to the honour and glory of our race, there was only one Irishman among all the Mormons. What brought him across them I don't know. I would like to meet him, and have half an hour's talk with him. Maybe he was like the man who joined the 'Shakers' in Kentucky. He put on the white hat and the dress, and was a most sanctimonious-looking fellow. He came to the priest with his hands folded and eyes turned upwards,

quoting texts of Scripture. When the priest saw him, he thought he was a Quaker. But the fellow turned up his sleeves, and showed the sign of the Cross and the Blessed Virgin and St. John tattooed on his arm. 'Look at that, your Reverence,' said he. 'My God,' said the priest to him, 'aren't you a Quaker?' 'Well, your Reverence, I am *for the time being*.' 'And what made you join them?' said the priest. 'Oh, to tell you God's truth, I went among them to see if they were in earnest. Your Reverence,' said he, 'it is bacon and cabbage we get every day, and it agrees with me.'

On his return he told how in one of his rambles he knocked at the gate of a lunatic asylum, and the janitor, recognising his clerical dress, admitted him to its grounds. A man of grave aspect advanced to meet him. Burke asked to see the governor: he was from home. He asked for the resident physician: he was at the seaside. 'I can show you the place,' said the man. Burke followed and inspected with interest some patients, of whose cases the guide gave an animated account. On coming to one who knelt devotionally he said, 'This poor devil imagines that he is Christ; and,' he added with a smile of pity for his delusion, and drawing himself up with conscious dignity, 'the strangest part of the business is that *I* am the Christ.' 'I sought to know no more,' said Father Burke, 'but, half-shocked and half-amused, departed.'

Old characteristics clung to him wherever he went. 'He was very fond of children,' writes one of the American reporters. 'He would often pause in the streets and parks to converse with them, invariably ending the interview by distributing a handful of pennies.'[1] Contemplation of children often filled him with emotion, and became the parent of thoughts that play through his lectures. Thus at Brooklyn, on 'The Christian Man,' he dwelt at length on the duties of that man in the domestic circle—his obligations of loyalty to his wife, of example and instruction to his children, and of bringing out by education the Christianity which is latent in their souls from baptism. Fr. Burke went on to deplore

[1] Redpath's *Weekly*, No. 346.

how faithless to those domestic duties were the men of the day, and animadverted strongly upon State education and the law of divorce.

One day Fr. Burke received an invitation to visit the orphans sheltered by the Sisters of Mercy. On arrival he found the little ones drawn up to receive him. A reporter remarked how pleasant it was to see their bright happy looks, and to mark the interest they took in the affair. After a song of welcome, an address was presented to him, accompanied by a beautiful chalice of gold. It began:

Voice of my country, son of ancient Erin,
Son of her soil, descendant of her heart,
Priest of the Lord—anointed
And called and sent to preach 'the better part.'
O Father Burke, how hath thy words awakened
The loving Irish past that long had slept,
And brought me home to Erin—to my country,
And stirred my heart with joy, although I wept.

One verse assured him:

Son of Saint Dominic, heir to his wide mantle,
Oft shall thy name be mingled with our prayers;

and in conclusion:

Accept this chalice, dear and honoured Father,
Oft may it bring you Heaven's divinest grace,
As in those consecrated hands you raise it,
Standing, like Aaron, in the holy place.

Fr. Burke having gracefully tendered his thanks, he exhorted the children to be steadfast in their adherence to the faith of their fathers, and to keep constantly before their minds the models which the Church holds up to their imitation. The children, Sisters, and visitors then knelt to receive his blessing.

It will be remembered that Fr. Burke was never so happy as in the society of little children. In some of his letters to Mr. Haverty he speaks of 'Tollicks.'

This is my youngest son Frank (explains Mr. Haverty), so dubbed by Fr. Burke, and whom he often in coming home tired to pass a night at my house—coming in from the country too late to disturb them at the convent—would have brought down from his cradle to have a romping match with.

Fr. Burke was not usually an absent man, but a small mistake occurred at this time which may be recorded on his own authority. When lecturing at the Catholic University, Dublin (November 6, 1878), he began by saying:

Standing before this desk—it is so like a pulpit—and with a monsignor and so many priests around me, I was about to commence by blessing myself. I was at the Opera House in Philadelphia, when six thousand people were there, some of them non-Catholics. Not thinking where I was when I came forward, I made a tremendous sign of the cross, with the usual accompaniment at the top of my voice; and hearing it, a poor fellow from my own part of the country called out, 'Long life to you, Father Tom!'

The *Standard* of Philadelphia, in which town the above incident occurred, thus noticed Fr. Burke ten years after its editor had heard him speak:

He wasted no time in metaphysical disquisitions; plain, direct, and practical, he preached the Word of God with the zeal of an apostle, and explained the truths of Revelation in language so simple, forcible, and perspicuous, that the humblest understanding could comprehend them. His command of words was boundless; his fund of appropriate imagery and felicitous illustration inexhaustible. His action was nature assisted by art, always impressive, always edifying. We have heard many speakers, lawyers, statesmen, and pulpit orators, but none whose delivery could equal that of Burke, His burning words in defence of faith and fatherland were more musical to our ear than the lyre of Orpheus or the harp of David.

His labours here would have killed in a few months men of ordinary strength. Overwork and a changeable climate preyed upon his vigorous constitution, but his sermons and lectures went on uninterrupted; his physical endurance and oratorical triumphs still excited the wonder and won the admiration of the American people.—*July* 14, 1883.

They who labour thus should possess, like Wiseman, a large appetite; but Fr. Sablon—the Socius—states that throughout the entire time in America Burke was a small eater. The doctors persuaded him to suspend work. During these intervals he was apt to get wretchedly depressed. 'He was a much-sought companion,' says the *New York Sun*, 'and beloved not only by persons of his own creed, but by those of every denomination who had the good fortune to know him.'

Here infidelity had reared its head too. Against it Fr. Burke pitted his strength; he laid his axe to the root. He first proved that the religion of Christ was the only true creed; and then showed that, being a Christian, he could not fail to be a Catholic. Catholicism, he often said, was the only religious agency able to shake a man out of his sins. Offences against morality he boldly denounced. He asked to what infirmity Christ alluded when He said to His apostles, 'Ye are the salt of the earth,' 'Ye must be put upon the sore places of the world.' What are these sore places—these festering wounds? and he explained that they are the sores and wounds of sin in the soul. Sin was the awful ulcer of society, abounding in every circle, making men dishonest and children disobedient; making parents forgetful of their duties; making the young man impure, and the married man unfaithful. All these evils meet us wherever we turn. We cannot avoid seeing and hearing them, be we ever so fastidious; they come under the very touch of our hand, and they disgust us with this life. Then we are fain to cry out with the Psalmist, 'O God, woe is me, because my pilgrimage here is prolonged.' All these things are the corruptions of mankind; and the power that the Church received when she was called the 'salt of the earth' is to purge away all this, to remedy all these evils, heal these wounds, and sweeten that bitterness of society. All this she does, through the sacrament of Penance. There is she truly the saviour of society, and the

world cannot do without her. He added as a significant fact that when Germany gave up the faith and the Sacrament three hundred years ago, such was the immorality which filled the community at once that a German city was obliged to petition to have the confessional restored.

Mr. MacMaster, a distinguished New York journalist, and who has himself become a Catholic, bears testimony to the power which our Dominican wielded in the pulpit:

> Fr. Burke's name is a household word among us. His sermons, though only read, not heard, go straight to the heart. Clothed with the living light of his word, they were shafts that pierced the hardest rock of indifference. They cannot die. To us of English speech, they are a richer legacy than Bourdaloue and Massillon left to the French. Fr. Burke touched the hearts of the people as no other preacher has done in this century. His art was not the apparent art of the rhetorician. His simplicity, his spontaneousness, his magnetism, his sense of humour—a quality which most great orators lack—the skill with which he subordinated these qualities to the uses of his vocation, were the results of hard study and constant discipline. Those who have heard him 'talking,' the twinkle in his eye turning to fire as he approached one of those climaxes which smote the hearts of the thousands before him and caused even his clear voice to be drowned by a thundering cataract of applause, saw the priest and the patriot. They did not know of the weary work that had made such effects possible, of the prayers and the vigils which preserved him from the consequences of the flattery and sense of power which tempted many other great preachers to feel that they exalted the Church, not the Church them.

A sermon preached in the Xavier Chapel sought to stem the flood of Rationalism which threatened to overrun the land. But he made light of the impression which he was daily deepening, and compared himself to 'the pebble on the streamlet's bank that might change the river's course.' Speaking elsewhere of the monster of infidelity, he hoped that he might be like the pebble which struck down Goliath. A burning zeal for the salvation of souls continued to fill him. To the pulpit he strode—in the pulpit he strove.

With the mouth we must make loud confession unto salvation (he said). Why? Because the devil is making a loud act of his faith, filling the world with it, bringing it out everywhere, in books, in newspapers, in speeches, in associations, in schools, in the public academies, in the universities, in the halls of medicine and of law; in the courts, in the senate—it is the one cry—the harsh grating cry by which the devil makes his act of detestable faith in himself and denial of God—an act of diabolical faith that meets us at every turn, strikes and offends every sense with its terrible tongue. We cannot take up a book that, if we do not find a satyr peering from out its pages, it is the bald, stark daub of some fool, who flings his smut or his infidelity into the sight of God. . . . We must oppose this dread exhibition of evil which the devil makes in our public streets, and throughout every organ that comes before us, not only by the strong assertion of our holy faith, but by the silent and eloquent example of our purity of life, our rectitude and cleanliness of heart.

He penetrated the enemy's lines with strokes of his cleaving logic. In some places he carried outwork after outwork until he at last raised the standard of the Cross. An able exposition was 'The Confessional—its Effect on Society,' delivered at Brooklyn, May 5, 1872, and a beautiful address, engrossed and illuminated, is now before us, presented to him by the inhabitants.

Fr. Burke, in a post-prandial speech on his return to Ireland, dropped some amusing references to this time. Replying to the toast of his health at the Tuam banquet, he said:

Never did I meet a more appreciative audience than the American people, mainly composed of native Americans and Irish emigrants—the higher and the nobler the truth and the sentiment, the higher did they rise to its cheering appreciation; and from no less a personage than Jefferson Davis, the once President of the Confederate States, speaking to me, I heard the hearty and the sympathetic words, 'Father Burke, we love you and the message you have brought us, and the longer you remain with us the more dearly shall we love you.' To the American people I explained that the Catholic Church is the true saviour of society, and such society, as the President wisely observed, as exists without it is like the house built upon the sand, and, as we are told in the Gospel, it crumbles into ruin; and the sanctuary of that

Church is not only the superstructure of the Church itself, but the preserver of that which underlies excellence in every society. It is education without the religion of that Church which leads to the theories of Darwinism and the vile practices of Mormonism —to a religion without morality—a marriage tie without fidelity, a philosophy without a first cause, a history without a philosophy—to that godless system of education which exists outside the Church. Oh, grand philosophy of the nineteenth century, which has emancipated man from the tyrannical trammels of the Church, and bade him look for the common father of us all—to the grinning gorilla! I was one day travelling in a railway car in America, and amongst those seated in it was a Yankee with a goatee, who, stroking it, addressed me and said, 'I say, stranger, guess you admit the Darwinian theory, don't you?' 'Oh,' I said, 'I belong to a school in which is used the "Distinguo;"[1] as far as you are concerned I do admit it of course, for you are a living proof of it; but as regards myself, by no means am I a believer.' America listened to my voice, because I had the Church of God at my back, and because I spoke like all the ministers of that Church, who are, in the language of Scripture, 'as men having power.'

Converts were largely recruited by his sermons. Different paragraphs in the American press, with the following from the *Standard*, convey as much: 'The defeat of Mr. Froude was the greatest victory which Burke won in America. We are not now speaking of the hundreds whom his eloquence converted to the Catholic religion, or of the thousands of his own race whose faith he strengthened.'

On his return to Ireland he gave at Cork a lecture on the Catholic Church in America.

Of all the converts to Catholicity I have ever met (he said), and I have encountered many of different nationalities, the most intellectual, the most fervent, the most simple-minded and religious are the

[1] 'Distinguo,' or 'I distinguish,' is a phrase so technical that an illustration of the sense in which it is used by ecclesiastical logicians may be permitted. A Reverend professor with a short temper was in the habit of dining with an Italian noble, who loved to chaff him for the amusement of the company. 'Is it ever lawful to baptize in soup?' the priest was one day asked. 'Distinguo,' he replied. 'If you ask me is it lawful to baptize with soup in general, I say, no; but if you ask me is it lawful to baptize in your Excellency's soup I say, yes; for really there is no difference between it and water.'

converts made from the worst forms of New England Puritanism. They brought all the energy of their pilgrim forefathers with them into the Church of God; they brought their dogged Anglo-Saxon determination that, having seen the truth, they will stand by it to the end, fight for it, and, if necessary, die for it.

Fr. Burke will be found in this lecture giving some account of the persecutions to which the Quakers had been subjected in New England. A quotation is made because he describes at the same time certain interviews in which he himself figured.

The American of to-day (he proceeds)—that highly intellectual, that grandly gifted American mind of to-day—is not a bit agreeable to the more ancient opinions and traditions of persecution. They are free from them, as more than once gentlemen in America boasted to me. 'Father, you must acknowledge our hands are free from blood.' The consequence of this is a certain largeness of mind, a freedom from prejudice, a certain willingness to consider fairly the great truths of Revelation, a certain logical acumen which keenly perceives the truth. Nothing struck me more than this—the clear, unprejudiced habit of mind I discovered amongst Americans. I will give you a case in point. I was called during my stay in America to visit a gentleman who was sick. He was a lawyer of eminence in the Southern States—all the best families are in the Southern States—and a man very highly connected. He was a man, too, who had travelled in Europe, and had read a good deal. I went to him and found him with all his senses perfectly clear, and I spoke to him on religious truths. The man looked at me. After a time I felt the moment was come. I concluded my arguments; I rose from the place where I was sitting at the bedside and said, 'My friend, you are dying. It is necessary in order to please God to have some specific form of religious belief. You have heard my arguments. I desire you now, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, to ask to be received into the Catholic Church, and to consent to receive the Sacrament at my hands.' The moment I put it to him the man complied, and before I left the room he was a Catholic.

I met a gentleman in America who told me, I believe, all he had to tell me of his life (Fr. Burke proceeds in another part of his lecture at Cork). 'Sir,' he said, 'I am telling you everything, but I am telling it to you as a friend, for I could not, if I were to die for it,

demean myself to do so as a poor penitent, believing you could do everything for me.'

As an intellectual sacrifice, Catholicity demands that you bow down your intelligence with humility before the eye of faith and worship God who was crucified. Oh, how often I have found during my career in America men who would say to me, 'Give me leave to reason the thing out until I come to a conclusion founded on human reason.' But we must not look to human reason for a solution of this problem.

He did not deal much in polemics, believing that they tended rather to irritate than attract. It was his eloquence and humour that effected the conversions, and we learn from the contemporary letter of a Dominican Father at Ohio that 'these may be computed by thousands.'

A sample of his pleasant style may be found in 'Catholicity, the Safety of America,' a lecture delivered at Perth Amboy, N.J., November 7, 1872. Archbishop Trench, while recognising the asceticism of the original friar, mentioned that some later ones had acquired the nickname of Sir Penetrans Domos—alluding to 2 Tim. iii. 6: 'Ex his enim sunt qui penetrant domos.' Father Burke goes on to say:

Ah! if America become Catholic, you priests and bishops will have a good time of it then. You have a knack of increasing and multiplying, and we should have the whole country overspread with priests. It will be old Italy over again—a priest in every house; a priest sticking his nose into every man's business; a priest laying hold of this, that, and the other. My friends, there is nothing easier than to get up a cry against a man or body of men. You might as well hang a dog at once as give him a bad name. What is easier than to say of a dog that is going across the street, 'He is mad!' and if you cry 'Mad dog!' you would have a crowd at his heels and they would run him to death. Pretty much like this mad dog case is the cry, 'Priest! priest!' Now I put the question this way. First of all, the priest is by education a gentleman; I don't care what he is by birth. He must learn so much of Latin and Greek, and philosophy and history; so that by culture he must be a gentleman. Now no gentleman pokes his nose into other people's business. I have been

for above twenty years a priest, and I never yet crossed the threshold of any man's house without being first invited. As a rule the priest has to be invited oftener and pressed harder than any other man before he goes, because he has a good deal to do and cannot afford to lose time.

Again it is said, 'Oh, but you'll gather up all the money in the country; you'll beggar us all. If America were Roman Catholic you would have the bishops and priests rolling in money, nothing but gold and silver and greenbacks would it be; we want nothing to do with them.' Listen, again, my friends. The Catholic Church, in her religious orders, obliges every man, before she raises him to the priesthood, to swear a solemn oath of poverty, that he will never lay his hand upon so much as one cent for himself. That vow I made twenty-five years ago. I have been in the way of making money as much as any man. One cent I could not take and say 'This is mine. I will take it for myself.' If I did that I would be guilty of sin. And all that you have to do is to multiply the cents until you get three or four dollars, and that would make it a mortal sin, and would send me to hell.

We hear a great deal about the wonderful wealth of the bishops and priests; yet, when we come to know the truth, they are as poor as Job—men who in many walks of life might be rich through ability and education, if they had lived for themselves. 'Oh, Father,' some men have said to me, 'if we had you among us at the Bar you would make a skilful lawyer.' And I was once told by a comedian, 'Oh, Father Tom, you mistook your vocation; if you had gone upon the stage you would have made a fortune long since.' And yet I am as poor as Job.'

The only comedian with whom Fr. Burke had acquaintance was the late Mr. Sothern. The reader is entitled to know the circumstances under which it arose. Fr. Burke will be found amusing Dr. MacHale with accounts of him; and as a false impression exists that the preacher and the player crossed the Atlantic in the same ship, Major Haverty's explanation will perhaps be welcomed:

Fr. Burke had lectured in Port Jervis on a Thursday evening, and early on Saturday started by first train for New York. When

the train stopped at Turner's for dinner he was very hungry, and it being Friday and no fish to be had; he, to avoid scandal, ate, what he was forbidden to eat—hard-boiled eggs, rank poison to his system. He came into my store more dead than alive. When I learned the cause I made him take a small dose of brandy and afterwards a beefsteak. This prescription made a different man of him, and the reaction from great internal pain to perfect ease was very apparent. I suggested that as he was not engaged for any Lecture that evening, we should go to the Opera. He asked what one was to be sung. 'Aïda.' He consented to go, but thinking that there might be a ballet, or some questionable tendency in any of the scenes, said, after a moment, that he would rather see—if he could do so quietly—Sothern in Lord Dundreary.[1] I told him I would fix it; I went to the office but found all the private boxes taken. I told the bookkeeper, who was a Catholic, what I wanted. He went in, saw Mr. Moss, and got Mr. Moss' box, with his compliments to Fr. Burke. We two went, and it got mooted about behind the scenes that the great Fr. Burke was in the Manager's box. All the actors played at the box, and I never saw a child laugh more immoderately at a pantomime than did Fr. Burke at Sothern's impersonation of the stammering lord. The knowledge that Fr. Burke was present incited the actors to do their best. When the curtain fell he waited for the house to empty, lest any strait-laced person should be disedified by seeing him in a theatre; meanwhile Mr. Sothern came into the box and said that he and Mr. Moss would like to be presented to Fr. Burke. I introduced Mr. Moss, and Mr. Moss introduced Sothern. From this it is clear that they were not before acquainted. Mr. W. H. Hurlburt (editor of the *New York World*) was an intimate friend of both. Before Mr. Sothern and Fr. Burke parted an engagement was made to meet next day at noon, and lunch. The company included Fr. Burke, Sothern, W. H. Hurlburt, and two others. I was to have been the sixth, but had not time, which I regret ever since. Fr. Burke said he never whilst here had such a flow of wit. It was nominally to be a luncheon. They met at noon, and yet both Fr. Burke and Sothern had to jump into carriages at 7.30 o'clock, Fr. Burke to lecture in the Academy of Music, and Sothern to fulfil his engagement at Wallack's Theatre.

[1] See p. 3, *ante*. In trying to trace the circumstances under which Fr. Burke met Sothern we searched not only the list of passengers going and returning from America, but applied to Mr. Sothern's son, who, however, could throw no light on the matter.

In going home with him after the lecture, he told me of the immense enjoyment he had, and said he was so sorry I was not there. It must have been during this feast that the remark of Sothern was made, as I am pretty sure they never met afterwards, and I know they had not met before.

The Diocesan Statutes of Ireland prohibit priests from attending theatrical exhibitions; but when travelling in other countries they are free to visit them. In America there is no Church legislation, as in these countries, against ordinary priests entering a theatre; neither are they prohibited from being present during Divine service in a church belonging to other communions. Of course the Dominican Rule is more stringent; but, overworked and languid as he often was, Fr. Burke no doubt had received leave, in consideration of the extraordinary labours of his life, to exercise his discretion in using as a restorative some secular amusement. In declining to attend the opera he did violence to his feelings, for music had been the ruling passion of his life. If we were to search the entire issue of Lacy's plays it would be impossible to find a piece so impervious to objection as 'Our American Cousin' and Lord Dundreary. Major Haverty's jottings may now be resumed.

William Henry Hurlburt, a gentleman of exquisite taste in all pertaining to art and literature, and during his time the best writer on the American press, resided in Rome during the period Father Burke lived there; they were great friends, visited the art galleries together, and enjoyed their mutual criticisms. When Fr. Burke came to New York one of the first to call on him was Mr. Hurlburt, and as his evenings were all engaged, he invited Fr. Burke to breakfast with him at his bachelor chambers in the University Building, a suite of apartments filled with articles of vertu, paintings, and bric-à-brac collected during his long residence in Italy.

Mr. Hurlburt had a servant, John O'Brien, who was as pronounced a character as any of his class depicted by Lever. Mr. Hurlburt said to him one morning: 'John, I have invited Father Burke to breakfast here on Wednesday.' To which John replied: 'Oh, for the

Lord's sake, not here, sir!' 'Why not, John; we can get in a good breakfast from Delmonico's and additional attendants, if you need them.' 'Oh, I'm not thinking of the *aiting*, Mr. Hurlburt, but you would not bring a holy monk like Father Burke to *ate* here with all those blackguard pictures of nudity around him. Oh, don't do it, sir!' These were mostly classic figures unencumbered by drapery. 'But, John, he has seen all those, or similar ones, in Rome.' 'Then, the less *raison* that they should be put before him again.' 'Well John, if you think it best then, change the positions of all that you consider objectionable.' 'All right, your Honour.' When Father Burke came to breakfast he was astonished to find the backs of so many pictures turned outwards. Mr. Hurlburt told him the reason, and they both had a good laugh over John's scruples. Fr. Burke in telling the story afterwards said that John reversed almost every picture that was not a saint.

Like Demosthenes and Cicero, whose orations are relieved by occasional flashes of humour, Fr. Burke has sometimes been known to introduce a fantastic figure in his sermons. He soon dropped it, however, and would swiftly wing his way into some sublime field. The preacher was in the midst of one of these beautiful flights when an old crone, only catching his joke long after he had soared into the highest heavens, sent forth, whilst a pin might be heard to drop, a prolonged crow of laughter!

We find in a sermon at Brooklyn:

'But what about the Church?' you say; 'what about the Church of which you came here to preach to-day?' They tell a story in old Roman history of a poor peasant who had three goats stolen from him. Well, he hired a lawyer to plead his case, and to get him back his three goats. The lawyer came before the judge, the accused was there also. The lawyer made a splendid speech. He began with the history of the foundation of Rome; he went through all the wars of the Roman emperors, expatiated upon all the great generals that Rome produced, and he was about sinking down exhausted, after a long and magnificent effort, when the poor man came and spoke to him: 'Will you be good enough, even now,' says he, 'to say a word about my three goats?' Now, I am not going to treat you in this way. I have dwelt on faith at some length, and although in truth

I did not mention a word about the Church, I still meant it all the time.

In his lectures Fr. Burke's natural humour was under less need of restraint. Such rein, indeed, did he give to it that, according to an American paper, quarts of waistcoat buttons were found on the floor after the delivery of one lecture. But a more dignified gravity characterised the next, and, taking 'Roderic O'Conor' for his theme at Brooklyn, he said:

Generally, when a man comes to speak on an Irish subject he has some opportunity of making his audience laugh, or at least smile; there is so much of humour in the national character that it is almost impossible to avoid laughter in the discussion of an Irish subject. I regret to say that I will not create a single smile on your faces to-night. I am come to discuss the history of a dying nationality and its last king. I am come to tell you of your own fathers and mine—how they lost the last greatest gift of God, after that of divine faith—namely, the gift of their freedom and of their national liberty.

That day he preached exhaustively; in the evening he crossed the ferry from New York on one of the steamboats, accompanied by Major Haverty, who was very much to him what Dolby was to Dickens. He had actually forgotten the subject on which he was to speak. Major Haverty gave him a programme; he looked at the name of the Irish king, and after a few minutes' reflection said, 'I am all right now. I have the principal points which I intend to make.' 'This lecture,' records the Philadelphia *Standard*, 'was delivered before an audience of 4,000 people, and was one of his most successful oratorical efforts in this country.'

When refuting the charge that the Church was opposed to progress, he said there was another kind of progress which it certainly could not recognise:

It is the progress which involves that diabolical 'Spiritualism'—dealings with spirits, whether good or bad—the superstition which arises from it, the progress which results in what is called the doctrine of 'Free Love;' the progress that unsexes the woman, sends her into

dissecting rooms and such unwomanly places, and there debauches her mind whilst she is said to be in pursuit of knowledge.

And he went on to give a list of other advanced movements of which he could not approve. His strong words brought down invective, and we learn from an inedited address at New Jersey:

Oh! my friends, a man wrote in Jersey City a letter in which he abused me, and printed it in the public press. Well, I never was abused until I came to America. When leaving Ireland I was told, 'You had better be careful, and keep quiet in America, for some of these people will come out and abuse you.' At first I thought I should feel it keenly, and I have received plenty of abuse since I came, but it goes over me like water off a duck's back.

On some occasions he anticipated the retorts. Thus in his lecture on the 'Wants of Society:'

Don't speak so, O friar! Don't speak so, thou bigot of the nineteenth century! We have long forgotten you and your white and black habit. Go back to your cloister! Go back to rot and fester in your monastic idleness, and in your monastic garb of poverty! We have outgrown you—we of the nineteenth century.

In another lecture on 'The Church the True Emancipator,' he made a more effective reference to the habit which he wore:

I have a right to speak to you in this cause of freedom; for I wear the habit of the venerable Bartholomew Las Casas, the first Dominican that ever landed in America, in the very train of Columbus himself—the first man that raised his voice to proclaim for the poor Indian the birthright of that higher freedom that consists in the knowledge and the grace of Jesus Christ.[1]

The early Friar Preachers loved to be called with a play upon their name—*Domini canes*—'the Lord's watchdogs;' and

[1] It may be added that when Columbus vainly applied to the Catholic monarchs of Leon and Castile, and when none would listen to him, Diego de Deza, a Dominican, grasped him by the hand. This friar calmed by his reasoning the blind zeal of hostile clerics, and afterwards, when made Archbishop of Seville, placed his purse at the service of Columbus. He was finally chosen arbitrator between the king and Columbus. The discovery of America is very much due to the discrimination of this friar.

Thomas Burke was true to the traditions of his order. With a mighty zeal for the salvation of souls worthy of Dominic, he prayed that he might have the voice of ten thousand thunders of God to drown the false teachings of those who pandered to the vices and flattered the vanity of erring millions.

A lecture on 'Irish Music' had been announced for September 25, at Boston, but Fr. Burke begged that he might be allowed to change the subject.

After the very heavy labour of last Sunday my voice is scarcely harmonious enough to speak to you this evening on such a subject as the music of Ireland. If Irish music were a grating, inharmonious sound, I might then venture to touch on it, even with my hoarse voice. If, for instance, I had to speak to you of some music that is performed upon the Scotch bagpipe, I daresay I should find voice enough for it. But inasmuch as the subject would involve the bringing out, as far as the voice of man can, the thrilling echoes of the sweetest harp that ever resounded, I am not equal this evening to the task. Yet that which I propose to you in its stead I consider far more important, and quite as musical. I will ask you to reflect with me upon the harmony of the worship of the Catholic Church.

First of all, my friends, let me remind you that I am not come here this evening to weary your minds with the language of controversy. Controversy may be very good in its way. Personally, I do not believe in it. I will spare you the language of polemics, because I am not come here to speak to you of the truth or of the beauty, but only of the harmony of Catholic worship.

When he at last recovered his voice sufficiently to sound the praise of Irish music, the enthusiasm he aroused defies description. A full report of this lecture circulates largely in Great Britain, but without this account of its *finale*, which we find in the newspaper:

As the eloquent lecturer concluded, holding up his hands to heaven—like some prophet of old inspired by a vision of the glorious future for which he prayed—a perfect whirlwind of applause shook the Academy. The vast audience rose, and for some minutes the cheering was continued in the most tumultuous and enthusiastic manner. As Fr. Burke bowed his thanks and retired, the applause was again renewed.

Meanwhile sermon after sermon fell. He descended from the pulpit of one church only to mount the altar steps of another. The moment the gates were opened the waves of the crowd burst into the church.

Nothing more surprised Fr. Burke than the extent to which Catholicism had spread over America. In 1822, when a learned Dominican named Conolly left Ireland to become Bishop of New York, he found but eight priests in the entire diocese. The traditional impression in the Order, as regards the Church in America, was therefore not specially cheering. The first priest who settled in New York was Fr. Francis Whelan, a friar, who came there in 1785. 'There was then but one chapel and 200 Catholics; now, at the present day there are at least 155 churches in New York, and 250 priests on the mission.' This was stated by Fr. Burke in his lecture at Cork, delivered on his return. He added that, in 1847, Albany, a mere slice of New York, was cut off, and at the time he spoke that diocese alone contained 170 priests, 308 churches and chapels, and a Catholic population of 250,000. In 1847 Buffalo was severed from the diocese of New York, and when Fr. Burke visited it there were 110 priests there and 114 churches and chapels. In the city of Brooklyn, he said, there was but one priest twenty-five years ago, and now it contained, besides its cathedral, 25 Catholic churches and 12,000 children attending daily the Catholic schools. In 1834 there was in Milwaukee, in the State of Wisconsin, but a single white man. The place belonged to the Red Indian. Three years later an Irish priest, Father Kelly, came there 'with perhaps only one man for his congregation,' said Fr. Burke, so that he could address him as Dean Swift did his clerk—'Dearly beloved Roger.' Two years later, in 1839, there was one church in Milwaukee; in 1840 there were 2,000 Catholics; in 1844, 20,000 Catholics; and in 1868 there were 322 churches, 16 chapels, 75 stations, and 400,000 German and Irish Catholics.

I met old priests in America—men, who in their first days of missionary priesthood were obliged to lie down in the snow, and were forced to camp out in the winter on their way of a hundred or two hundred miles from one station to another to say Mass. There may be American priests here, some who, like myself, have heard such words as these made use of by Father Abraham, the grand old Kentucky patriarch. 'Father,' he said, 'I am utterly astonished ;. I am amazed ; I can find no reason on earth for it ; I must cast my eyes to heaven.' [1]

Fr. Burke was asked by some of the Dominican Fathers of America not to parade the habit of their Order in the theatres and concert halls wherein his lectures were delivered. 'How can I speak except as a friar and religious?' he replied; 'and I do not feel that I am that unless I wear the habit.' He was first and above all things a good religious, a true and zealous son of Dominic.

[1] 'The Catholic Church in America.' Lecture at Cork.

CHAPTER III.

REPLY TO MR. FROUDE.

'THE crowning glory of Fr. Burke's career in America came (states the New York journalist, Mr. Meehan) when, as the champion of his race, he stepped into the arena of historic discussion to refute Mr. Froude in the series of lectures delivered by him in New York, and which are embodied in book form under the title of "The English in Ireland."' Mr. Froude had announced that he came as the advocate of England to appeal to an American jury for a verdict in justification of the English occupation of Ireland, and their subsequent administration of the affairs of that country—including the horrors of Cromwell and the Penal Code.

The effect of Mr. Froude's mission, if successful, would have been to sow dissension between Anglo-Americans and Irish Americans. The Philadelphia *Standard* remarked that 'his statements regarding the Irish Catholics during the Penal period aroused the indignation of the Irish in the States, hurting their tenderest feelings and giving the lie to their most sacred traditions.' How Fr. Burke discharged his task, let America pronounce its verdict.

The heat of journalistic work is ephemeral, and it is therefore satisfactory to quote American opinion uttered in the calm of historic retrospect. Speaking of Mr. Froude's lectures, the *New York Times* says that Fr. Burke lectured in reply to the English historian on the very evening after Mr. Froude's Lecture and in the same hall. 'He undertook on

this occasion to answer Mr. Froude offhand and without preparation, and he did it so effectually that his audience was fairly carried away with enthusiasm.' Some critics there are who say that his replies are very inferior to his sermons; but the comparison is hardly fair, considering the disadvantage under which he came forward in the new character of an historian. The receipts at the doors were applied to charitable purposes—among others to rebuilding the Girls' Catholic Protectory, Westchester, which had recently been burned to the ground.

'There was hardly anybody in this country to answer Mr. Froude,' observes the *Boston Pilot*. 'He had a wide and brilliant reputation as a *conteur*. He was bold, plausible, and such a master of English diction as has rarely been equalled, and Mr. Froude believed that he had the whole field to himself.' The *Pilot* adds—and we give the simile to show how much Fr. Burke's success was due to his commanding delivery—that Mr. Froude was met by a man 'before whom his lance fell like a bulrush.' Few Irishmen at least will hesitate to admit with Mr. Wendell Phillips, the American orator, 'that Mr. Froude clutched at every idle tale which reflected on Ireland, while he subjected to just and merciless scrutiny every story that told against England.'

The thousands who crowded the Academy of Music night after night while he tore to shreds Froude's indictment against Ireland (records a very recent verdict) will never forget that memorable display of historic lore, of fervid patriotism, and unrivalled eloquence.[1]

'Never,' declares the *Boston Pilot*, 'did armoured knight do nobler service for his people than this cowled monk did for Ireland at that crucial time. His brain never rested, nor his body. He travelled over the United States, everywhere pouring out his wonderful speech. He had come to demonstrate, as it were, in his own person, how the fire, eloquence,

[1] The *New York Democrat*, January 4, 1885.

pathos, vigour, wit, power, for which the Gaels have been famed, could be concentrated in one individual, and, when guided by morality and religion, how effectively they can be made to subserve the highest ends of mankind.' In one of his lectures Mr. Froude said that Oliver Cromwell understood Ireland and was her best friend. Fr. Burke's answer to this statement was an array of facts illustrating Cromwell's reign of terror. The indignant Dominican concluded his enumeration by declaring that

> Cromwell retreated from Ireland having glutted himself with the blood of the people. He wound up his war by taking 80,000 human beings, driving them down to the ports of Munster, and shipping them as slaves to the sugar plantations of Barbadoes; and 'in six years, such was the treatment they received there, that, out of the 80,000, twenty were not left. He collected 6,000 Irish boys—fair, beautiful stripling youths—and sent them also to Barbadoes, there to languish and die before they had come to the fulness of manhood. O great God! is *this* the man who has an apologist in the learned and generous historian who comes in oily words to tell the American people that Cromwell was one of the bravest men that ever lived, and one of the best friends Ireland had?

It has been incorrectly assumed that Fr. Burke's series of lectures in reply to Mr. Froude originated entirely on his own impulse. It was some pointed allusion to the historian casually made in a lecture on Temperance which suggested to his friends that he ought to answer him in detail. The following is Fr. Burke's first reference to Mr. Froude, and we quote it, not for its strength, but for its good humour. In this style he often tilted his able opponent and the authorities on which he relied. One of the latter was the Welsh Bishop, Giraldus Cambrensis:

> Gerald Barry came to Ireland in the reign of King John, and was like the man of whom it was said that he never opened his mouth but that he put his foot in it. Certainly it would seem that he never opened his mouth that he didn't lie. The only time he ever told the truth was when he said the 'Confiteor,' and came to that

part where he said, 'I have sinned exceedingly, in thought, word, and deed, through my fault.' So long as this gentleman brings arguments from such a customer as Gerald Barry, and the like of him, he might as well be 'whistling jigs to a'milestone' as trying to prejudice the great mind of America against her Irish citizens.[1]

This passage led the Committee to pass two resolutions—1st, 'That Fr. Burke be requested to give a series of Irish historical lectures in reply to Mr. Froude;' and, 2nd, 'That Fr. Burke's advocacy of Temperance in this State has raised our people to a higher happiness, and has served our State and country, and entitles him to the sincere thanks of every patriotic citizen.'

How rapidly he prepared himself for the effort is shown by the fact that his first lecture, on 'The Volunteers of '82,' was delivered on the 12th of November. It must be recollected, on the other hand, that the historian, having spent years over State papers, archives, and books, had come fully equipped for his mission. He had obtained facilities of access to all Crown correspondence subsequent to 1750[2]—the date at which it is closed to other historic inquirers. Thus Mr. Froude possessed an enormous vantage-ground.

The fashion in which he attacked Mr. Froude was singular (observes Fr. Lilly, O.P.) When asked to prepare a reply, he said, 'I have no books here and no time to make up the subject.' His objections were overruled; a friend (the present Bishop of Trenton) gave him the run of his library. For some days Burke busied himself with dry figures and facts, and then came forward, with what result is well known. Mr. Froude never got further than Philadelphia.

Public opinion was excited (says the Philadelphia *Standard*), and the final result of the historical controversy was watched with deep interest by the American people, who always love fair play and sympathise with the oppressed. In five lectures, Burke in the Academy of Music, New York, triumphantly refuted Mr. Froude and vindicated with surpassing power Ireland's claim to the sympathy of

[1] Lecture on Temperance delivered at Newark, N.J., Oct. 23, 1872.

[2] The present writer, though he applied to the Secretary of State for the same privilege, failed to obtain it.

all lovers of freedom. Five thousand persons—the *élite* of New York—were present at each lecture. Veteran journalists, renowned lawyers, famous politicians, celebrated Protestant preachers, in a word, the highest and most cultivated intelligence in the great metropolis of this mighty republic, listened each evening with rapt attention to the Irish Dominican's vindication of his country.

Burke received his just meed of praise—he was a favourite among Protestants and Catholics. American journalists admire genius and chivalrous bearing, and without distinction of creed or nationality give honour to whom honour is due. Mr. Froude's defeat was not regretted by a single genuine American, and even his own countrymen, honest, manly, educated Englishmen, deprecated the man who deliberately maligned Catholic names still dear to the chivalry of England and Scotland. Had Mr. Froude remained longer here, his defeat would have been more humiliating. Fr. Burke allowed him to return to England without making an ungentlemanly use of his victory.

'His oratorical fame travelled all over the continent,' observes the *Irish Times*, 'and seats in advance were sold for fabulous sums for his lectures.' This fact enhances the interest of the following statement made by Major Haverty:

As an example of his utter indifference to money, I may mention that after he had made an engagement to preach a set of sermons in a Southern city where he expected to make a number of converts, a committee of gentlemen waited on him in New York, requesting him to go to Cincinnati to repeat there the Froude lectures which he had just concluded. He refused, giving as a reason that he could not break his Southern engagement. They suggested that he might postpone it and come with them, and raised their offers for his compliance as high as $10,000. But nothing could induce him to lose or postpone the chance of saving souls, and he firmly declined their invitation.

Fr. Burke sat for two photographs, which exhibit on the one card his innate love of fun and his undying power of facial change. They are inscribed, 'Better to laugh at Froude than to frown at him,' and the expression of both feelings is amusingly exaggerated. Warm as he sometimes waxed, Fr.

Tom preserved uniformly the attitude of a gentleman. His lecture of November 21 began:

I perceive, from the public papers, that Mr. Froude seems to be somewhat irritated by remarks that have been made as to his accuracy as a historian. Lest any word of mine might hurt, in the least degree, the just susceptibilities of an honourable man, I beg, beforehand, to say that nothing was further from my thoughts than the slightest word either of personality or disrespect for one who has won for himself so high a name. And, therefore, I sincerely hope that it is not any word of mine—which may have fallen from me, even in the heat of our amicable controversy—that can have given offence. Just as I would expect to receive from him, or from any other learned and educated man, the treatment which one gentleman is supposed to show to another, so do I also wish to give him that treatment. And now (added Fr. Tom) we come to the matter in hand.

This tone failed to please some parties. In the *Irish American* of the day we read:—'Surely the Dominican could have struck heavier blows, but that something held his hand.'[1]

And yet his blows cannot have lacked strength when, according to the quaint testimony of Mr. A. M. Sullivan, 'he knocked his opponent into a cocked hat.' When Fr. Burke undertook to answer Mr. Froude, Sullivan felt considerable uneasiness.

For I knew Fr. Tom to be unaware of the new light thrown on history of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, since the State papers became available, and I apprehended that Froude, who had been all through these records, would be able to destroy him. Nothing showed the marvellous genius of the man more than the splendid way he pulled through the ordeal, and won—fairly, openly, and decisively won.[2]

When I was first asked to reply to Mr. Froude's lectures (writes

[1] Fr. Burke had been much touched by some statesmanlike remarks which Mr. Froude expressed. 'Mr. Froude glances, I must say, in a masterly manner over the great questions that have affected Ireland since the day Emancipation was passed. He speaks words of most eloquent compassion over the terrible visitation of '46 and '47—words the reading of which brought tears to my eyes; and for the words of compassion that he gave to the people whose sufferings I witnessed, I prayed to God to bless him and reward him.'

[2] The late A. M. Sullivan, M.P., to the Author, September 5, 1884.

Father Burke) I was very unwilling to do it. As a priest I felt reluctant to enter upon a controversy which promised to be purely secular. As an Irishman I thought that Mr. Froude's was only one other utterance of those old anti-Irish calumnies which it has been the fashion of [some] English writers to repeat, and which have been discussed, answered, refuted a hundred times. My friends, however, urged their request, and Mr. Froude's lectures took a tone so damaging at once to the Irish character, and so bitterly hostile to the Catholic religion, that I felt justified in attempting to answer him in defence of my faith and country.[1]

He says he loves Ireland (said Fr. Burke in his final lecture), and I believe, according to his lights, he does love Ireland; but our lights are very different from his. Still, the Almighty God will judge every man according to his lights.

M. Mathieu, in 'Un Prédicateur Contemporain' (Nancy, 1882), shows how widely the fame of Fr. Burke had reached. Describing this stage of his career, M. Mathieu states that

the national voice besought Fr. Burke to defend the honour of his countrymen, and that the moral effect of the contest was such that the Irish nation, from the position of accused, arose triumphant and victorious. Father Tom was proclaimed the second O'Connell, the Liberator of Ireland, in America, and, as if nothing should be wanting to his glory, cartoon and caricature contributed to it. He was represented on a fiery charger, and with the assistance of a strong and lengthy lance despatching his adversary, who feebly raises a fragile shield. In another cartoon Mr. Froude, at the sight of the Friar appearing in a brilliant cloud, is seen engaged tearing with affright his voluminous manuscript.[2]

[1] Preface to 'Ireland's Case Stated,' in reply to Mr. Froude (New York, Haverty, 1873). This bit of autobiography obtains no place in the 'Reply' published in Great Britain. Further, it possesses the advantage of being a Reply to a Reply. 'I do not hate the Catholic religion,' says Mr. Froude. 'If the Catholic religion were what Mr. Froude believes and describes it to be, *I* should hate and detest it, and so should every honest man.'— *Vide* p. 230.

[2] The man who, twelve years ago, talked of 'Home Rule' was decried as a visionary. Fr. Burke, when lecturing on 'Grattan and the Volunteers,' concluded with a peroration which some day may come to be regarded as a prophecy:—'Then shall the dream of the lover and the aspiration of the patriot shine forth in the glory of its fulfilment; when domestic laws, made by Irishmen, for Ireland and for Irishmen, shall govern the State affairs of Ireland; when every want of Ireland will be the best forethought of Irish loving minds and intellects; when every Irishman

It has been whispered that John Mitchel supplied Fr. Burke with ammunition. But Mitchel's fastest friend, the late P. J. Smyth, M.P., writes in a letter addressed to us shortly before his death :

I am inclined to think his reply to Froude was all his own. Mitchel published also—subsequently to Fr. Tom's—a reply, and you will observe that he takes a line somewhat different from the great Dominican.

On the occasion of his last visit to me (writes Mr. C. W. Dugar) he said that these historical lectures gave him a vast amount of trouble in reading up Irish history so as to refresh his memory, and that he often worked far into the night collating facts and figures.

Father Burke (writes Major Haverty) seemed never to forget anything he had once read, and the extent and variety of his reading was a constant matter of surprise to his friends; he had nearly the entire of the 'Summa,' he had the whole Latin Vulgate, by heart, and when he wished to give a text from the Bible he gave it first in Latin, and then translated it, when necessary, for his hearers; whilst the slightest hint would sometimes set him off (*à propos* of something that was said) reciting long passages from the 'Ingoldsby Legends,' Dickens, or Hood. He felt poetry deeply, and the little poem, 'As I Lay a Thynkinge,' was a great favourite of his. He was well acquainted with Longfellow, and it was to Fr. Burke that he was indebted for the monastic legend on which he founded his poem, 'Hadst thou remained, I must have gone,' although the tenderness of the poet changed the moral of the beautiful story, which in the original was based on the Catholic idea of monastic obedience, to that of the paramount importance of charity to the poor. Every old English and Irish song and ballad was known to him, not merely in a general way, but with the greatest exactness, and nothing used to amuse him more than to find some of his friends who thought they knew all the old songs at fault when he was perfect. He appreciated classic music deeply, and it has always been a matter of surprise to those who knew him where he had found opportunities for becoming acquainted with so many

will have the first place paramount in the deliberations of an Irish Parliament; when from out the intellect and the fulness of the heart of Ireland, in the future day, shall beam around my motherland and realize the glories of days long past, the sun that has set for so many years in clouds of blood—but which shall rise serenely in the new Orient of freedom, for dear old much-loved Ireland.'

different classes of music ; it is only another proof of the extraordinary retentiveness of his memory.

Mr. Hurlburt, of the New York *World*, was a great friend of Mr. Froude's, and entertained him on his arrival. After the latter had delivered his lectures, Mr. Hurlburt wished to bring about a meeting between him and Fr. Burke, who was announced to reply, and invited Fr. Burke to meet him at dinner. He was about to accept, when I advised him to wait until his lectures were over, because I knew that he was so impressible that if he were once brought into friendly contact with his opponent he would not have the heart to deliver such stunning blows and keen thrusts when he appeared against him in the forum. He accordingly wrote suggesting that the dinner be postponed. When the lectures were over Mr. Froude refused to meet him on any terms.

This conveys an impression less than just. In the year 1876 Mr. Froude intimated through a literary nun that it would afford him much pleasure to see at his house the great Dominican. Fr. Burke replied, 'You are a religious, I am another. Would not both of us be occupied to better purpose in concerning ourselves with the affairs of our convents?' Privately, however, he thanked Mr. Froude. For years before his death Father Burke, as will be seen, held aloof from society.

'It is impossible,' says Newman, 'to tell where faith ends and where love of country begins.' Fr. Burke, addressing his early preceptor, Brother Paul O'Connor, on March 15, 1873, goes on to say :

Among the many graces Almighty God has vouchsafed to bestow upon me, I believe that not the least is that He permitted that an Englishman should be sent over to America to oppose me there, as it gave me an opportunity of striking a blow for faith and fatherland. I knew that many a pure prayer was offered by the faithful sons of the Old Country and by the fair daughters of Mother Erin to beg of God that he would send an angel to strengthen the Irish priest in the contest in which he was engaged.

It was at this time that a memorable incident occurred—the strike of the Noras and Biddys. The female servants of

different hotels agreed amongst themselves that Mr. Froude's bell must not be answered; and in one case they threatened to leave in a body unless the 'Masthur' got rid of the enemy of their country.

'The enemy' proved not unchivalrous. We find in the *Times* of December 21, 1872, a lecture delivered by Mr. Froude at New York in reply to Fr. Burke, and opening as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen,—If my object in coming to this country was to draw attention to the Irish subject, I may so far be said to have succeeded. I have succeeded also, beyond my expectations, in eliciting a counter-statement containing the opinions of the Irish people themselves on their past history, the most complete, the most symmetrical, the most thoroughgoing, which has yet been given to the world;—

and so on for a column and a half.

As an evidence of the interest shown by all classes in his reply to Mr. Froude, it may be mentioned that during the whole five nights the following editors of the leading New York papers occupied boxes: Thomas B. Connery, of the *Herald*; W. H. Hurlburt, of the *World*; Charles A. Dana, of the *Sun*; Hugh Hastings, of the *Commercial*; and Whitelaw Reid, of the *Tribune*; while in the body of the hall was to be seen, among many other clerics, Henry Ward Beecher. Major Haverty says that one woman prided herself on being the first at the door, and consequently the first in the house, every night during the series.

Fr. Burke, at the Tuam banquet on his return, mentioned that it seemed little short of a miraculous interposition of Providence that he received the favour of the whole Press of the United States, and through it the ear of the whole people.

Advanced Nationalists often made it a source of complaint and resentment against Burke that after his return to Ireland he confined himself to priestly functions. Shackled by a most rigid rule, he dared pursue no other course. When lecturing

at Newry in June, 1878, in aid of its new Dominican church, he made a remark that may be quoted:

An Irishman living quietly at home does not think much about his country at all; but send him abroad, and a yearning and a craving and a love for Ireland will come to him that he never felt before. I never felt such glory at the thought of being an Irishman, never felt so keen an interest in her faith, her language, her future, as I did when thousands of miles away. I used to stand on the shores of America, and looking across the broad ocean, call out with St. Columba on the island of Iona, 'God give me the wings of a dove, that I may fly to my native home.'

He was not sorry, therefore, when his leave of absence expired. As to politics, it is safe to say that the peremptory orders of his superiors sealed his lips.

Meanwhile his oratorical triumphs in the cause of charity multiplied. Countless efforts were made by deputations to present addresses and grand testimonials, but all such things he deftly eluded. To quote his own words when preaching on St. Francis Xavier (December 3, 1877), 'he seemed to have forgotten himself, forgotten his history, forgotten the passions that had made him the honoured foreigner.' Anxious to avail himself of the first opportunity that presented to embrace the more legitimate duties of his rule, he accompanied two other Dominican Fathers to conduct a mission that had been called for at New Orleans. Though it is six hundred leagues from New York, Fr. Burke's fame had already reached it, and here renewed efforts were made to overwhelm him with applause and gratitude. The Archbishop of New Orleans having taken the lead in the matter, Fr. Burke from obedience reluctantly submitted. Here he delivered four new lectures, which do not seem to have been reported, but special notice of them is taken by 'L'Année Dominicaine:'

His broad and imperial manner in confronting questions captivated the mind; the brilliant clothing in which he enriched his thoughts, the vitality that he diffused, charmed the imagination and the heart, and the senses themselves were touched by the noble

simplicity of his gesture and the grave and penetrating authority of his voice. . . I heard him say to the Archbishop of New Orleans —while thousands of Irishmen marched in his honour, displaying banners, under the balcony of the Presbytery of St. Patrick—that he could not see the green of his native land without being quite moved and almost unmanned ; and really his large eyes, at that moment full of tears, gave evidence of his ardent patriotism.

The same confession had been previously made at Newark :

The master passion of my heart, after the love I have for God and my religion, is my love for Ireland. There is no brother's love to divide it or to interfere with it. There is no woman's love to come in and share it.

The Superioress of the Convent of Mercy at New Orleans, addressing the present writer, observes :

Fr. Burke was ill nearly all the time he was here ; and, what is unusual with us, the weather was sleety and disagreeable. The orator chosen to welcome him was Judge McGloin. It was considered amusing that amid the rain and sleet the judge delivered the oration he had prepared inviting the guest of the city to the land of perpetual sunshine. Everyone, of course, admired Fr. Burke's eloquence, but his pantomime was something transcendent. When he explained by a sweep of his hand towards his pocket how people who held Government berths of one or two thousand a year rapidly amassed wealth, the vast audience actually forgot where they were, and rent the air with cheers such as St. Patrick's Church never heard before or since.

At last no church in New Orleans was found half large enough to contain the crowds who thronged to hear him, and he was obliged to come out upon the steps of the cathedral in which he meant to have preached and to address the multitude in the open air. In the midst of these excitements he had time to feel something of that home sickness from which most people suffer when far away. Though surrounded and followed by thousands, he was obliged to admit that he felt 'a little lonely.' His sermons and lectures, addressed mainly to Irishmen, laboured to produce virtues which would at once establish the reign of Christ in America and nourish the roots of the tree of liberty.

The didactic discourses are fine pourtrayals of God's love for man (says the Very Rev. J. A. Rochfort, of New York). The rich will find in them reasons to bless the Author of their abundance, and will be charitable to the poor; and the poor, after reading them, will bless the providence of God, and abide with hope the imperishable riches of eternity.

Hearing at New Orleans the sad news of the death of his General, the Most Reverend Père Jandel, he was desirous that a service should be celebrated for him in the church of St. John Baptist, which adjoins the Dominican convent, and he had announced that he would deliver the funeral oration of the great priest, who had been to him more than a superior—a true father. For the first time in his life Fr. Burke completely broke down. The service took place, but he was only able to assist from his bed at the ceremony. However, on the following day he contrived to crawl to the pulpit, where during nearly two hours he held his audience entranced while speaking on the 'Harmonies of Catholic Culture.' The Dominican of Ohio who sent to a Paris serial data about Burke, adds: 'Ce fut son dernier discours en Amérique.'

Why this should have been the last must be told. The new General, Fr. Sanvito, had not long been in office when a representation reached him that Fr. Burke was speaking too much, and ought to be recalled! It is told of St. Francis of Assisi that Wealth and Ambition were two sirens who with witching looks had tried to divert him from his bride Poverty. No doubt Fr. Burke's brethren had similar fears for his safety. This view is delicately conveyed in the letter of his Provincial already given. But the men who saw him closely had no such fears. Nevertheless, the mandate to return was issued. Dr. Sanvito felt that public favour, like sunshine, is apt to weaken while it warms.

Fr. Burke received the mandate unmoved, for he had previously come to the conclusion himself that the time had arrived when it would be well to rejoin his Order in Ireland. Ten thousand dollars had been offered to him, his

Socius[1] states, to address the Irish people in favour of the coming President of the Republic. This gold could have been applied to great purposes of good, but he felt that there was a higher Power than the almighty dollar to be considered. Nor could he fail to remember that Dominic had uttered from his death-bed an anathema against any who should seek to corrupt with the fatal gift of riches the Order which he founded.

Another appeal cost him a real struggle to disregard. 'In vain,' writes Fr. Mercier, 'the Bishops of California offered him piles of gold if he would consent to crave leave to delay in order to evangelise San Francisco. But he was more desirous to obey the orders that put an end to his mission.'

In point of fact Fr. Burke, as Visitor-General, had more than completed the work for which he went to America. The great Dominican, acting on holy obedience—the very essence of his rule—packed a box not much larger than the knapsack of Lacordaire, pressed the hands of a few friends, and brushed away a tear. On Washington's birthday, February 22, 1873, in the midst of gala and rejoicing, music, flags, and feasting, he sailed for Ireland, 'leaving behind him a reputation,' writes Mr. Redpath, 'such as no Irish orator had ever before made in this country.'

Further, he left a legacy to the Irish in America. Some of his apothegms remained long stereotyped as standing mottoes at the heads of journals. Thus the *Boston Pilot* displayed: 'Let Ireland in America be faithful, be Catholic, be temperate, be industrious, be obedient to the law.--REV. THOMAS N. BURKE, O.P.'

Fr. Lilly, now head of the American Dominicans, accompanied him to Ireland. Soon after, Fr. Burke told his former novice, Fr. Pius Cavanagh, how much he regretted that he had not remained all his life a novice-master.

[1] Father Peter Sablon, O.P.

CHAPTER IV.

'CED MILE FAILTE ROMAT A BAILE.'[1]

FR. BURKE had taken his berth for Ireland in the Royal Mail Steamer 'City of Paris.' He had gone out in the 'City of London,' and was thus able to tell the novices on his return 'A Tale of Two Cities.' The American press were tolerably unanimous in awarding to him words of cordial farewell; and more than one journalist declared that Thomas Burke was almost the only one visiting them with a European reputation who had brought it away untarnished and increased. His anxiety to set foot upon the old land strengthened as he approached it, and he recited with much feeling the opening lines of D'Arcy McGee's 'Returned Emigrant':

> Dear sailor, say, have we sighted Cape Clear?
> Can you see any sign? Is the morning light near?

Some of the passing thoughts of that hour are traceable in his lecture on 'The Irish Race' which afterwards he delivered at Newry:

> When the exile returns to his native soil, and, crossing the Western Ocean from America, comes within sight of the Irish coast, the grand cathedral of Cloyne rears its mighty cross high into the air, welcoming him home to the land where Christ is recognised. Whether he comes at early dawn, or when the sun is sinking, or in the broad noonday, the great bell, as it rings out the Angelus, bids the child of Erin welcome to the island of Jesus and Mary.

Thomas Burke was now as joyous as a schoolboy getting home for the holidays. Perhaps it was a small blemish with

[1] A hundred thousand welcomes home.

him that sometimes he repeated his jokes. An impassive fellow-traveller was given to understand, as the ship entered the grand scenery of Cork harbour, that it was then ploughing the Upper Lake of Killarney. Presently they passed Fr. Mathew's Tower, opposite Blackrock, whereupon it was introduced to the tourist's notice as one of the round towers which had so puzzled antiquarians; and even St. Finbar figured as the original 'Cove of Cork.' But he took care in the end to undeceive the man.

He reached Ireland on March 7, 1873. The Cork journals announce that an immense crowd assembled to receive him at the wharf. 'He was welcomed with the greatest enthusiasm. The town commissioners of Queenstown, the local clergy, and the leading inhabitants were present.'

The crowd stood on a height from which they had to look down upon the deck of the steamer. Fr. Burke recognising the face of one of his former novices—now an esteemed Father in the Order—exclaimed, as he looked up, with an expression of eye comical to the last degree, 'S——y, you thief, is that *you*?'

Many men on board had regarded Fr. Burke as something of an oracle. Nearly all belonged to a Church different from his, but amongst them his word was a law, his presence sunshine. Fr. Russell, a venerable Cork Dominican, tells us that when he went to receive their gifted son on arrival, the great man knelt down in presence of the Protestants who had so looked up to him and reverently asked Fr. Russell's blessing.

As soon as Fr. Burke stepped ashore, amid a tremendous cheer, the Rev. Dr. Rice advanced and read an address. But this paled before some stanzas of force and fire, specially calculated to ignite a nature so susceptible to the influence of music and poetry. We regret to be obliged to print a strong expression as applied to a distinguished man; but Mr. Froude—himself no measurer of words—will make due allowance for poets' license.

Welcome back, welcome back, from the field of thy glory,
Welcome back from the land thou hast filled with thy name,
Where thy trumpet-toned tongue thrilled the world with the story
That hatred would blacken and falsehood defame!

On the instant thy hand the green banner unfurled,
On the instant thy voice with its thunders rang loud,
When our still-bleeding wound was laid bare to the world
In the foulness and falseness that festered in Froude.

What a gallant achievement! how noble the daring!
Thou, clad in the white peaceful robe of thy state—
While thy foe, in the armour he long was preparing,
Walked forth to renew the old warfare of hate.

That long-hidden hate, oh! it makes the blood curdle!
But brief was its life, as abnormal its birth,
For the shepherd of God put a stone in his girdle,
And smote the Goliath and felled him to earth.

Thy name will be treasured and cherished for ages,
And Erin, while placing a wreath on thy work,
Will smile as she turns o'er her own golden pages
To find she writes *two* of the great name of BURKE.

The Cork journals report the few simple words that fell from him:

'I suppose, ladies and gentlemen, I am expected to say something.' Here his voice faltered and tears rolled down his cheeks. After a few moments' silence he resumed:—'I can't say anything. Don't ask me—for God's sake, don't ask me. I am in the presence of Him at whose altar I serve during my life. I have reached the land I have been longing for. I can say no more.' The emotion of the speaker produced a deep effect upon those around him. It was with great difficulty Father Tom reached the carriage in waiting to convey him to Norwood, the people pressing round in their anxiety to see their champion. An effort was made by the crowd to unharness the horses and draw the carriage themselves, but Fr. Burke declined the compliment, and drove off amidst a storm of cheers and blessings.

Mrs. Murphy's carriage had awaited him, and, accompanied by Fr. Russell, O.P., he proceeded to her house. Fr. Burke had brought home some money with him, which soon

after his arrival he delivered up to his superior. 'In fact,' writes Dr. Russell, 'he would not have slept until he had discharged this duty.' Like St. Dominic, he made of voluntary poverty his riches and treasure. In reply to adulation from women worshippers, he merely said, 'Am I not a poor mendicant friar?' Countless sums had passed through his hands, without one coin remaining to minister to personal wants. But just as 'Men have a touchstone whereby to try gold,' gold is the touchstone whereby to try men.

The priest whom he hailed at the pier was one of the guests invited to meet Fr. Burke that evening at Mrs. Murphy's, and we learn in reply to a question as to whether the great Dominican was in high spirits, as some persons expected, that the very reverse was the fact.

The Archbishop of Tuam figuratively observed soon after that 'two shores held out their hands to him—one in sorrow at his departure, the other in joy at his return.' Fr. Burke's emotion at Queenstown and depression afterwards were not diminished by the fact that his father—his playmate in childhood—had died during his absence in America. He often said that nothing could be more unlike the traditional austerity of a Galway father, from the days of Lynch down, than the playful companionship of this dear old man. Fr. Burke's laurel wreath was therefore entwined with cypress.

Friends who met him in the train asked on what great engagement he was speeding? 'I'm going to Galway to see the best of mothers.' Conflicting feelings came as he traversed the old familiar route. Taught from infancy to pay honour to the graves of his kindred, Fr. Burke soon stood at his father's tomb. In a lecture on the Irish character he once said:

I remember meeting an emigrant who had come to America, had made a fortune, and returned to visit the land of his birth. I met him shortly after he landed in Cork, and I saw him so anxious to get away that I asked what in the world was the matter, and why he could not stay a day or two in the city to see its beauties? 'Oh, no,' he said, 'I must first go and see my father's and mother's graves.'

He hurried away to Connaught, until he came to a little sea-beaten graveyard, where the waves rolled in upon the Irish strand, and he knelt down and broke his heart again over those graves, just as if the old people were dead but yesterday. This is the Irish character. It is created by their religion, as you see. I grant you that this may sometimes run to excess. No matter how poor an Irishman may be, or his friends, there is one thing they strain everything to do, and that is to give him a splendid funeral. Why? Because the instinct of their race is to honour their dead.

A handsome tomb was duly raised over the remains of his father. It may be found in the Claddagh graveyard, inscribed, 'Grant, O Lord, eternal rest to the soul of Walter Burke, who departed this life on the 29th November, 1872.'

Ah (said Fr. Burke, lecturing on St. Patrick), remembrance of those who are gone, and a desire to help them, to communicate with them, seems natural to us all; and the more tender-hearted and loving a people are, the more deeply will they realise and appreciate the doctrine of Purgatory, and Prayer for the Dead! How terrible is the separation of death, as seen from the Anglican point of view! In the Catholic Church this mystery of death is despoiled of its worst bitterness. It is only a removal from our bodily sight, as if the loved one were only gone on a journey for a few days, to return to us again. Our intercourse with him does not cease; nay, we can do more for him now than ever we could in life, and by our prayers obtain for him the consolation that will never be forgotten during the long day of eternity in heaven. To a people like the Irish, naturally affectionate, and strongly attached to each other, the Christian doctrine of prayer for the dead must always be grateful. Our history served to deepen this portion of our Catholic devotion, for it was a history of sorrow and of national privation; and sorrow softens and enlarges the heart. A people who had lost so much in life turned the more eagerly and lovingly to their dead. I remember once seeing an aged woman weeping and praying over a grave, and when I questioned her, endeavouring to console her, she said, 'Let me cry my fill; all that I ever had in this world are here in this grave; all that ever brought me joy or sorrow is here under this sod; and my only consolation is to come here and speak to them, and pray for them and weep.'

Fr. Burke, in noting the proneness of the Irish people to pay homage to the dead, is silent on the subject of Wakes.

An anecdote, however, which he told his old schoolfellow, Mr. Brady, at Galway, must not be ignored: 'I saw sitting at the foot of the stairs, in a wretched house which had been let in tenements, two women. "Aren't you goin' up to the wake, Biddy?" said one. "Not I, in troth; I'm not so mane as to help to wake a dacent boy on porther, and they afther gettin' 9*l.* from the Society."'

Fr. Burke told Mrs. Quinlan an incident that occurred in one of his journeys to Galway, but it probably belongs to an earlier date: 'I found myself alone in the train with a sallow, solemn-looking man. For two hours we did not interchange a word. The coils of a muffler concealed my identity. At last he broke the ice.

'"Where might you be going?" "To Galway. I am the son of Wat Burke the baker." "And do you follow his trade?" "No." "Where do you live?" "No fixed place. I'm here to-day and away to-morrow." "Why don't you live with your father and mother?" "Because I made a vow never to live with them." "Young man, I am shocked. Do you drink?" "Sometimes."

'My fellow-traveller turned away his head in disgust, and remained looking out of the window at the opposite side until we reached Galway. Here he got out, but without bidding me good-bye.

'On the platform some women, recognising me, threw themselves on their knees, asking my blessing. My censor stared, and seemed so embarrassed that I tried to put him at ease by offering to help him to carry his trunk.'

It having been rumoured that Fr. Burke would leave Galway in a few days, the president of St. Jarlath's, Tuam, with Mr. Edward Byrne, now editor of the *Freeman's Journal*, hurried to his mother's house, and read an address racy of the soil:

In the language of Old Erin, I bid you, dear Father Tom, welcome—welcome to the land of your fathers, to the home of your

birth and youth—*ced mile failte romat a bayle.* In this I only echo the voice of the Archbishop of Tuam, who desired me, as I was starting this morning, to bid you, in his name, 'a thousand times welcome home, and to invite you to Tuam.'

Tell him (said Fr. Burke in reply) that when at St. Louis I told of the old man taking his harp and sweeping the chords, the thousands I addressed in the vast building rose to their feet as one man, and cheered until the columns trembled.

Fr. Tom promised to visit Tuam within the next few days. Further elaborated addresses were presented to him at this town.

It would be futile (writes Mr. Edward Byrne) to hope to convey any idea of the eloquence which burst from the lips of the Dominican in reply, or of the effect produced. The mellow tones of his sonorous voice, now swelling to an organ peal, now sinking to the soft cadence of a summer breeze, and always clear and distinct—not a syllable was lost upon the immense auditory, hardly one amongst whom was not visibly moved. Standing gracefully erect, his commanding figure raised to its full height, his face lightened with the inspiration of the genius and the spirit that are in him, in accents in which the soft brogue of Connaught seemed blended with intonations which only residence on the Continent could lend, Father Tom told how——

And the journalist proceeds to give a long abstract of his speech, ending with a pleasant climax :

And, my friends, if you give me a dinner on my return from Rome, when I shall rise from the feet of Pius to kneel again at the feet of your Archbishop, I'll come to eat it with you, and I hope to have the heart and the appetite of an Irishman to enjoy it.

Fr. Burke had no need to wait until his return from Rome to flesh his knife and fork in a commemorative dinner. Within the next hour all were seated at a banquet at St. Jarlath's—the walls around bearing patriotic mottoes and quaint devices. The President was the host, and in proposing Fr. Tom's health he said that, though the toast of the Archbishop ought to precede it, he was acting under obedience in giving priority to Fr. Burke's. The latter, in reply to a long eulogium, said that—

He was very sorry indeed at that subversion of order which placed his name next after that of the great Pontiff, Pius IX., and between the head of the diocese of Tuam and the head of the Church at Rome. It appeared to him that he was taking up a tangled chain, the greatest link of which was wanting in the name of the illustrious Prelate, beloved of Ireland, next whom he had the happiness to sit. However, as the President spoke of obedience and his acting under obedience, he would not be outdone in that virtue by the President or any other man. There was once an old Augustinian friar in Galway, and going out to beg one day he went to another old friar—poor Father James French, O.P.—to see could he get a something out of him, and when he went in the first thing he did was to kneel down and say, 'Your blessing, Father James.' 'God bless you, my dear child,' said Father James. 'That makes at least 1*l.* for me,' thought the humble friar. But he had scarcely got up off his knees when down popped Father James in his turn, notwithstanding the rheumatism, and, asking the other's blessing, said, 'You know I'm not going to be outdone in humility by you or any fellow like you.'

Fr. Burke went on to say that he was the least and most unworthy in the Order of St. Dominic, which led a layman to exclaim, 'If so, it is a wonderful Order, which easily could take the world by storm.'

'The Lion of the Fold of Judah' used some remarkable words on this occasion :

Among the wonderful feats Fr. Burke has achieved—and they are many—he has refuted the old proverb that no man is a prophet in his own country, but, whether in or out of it, he is one of the most extraordinary men of this nineteenth century. No doubt he was so before his mission to America, but there was not at home sufficient room for the display of his magnificence. We were all too near him to gauge his true proportions, as it is only by seeing a mountain at a proper distance you can have a good idea of its elevation. But, whether near or far away, Fr. Tom has always a smack of the genuine spirit, and it is no wonder that on his landing, after the long voyage of the Atlantic, he should exhibit all the rich and mellow flavour acquired by excellent wine which has gone through the improving process of exportation. Yet no image or illustration from natural history, or the varied profusion of its wealth, will sufficiently account for the transcendent excellence of our guest. I am not afraid to

speak the truth, even in his own presence. Nor is there any danger, in praising him while yet living, to expose either the giver or the recipient of the tribute to the reproach of vanity or adulation. He certainly is formed of rougher mould than to be lightly shaken by the deceitful breath of flattery, so particularly pleasing to those who dwell in the palaces of kings. And, as for me, it is now too late to learn the art, for which I never yet sought or received credit, of speaking pleasing things in behalf of any save those who were entitled to praise for their services to religion and our people. I will not then adjourn the eulogy due to our guest to any posthumous panegyrist, but follow the advice of the wise man in praising men of renown who wrought great glory in their generation. And is he not one of those men of great power alluded to by the inspired writer, 'ruling over the present people and by the strength of wisdom instructing them in most holy words?' What was the object of his mission to America, or rather, as motives are not always so patent, let me ask, What were its fruits? Were they like those that marked the career of Clive and Hastings, and other congenial Saxons in India, making a wilderness of those vast regions, except when the solitude was broken by the shrieks of the widows and the orphans who were multiplied to administer to the cupidity of such tyrants of the human race? Were such the fruits and the monuments of Fr. Burke's career in the opposite hemisphere? He, too, made in a short time real conquests. It might be said of him as of Cæsar, 'Veni, vidi, vici;' but how dissimilar were these conquests! The extraordinary gifts of his intellect and eloquence were rewarded by no less a sum of money than one hundred thousand pounds. . . . The benevolent institutions of America, in every charitable variety, from the decoration of their temples to the erection of their schools, in which the children are tended under the protecting wings of the Catholic Church, can tell and will bear witness to distant times of the munificent contributions of the Irish Dominican preacher to the noble charities of America.

Speaking of the training that tramples on every feeling and animal influence opposed to the reign of Christ, the Archbishop added:

Man thus disencumbered of the inert impediments of mortality becomes as spiritualised as is compatible with mortal life, and capable of achievements which mere worldlings cannot understand. This was the secret of the successes of St. Francis; this the solution of

the mighty conquests of St. Xavier; and this too explains the prodigious results of Fr. Burke's magnificent mission in America.

It is noteworthy that this oration, like Sheil's speech at Pennenden Heath, was never spoken. It certainly appeared in all the newspapers which reported the banquet; but we learn from his Grace's secretary that the speech was written the day after the dinner, and then supplied to the press. It thus assumes as a deliberate pronouncement much greater importance than a post-prandial effusion.

Speaking of the first impression produced on an American traveller as he approaches the Land of the West Fr. Burke said that Ireland—beautiful in its picturesqueness—rises like the Venus Anadyomene—alluding, of course, to the famous classic statue, 'Venus rising out of the sea.' He afterwards dwelt on the emerald green which made Erin conspicuous in the ocean, and quoted Haydn's Lyric 'With verdure clad.' The reporter who had taken down the speech, mentioned to Fr. Burke that he himself had never been out of Ireland, and asked whether, when viewed from the ocean, Erin was very remarkable for verdure of tint? Fr. Burke, with a laugh, replied, 'My dear boy, the first objects which catch the eye are McGillicuddy's Reeks—the bleakest crags in Christendom.'

Fr. Burke, while in America, had not forgotten the needs of Pope Pius. He now made a special pilgrimage to Rome, partly to testify with full warmth his devotion to the Papal Chair, and partly in connection with some business of his Order. Fr. Burke, it will be remembered, had been always very sensitive when breathing the atmosphere of the Vatican. He now thought, and certainly seemed to feel that, owing to the democratic tone of one of his American lectures, his reception at the Curia had been less cordial than of old. The feeling, whatever it was, does not seem to have been distinctly avowed, and Fr. Burke had no opportunity of offering such explanation as might have removed it. Some passages

uttered in America, and which he afterwards regretted, cannot be deemed much out of place when the character of his audience is remembered. But the passages certainly lost nothing in the translation that came before the Curia, however they may have lost in context. The lecture, too, in which an interpolated sentence referred slightingly to the Pope's well-beloved son, Cardinal Cullen, had doubtless no difficulty in reaching the Vatican. (See page 99 *infra.*)

From the Tombs of the Apostles, Fr. Burke returned to the 'Citie of the Tribes.' His arrival in Galway, for which great preparations were being made, came before they had been completed. His sister, Miss Burke, had got the house fully painted; and several of the local clergy, including Rev. Alfred Murphy, Superior S. J., were invited to meet the distinguished visitor. Some amusement was occasioned by the cloth of the clerics exhibiting traces of a lively coloured paint which, owing to Fr. Tom's premature arrival, had not had time to dry.

Mr. Roche, who spent a day with Fr. Burke in Major Lynch's yacht at this time, describes him as lying recumbent, and feigning to read out from the newspaper a number of wonderful events—including an account of his own death, with editorial remarks which blew hot and cold on his memory.

On Patrick's Day, 1873, an imposing demonstration, organised by his dear old schoolmaster, Brother Paul O'Connor, was made at Galway. Flags, bearing the words, 'Hail, Ireland's Advocate,' and 'Fides et Patria,' with emblematic harps inscribed 'Erin go Bragh!' and 'Come back to Erin,' hung forth proudly; and while the band played 'See the Conquering Hero comes,' Fr. Burke, all humility, glided to a corner of the dais. In the address he was minded that his journey through the Great Republic had been a series of ovations, in which millions of our grateful countrymen and of the citizens of that noble land united to offer him the

spontaneous testimony of their affection—that homage of the heart—which the proudest potentate on earth might envy, but could not command. The day he first joined the Aloysian Society is touchingly referred to:

> We little thought that the child who stood among the youthful aspirants for membership undistinguished, save by his virginal modesty and humility, held, treasured in his soul, the germs of those virtues and talents which were one day to win for him the esteem and admiration of his countrymen, and to fill the whole world with his fame.

Some things that Fr. Burke said in reply have been given in an early chapter (*i. 28*). His concluding words may now be added:

> My brother Aloysians (he replied), members of a society which has been the fruitful mother of priests and has sent many men to religious orders, I thank you for your address, through which there runs a thread of golden eloquence that tells me it was either written or dictated by him who founded our society—by him who came amongst us a stranger half a century ago, but who has fondly united himself to us and devoted his talents to the education of the youth of this city. Treasure him, men of Galway, treasure him, my brother Aloysians, as men treasure some unique gem, something of rare value; guard him with your prayers, surround him with your love; for, believe me, when Brother Paul O'Connor goes, it will be long until Galway sees his like again.

Fr. Burke glided away as quietly as he came, and within the next few minutes was seated in the train for Tuam. Meanwhile Archbishop MacHale, after giving the Pontifical blessing in the cathedral on St. Patrick's Day, addressed the people. He referred to the coming of Fr. Burke, whose burning words, even as they rang out against the demon of intemperance in America, they would have the opportunity of hearing that day.

The people, displaying shamrocks and green ribbons, awaited his arrival. The women in their red cloaks had a very picturesque appearance. Bands played and flags fluttered.

At last Fr. Burke drove into Tuam in a closed carriage, 'and the illustrious visitor' (records the local paper) 'was already at the palace of his Grace before he was recognised by the waiting thousands. But when the news did spread that Fr. Burke had "stolen in," town and country marched to St. Jarlath's, and the palace and the college were beleaguered by a cheeringly enthusiastic and expectant multitude.'

A deputation of priests and people now pressed forward to ask Fr. Burke to accept at their hand a public banquet. He was reminded that, as since his arrival in Ireland his journey had been that of a king over the hearts of the people; most regal of all should it be in this his native county. The address—one beautifully engrossed and illuminated, and headed by a portrait of Fr. Burke—is now before us. It goes on to say:

United in prosperity and in adversity, the priests and people of Tuam rise as one man to greet you with words of warmest welcome, and approaching you lay the most sincere expression of our heartfelt admiration and gratitude at your feet. We recognise in you the priest who has vindicated the cause of Mother Church, and the Irishman who has raised the crest of mother country highest amongst the many sects and nations who dwell in the hospitable cities of the New World.

We hail you as our champion, and we would fain place a laurel wreath upon the brows of the man who in the monastic gown of the Middle Ages annihilated fraud in the specious garb of the nineteenth century, and gained a verdict from the lips of even hostile judges, whom your power led captive. Finally, they prayed that, as St. Patrick saw the spiritual regeneration of Ireland 1,400 years ago, so may you behold now that temporal regeneration to which you have so nobly contributed.

Canon Burke, the then President of St. Jarlath's, is a man of small stature. At the banquet Fr. Tom said:

His Grace desires me to propose a toast—a toast to a name which is good and honourable—the name of Burke, though Shakspeare asked, 'What's in a name?' and said 'The rose by any other name would smell as sweet.' The name which he was now to toast was

associated with an office the most venerable in the land—that of President of a college—the office filled by Columba and Kevin at Glendalough. In proposing a health it is usual to divide the man—it is usual to speak of him, first, as a MAN, next, as a gentleman, as a priest, as a patriot. But I will make only two divisions of your President. I will not speak of him as a gentleman, for we know he is that; nor as a man—perhaps indeed if he were a big, burly fellow 6 feet 4, I might then be inclined to treat of him as a man; but we know that in him the soul predominates. I will not then speak of him as a man, but as one of the greatest living Irish scholars; and if there were not one greater present who has written his name in letters of gold on the music and the poetry of our land,[1] perhaps I would be inclined to say more of him. He would call the Irish one of the noblest of languages—soft and gushing, and liquidly sweet, yet sonorous as the tongue in which Demosthenes thundered. That language had been banished from its home, but it found an exponent and a sanctuary in and with such men as the learned President of this College. Secondly, I ask you to drink his health as something higher still and yet nobler—as a lover of youth. Love binds him to *you*, students, and binds *you* to *him*. Behold the two divisions which I make of your president—an Irish scholar and one who loves youth.

As Fr. Tom 'stole in, so he stole away' (records the local journalist).

Meanwhile his old mother was dreadfully afraid that he might be injured by his success (writes Fr. Clarke, S.J.), and that vanity might lead him to dwell with satisfaction on his own gifts. She used to say her beads constantly for him that he might not become vain and so fall away from God. When the papers were loud in his praise a friend read out some laudatory passage in her hearing. Instead of being gratified, she looked displeased, saying, 'Never mind them, Nicholas my son, they would say the same of any blackguard that came round.'

Just as the good old woman always continued to regard him as a child, so to her death she never acquired a real appreciation of the strength and beauty of his character. There never was a man who less needed the caution that she gave

[1] The Archbishop of Tuam.

him. Again and again has the reader seen Fr. Burke's utter despisal of fame and reputation.

Fr. Burke allowed his greatest sermons to appear, not only without revision, but to be reprinted with disfiguring blunders. A grand oration at a Triduum contained one great sentence which the reporter broke up into a number of smaller ones, thereby destroying its effect, and yet Fr. Burke suffered Mr. W. B. Kelly to reprint it in an ornamental volume, but perpetuating all the blots which could so easily have been avoided. His absence of vanity was now shown in a new way. A portrait of Fr. Burke was produced by a weak hand as a trade speculation. Every ugly point in Fr. Burke's face came out exaggerated; but, only anxious to assist a young artist, he seemed quite satisfied. This lithograph has been sent to us from New York as a curiosity.

Fr. Burke (writes Major Haverty) had the temerity to ask me to buy a quantity of this villanous caricature at sixpence each. I enclose it as a specimen of art in Dublin. I gave another copy to Fr. Burke, with the request that he would pin it up in his room, and whenever vanity attacked him to look at that picture, and it would bring him to his proper level!

'The sign of the Cross had not yet been fully burned into his heart by suffering; and this was the last crowning test to which our Lord put him.' These words—applied by Fr. Burke to St. Vincent de Paul—came home to himself at last. Fr. Lilly, who accompanied him from America, states that even then he was suffering from internal ulceration, which became more aggravated after the excitement of his tour had subsided. This gradually grew into a malignant disease, which tore him slowly to death. Rest seemed justly due to him after his great exertions in America; but Fr. Burke was soon found as active as ever.

Public anxiety to see in the flesh the orator of whose triumphs all Ireland had been reading reached a climax on March 30, 1873, when Fr. Burke was announced to preach

in the Pro-Cathedral, Dublin, at the Triduum in honour of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Although this ceremonial had begun two days previously, the appearance of the church on the final day is thus described by the press:

For an hour before the commencement the church was crowded almost to suffocation, and at twelve o'clock the vast multitude was one swaying mass, so densely packed that it was with the utmost difficulty, even at the frequent entreaties of the clergy, that the many who fainted could be borne from the sacred edifice.

Never can I forget the scene (observes the then Administrator). Every available point was covered as by bees. I was in terror lest the roofs of the old confessionals should yield to the weight of the people who clambered there. The beautiful kneeling statue of Archbishop Murray was desecrated by a man with hob-nailed shoes seated on its marble neck. The breaths of the dense mass had covered the walls with water, which poured down in heavy streams. I believe this was the only time in my life in which I lost my physical courage.

At the conclusion of High Mass—Cardinal Cullen presiding, and Bishop Whelan acting as celebrant—Fr. Burke ascended the pulpit and preached for an hour. He concluded by saying that they had 'come forward to consecrate their motherland, themselves, and their children for all future ages to the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ—to offer their hearts and the nation's heart in consecration to the Divine will.' Mr. W. P. Prendergast, accompanied by some Protestant ladies, was glad to find standing-room. He says that, though the service lasted three hours, the time flew like moments. He was greatly struck by one apostrophe addressed to Ireland in which Fr. Burke described her coronation—not with jewels, but with a crown of thorns. Hearing sobs beside him, Mr. Prendergast turned and saw a colossal countryman, in a frieze coat, so shaken by emotion that big tears coursed down his cheeks.

On June 22, 1873, another function for the same end took place, Cardinal Cullen acting as Celebrant at the High Mass.

The newspapers state that Fr. Burke's sermon attracted a large number of Americans. In some things said we catch a glimpse of his own idiosyncrasy:

If a man of dazzling talents comes forward, what more could we say against him than that he was a heartless man? But it was no reproach to say that his heart was bigger than his head. The Son of God came down from Heaven that He might be nearer to us, visible to our eyes, and audible to our ears. He took to Him in His humanity the grandest heart that God could put into human bosom, and as His mind was created for knowledge, so was His heart for love.

Fr. Burke found on his return to Ireland that an unlucky passage—said to have been interpolated in one of his lectures—threatened to jeopardise the cordial relations which had so long subsisted between Cardinal Cullen and himself; and he seems to have smarted under some mark of diminished friendship. His Eminence, besides feeling slighted that Fr. Burke should have dedicated his book to 'John of Tuam' —a strong opponent of the Cardinal's policy—was greatly surprised to read a speech of Fr. Burke's wholly different from his former tone.

Naming a popular journalist of America, Mr. Haverty writes:

I gave him—with Fr. Burke's consent—some original copies of the sermon, and procured for him revisions of all those he contemplated publishing in his journal. I also gave him every week for publication a list of Fr. Burke's movements and engagements for the coming week. This preference on my part put up the circulation of his paper to more than five times its former extent.

In October, 1872, Fr. Burke was to lecture for the Passionist Fathers, West Hoboken, on a Sunday afternoon (he generally gave three lectures on a Sunday). West Hoboken is about four miles from New York City, to which there is a line of tramcars. On this Sunday an epidemic amongst the horses caused all the cars to stop running. The audience consisted only of the parishioners. There were no reporters present but Mr. ——. Fr. Burke sent out for him, told him that in this lecture ('Pope Pius IX.') he would give

expression to his estimate of the character of Cardinal Cullen, and as some parties in Ireland were circulating reports that he was in antagonism with the Cardinal, he wished to have his words properly reported, so that he could send copies to Ireland. He promised to attend to his wishes. Fr. Burke had to go away next morning on a western trip as far as Memphis. Before going, he gave me a list of several persons in Ireland to whom he wished me to send marked copies of the paper containing the lecture.

This was the only lecture of all that he delivered that I ever knew him to express any interest in after its delivery. He wrote to me from Louisville about it, asking me if I had sent the copies as he requested. He again wrote from Memphis, and said he had inquired in all towns he was lecturing at, and he was yet in ignorance if his lecture was published, and if I had sent the copies.

Mr. —— could not find it in his heart to publish a good word of the Cardinal, and so did not insert the lecture on Pope Pius, but gave some others that he had in hand each week for four or five weeks. I told him that Fr. Burke was to lecture for Fr. Shorten at Yonkers, and, as the subject was not announced, suggested that he should repeat this lecture, and I would have a reporter there to take it down. This was done. . . . Then it was that Mr. —— inserted the lecture as having been delivered in West Hoboken—without giving the date—six weeks after its delivery.

Major Haverty goes on to say that he handed Fr. Burke a copy of the journal in question; that he sat down to look over it, and when he came to the interpolation of his remarks on Cardinal Cullen, he jumped to his feet, and in no measured words expressed his indignation. On his return to Ireland, his genial, forgiving good nature made him wish to tone down these warm words. Major Haverty adds:

This was the only matter that occurred during his visit to this country to annoy him, and that continued to annoy him up to the time he left. The attack on him in connection with his views on the manumission of the negro was only a trivial trouble to him, as he was ably defended by the whole of the Catholic press.

June 6, 1873.

MY DEAR HAVERTY,—You will think me a very queer fellow for never having written you a line. There's no use now making excuses.

The reaction of my American campaign is upon me, and I have scarcely energy left to eat food. Fr. Lilly is by this time returned, and you have no doubt heard from him all about our voyage and Italian trip. Now to business. Dr. Hendriken's sermon[1] is such a farrago I could not correct it without writing it out anew, and that I really have not energy or time to do, so you must do by it as well as you can. It was this very sermon, as reported and printed by O'——, that was in my mind when I wrote about things[2] that 'I would rather die than utter,' for he makes me blaspheme the Holy Trinity by asserting that our Lord is one *in person* with the Father. —— wrote to me enclosing your advertisement, and noting the passage in which I am made to assert that he interpolated in order to embroil me with my superiors. I suppose that you allude to the impudent words I am made to say about Cardinal Cullen being a true Irishman 'as far as his lights led him,' or something to that effect. Now, although I never said such an impertinent thing, nor thought it, and though I deplored its insertion in the report, still I never thought nor said that —— had such a nefarious purpose as to embroil me with my superiors. Perhaps I may have said that the thing in itself was calculated to thus embroil me. I am afraid you went too far in the advertisement, and I am very sorry to have my name mixed up in the business, beyond the distinct and emphatic things that I myself have written on the subject. In any subsequent explanation I hope, above all things, that the Cardinal's name will not be mentioned. I don't intend, at least just now, to answer ——'s letter, and I have written to Fr. Lilly on the matter. I am very sorry to have been the occasion, however innocently, of severing two friends like yourself and Mr. ——. As for myself, I am much better pleased to put up with injury (and I consider Mr. —— has injured me) than to quarrel. As to the treatment I have received at your hands, I have only to repeat that I consider that you have in your dealings with me been not only upright and fair, but generous, and I trust that nothing will ever occur to mar or sever our friendship. I don't know whether I shall ever return to America. In any case, one of the most pleasing of my many pleasant recollections of that country shall ever be the very great kindness which I received

[1] Fr. Burke alludes to his own sermon on the consecration of Bishop Hendriken, April 28, 1872.

[2] A letter dated New York, Feb. 21, 1873. He adds: 'I hope that my friends in America will understand that you are the only person authorized by me to publish any of my lectures or sermons.'

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at your hands, and those of your amiable family. I hope they are all well, and I beg you to remember me to them most warmly.

How is business? . . . .

Now, be a Christian man, and don't be over angry with me for my laziness. I will try to do better for the future.

. . . I wrote the above a month ago, and never sent it through being knocked about. McGlashan gave me 81*l.*, the amount of his account for the first series of sermons. The Froude lectures I told him were no affair of mine, so that he will settle about them with yourself. I got the second volume you sent me. I don't like it as well as the first. The get-up of it is grand—in fact, altogether too good for what is inside.

We are flooded with Americans this year, and, fortunately, the weather is good, and the old island is looking her very best.

Believe me, &c.

THOS. BURKE, O.P.

Now that I have begun to write, I will try and be better for the future if you forgive the past. Thady O'Malley has come out with a very able little work on Home Rule, containing a savage attack on the Cardinal.[1]

When Fr. Burke looked more fully into the second series of his American lectures, he seems to have liked them better. This great volume—one almost unknown at home—contains many most interesting personal recollections:

To my mind, the contents of the second volume are as interesting and acceptable to our Irish people as the first (he writes to Major Haverty). I still hope that the day may come when I shall be able to revisit the friends in America, whom I shall never forget. Kindest regards. Keep up your courage. Things have been bad so long that they must change for the better soon.

Fr. Burke's career in America, if it did not prolong his life, rubbed off certain angularities that made the residue of it all the smoother. Fr. Power, who occupied the same convent with him for years, was one of the first to welcome this

[1] The late Rev. Thaddeus O'Malley. He began his missionary career as curate to Archbishop Murray, became Rector of the University of Malta, was recalled, and closed his life, at the age of eighty, as chaplain to a convent in a back street of Dublin.

improvement. This priest is now pastor of a highly cultured congregation in St. Louis, and he owes his appointment to Fr. Burke's influence with the Archbishop of that see.

Father Tom (he writes) became most tender-hearted, and, in later years, seemed to have been softened down from the ruggedness of his natural disposition and monastic education by contact with the refined and educated classes of society. If left too much alone, he was inclined to be churlish, and his talents were always brightened up into brilliancy and action by intercourse with society. His earlier rigidity and severity were almost wholly replaced by a sincerity and liberality which brought out his intellectual strength in a more fascinating and sympathetic expression.

America proved useful in other ways. 'On his return,' observes a barrister who, from 1860, constantly attended his sermons, 'I observed that he used more dramatic and expressive action.' Fr. Carbery, S.J., was struck by the improved apostolic character of his preaching:

It seemed as if the words of Christ had burned their way into his very soul. Previously he never spoke a line that had not been written—even to the 'buts.' Now all flowed naturally, soothingly, and spontaneous.

Burke has got no heart, they say, but I deny it.
He *has* a heart, and gets his sermons by it.

This barb, once sent to him in pure frolic, had its effect—all the more because he did not know that it was rusty with age.

Vulgar people (continues Fr. Power, addressing the author) failed to grasp him, and underrated his truly grand qualities, hidden very often by total disregard for human respect, and what people might think, and by a simplicity of character which let out fun when more politic persons would restrain it. He was the same Fr. Tom in the august presence of Pope or Cardinal as with his fellow-priests and at the table of his community. It was they who really knew these brilliant talents—great religious instincts and lofty Church notions, that lifted him so immeasurably above 'his fellows.' In the retrospect his mimicries melt away, and leave him truly great and noble. The longer those live who knew his inner life, so much the more will they see no other like him; 'alone in his glory' Fr. Burke is destined to stand.

Meanwhile he continued to conduct retreats for the priests of various dioceses. Solemnity would be relieved at times by some fantastic stroke. On infirmity of temper he now preached powerfully, and, referring to St. Francis de Sales, mentioned how completely he had crushed it. 'But let him who thinks he stands take heed lest he fall.' After displaying for years the most perfect equanimity, yet, on suddenly finding his studies rudely disturbed by an intruder, the saint relapsed into his old weakness. Here Fr. Burke illustrated the story by distorting his own face with an expression of petulance almost diabolic. Archbishop MacHale was present on this occasion. The preacher thought that, even in his most solemn appeals, the employment of some odd phrase, idea, or gesture would be sure to deepen the impression. Physiologists say that the desire of any intense emotion is to be relieved by some opposite emotion. That master of the human heart, Shakspere, always heightened tragic effect in this way. It was in the retreat just noticed, when drawing one sacerdotal portrait, Fr. Tom warned his hearers not to come out of the exercises 'like a painted shandaradan,'[1] which could not last. He knew the idiosyncrasies to which such phrases would be acceptable. In conducting retreats at Maynooth he never ventured on this tone.

Why, in his lecture on Anger, his face seemed to become for a moment demoniac is explained by a sermon delivered at the Advent Conference of the Catholic University, Dublin a short time before. Addressing laymen, he said that 'nothing destroys reason more than sinful anger. Nay more, it deforms even the exterior man, making him like to a demon.' Hence Chrysostom asks, 'What is more frightful than the face of an infuriated man?' for, says St. Gregory, quoting, indeed, from Seneca, 'The excited heart throbs, the body trembles, the senseless tongue pours forth incoherent words, the inflamed countenance fires, the furious

[1] An old-fashioned gig with a hood.

eyes sparkle again!' and, concludes the mild philosopher, 'What must the angry soul be whose external image is so foul and deformed?'

Fr. Burke then went on to show, if such be anger, how glorious must that virtue be which conquers, moderates, and restrains it. This, he held, was the foremost virtue, inasmuch as our Lord Himself put it first. 'Learn of Me because I am meek and humble of heart.'

During a retreat for a diocese needless to name, Fr. Burke drew a picture of a curate who, yielding to some hospitable host whom to refuse would be to wound, was led to indulge more than once 'in a second tumbler.' 'Cases of this sort,' he added, 'I generally find wind up with a trip to Lisdoonvarna.'[1]

The homeliness and yet the novelty of this remark, applied to the Harrogate of Ireland, made a great impression, and, when the silence of the retreat was no longer enforced, became the subject of general comment. Some priests who happened to be present took, within the following week, their well-earned holiday at the favourite spa. On arrival, the first priest whom they met was Fr. Tom himself. 'Oh, *you* of all men to be here,' was echoed about, accompanied by looks of triumph towards the seemingly discomfited preacher. 'I

[1] There was no subject on which Fr. Burke in pulpit and platform preached more effectively than on Temperance. In America he had come to be regarded as the heir to the mantle of Fr. Mathew. After a powerful address at Newark he said, 'Let all who wish to take the pledge from me, hold up their hands,' asking them to repeat after him the usual words, and concluding with a prayer that God would give them grace and strength to keep the pledge. A forest of hands shot up. He promised them, so far as he could promise them, as a minister of God, that the blessing of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost would be upon them in their path of life, that the prayers of Mary would be with them at the hour of their death, and that their souls would then pass into a happy eternity to enjoy the vision of Christ.

An Irish journalist heard one of these appeals. Too long, as he himself assures us, he had been a prey to the passion, to the deep injury of his prospects and domestic happiness. Fr. Burke heard of his case, visited him, exhorted him. This journalist knelt down at his feet, took the pledge, and has since most devoutly kept it.

alluded to those only who come by the Corkscrew Road,' was the ready retort. Persons unacquainted with the geography of the West should be told that Lisdoonvarna may be reached by two routes—the first by crossing Galway Bay and a mountain round which the Corkscrew Road winds; the second from Athenry to Ennis, and which enters Lisdoonvarna from an opposite point. The priest thus addressed selected the Corkscrew route, disliking the long dreary drive from Ennis to the spa. This road, moreover, is often flooded, making necessary a *détour* of seven miles by Kilfenora.

Ennis is the route from the South to Connaught, and Fr. Burke knew it well. Here he had preached to aid in raising the fine spire which soon after shot up.

Fr. Burke was in bad health when he arrived at the spa. The waiter, recognising him, made a profound obeisance, and bade him welcome to Lisdoonvarna. 'But, glory be to God!' he added, glancing at his tonsure, 'what a bad faiver your reverence must have had when they shaved your head like that.' 'Oh, when I rub the spa water into the bald spot it will be all right again,' replied Fr. Burke. A prayer that the sulphuretted hydrogen would work this end was fervently offered; 'and,' added Fr. Burke as he told the story, 'that wonderful waiter daily brought to my door a pitcher-full, with which he could have sworn I rubbed the poor bare spot.'

Some rustic acrobats having performed in front of the windows, he said that the guests were also provided with entertainment inside, for the tumbler and pitcher might be seen in the hall.

He mentioned to Dr. Quinlan the case of a priest who was called to attend a horse jockey in his last illness, and found him lamentably ignorant on spiritual matters—in fact, a perfect pagan. He had no idea of a future state. He knew nothing of heaven or of the Trinity. Various questions were put to him by the priest, who at last refreshed the jockey's

memory so far that he remembered to have seen heads with wings cut on tombstones, and that disembodied spirits would be flying in space. 'And will *you* be an angel?' asked the jockey. 'I hope so.' The ruling passion was strong in death. The jockey, unable to resist old impulses, muttered, 'I'll fly your reverence three miles for a sovereign.' These things if told by another man would be nothing, but Fr. Burke's fifty voices and faces made them tell.

'He had stories to suit time, place, and topic—stories for priests, laymen, and for ladies. These succeeded each other so fast, that time was not given for one paroxysm of laughter to subside when he almost cruelly plunged his hearers into another. A judicial personage, when carving at *table d'hôte*, asked the waiter, 'Is this for a lady or gentleman?' 'Neither, sir. It's for a priest.' A visitor complained that the eggs were small. 'That reminds me of a brusque young curate,' said Fr. Tom, 'who on the first morning that he breakfasted with his new parish priest, observed only two eggs cooked, the larger of which was speedily despatched by the *parochus*. The curate having eyed the smaller, the parish priest said, "Don't fear, it is fresh." "It may be fresh," replied the coadjutor, "but it does little credit to the hen that laid it."'

Hazlitt, writing in 1846, says:

> We wish it were not considered necessary nowadays to assume a peculiar solemnity and formality of manners as a badge of piety. Nothing makes so many hypocrites as this. The pious man should endeavour to avoid, as much as possible, the external manifestations of his piety.

Those who had previously known Fr. Burke as a Massillon were astonished to find him more full of fun than a schoolboy. The critic of the Spa felt privileged to say that there was but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous. Fr. Burke had every one in roars—even groups of beggars, and deformed sufferers. He did not despise this lowly audience, either in

church or playground. Speaking of the Lord Dundreary class, he had said, 'I have seen an Irish beggarman asking alms of them; and I would a thousand times rather be that beggar with the clear Irish eye in his head, and his keen Irish intellect, than be a "booby" lord or a "booby" squire.'[1]

At Lisdoonvarna the weather is given to rain. The outlook on such occasions is desolation itself. Then it was that Fr. Burke's presence brought a gleam of genial sunshine. Cards collapsed in favour of higher game. 'I well remember,' writes a brother priest, 'his small plays, and the comical forfeits he exacted.' He turned the laugh against cards by quaint ana. One was of a Franciscan who had been playing 'Patience' in his cell until the very moment when called out to preach. He at once thrust the pack into the great cuff of his habit, and thought no more of it, until, raising his arm in the most solemn part of the sermon, the cards flew out. Not in the least abashed, he asked a little girl, at whose feet one fell, what card it was? She replied, 'The ace of hearts.' Thereupon he launched forth powerfully against the vice of gaming, the contagion of which had reached, as he demonstrated, the most innocent young virgins.

And then, who can forget how he enhanced by song and story the charms of the excursions to historic Kilfenora, and how he pointed out its crosses, and explained all about the monumental effigy said to be that of its founder, St. Fachnan? A whispered joke had it that the hotels were prepared to offer him a good subsidy provided he would prolong his stay. So many prelates came, that the great gathering was styled 'a second Œcumenical Council.'

New faces suggested new stories. During the great fire that destroyed the Dublin Arcade, two countrymen who happened to be in town for Smithfield Market, observing in a window two beautiful women with dishevelled hair and starting eyeballs, rushed forward, at the risk of their lives, and bore them off

[1] Lecture on the 'Evils of Ireland,' at Harlem, U.S.

manfully. In point of fact, these were the effigies of a waxwork exhibition. 'Oh, Mick, the darlint is gettin' very limp,' was the exclamation of Pat, as he carried the 'Princesse de Lamballe' into the free air of College Green.

We have heard it said that Fr. Burke in society sometimes showed, by sarcasm, that he did not care for the acquaintance of some men who made advances. He was never sarcastic, but he was too honest to disguise a prejudice. In one of his lectures he tells his hearers:

> I have lived in many lands, and I have known many people, and I am not accustomed, thanks be to God, and I hope I never will be, to speak words of flattery, or idle speech to any people. I speak the truth as I feel it.

Fr. Burke often accosted persons in the train, but rarely encouraged strangers who themselves took the initiative.

'How do, reverend sir? I think I met you at a—a—was it not?' said one, expecting to be prompted.

'Yes,' was the reply, 'you met me *there*.' And the fussy stranger remained as wise as before.

Observing that the 'sulphur-springs were chiefly good for match-making,' Fr. Burke packed his portmanteau, and was soon in the pulpit, preaching on 'The Lake of Fire and Brimstone.'

Eccentricities of dramatic power were with Fr. Burke an impulse, and remind us of stories told of Garrick. After preaching near Ballinasloe, luncheon was brought to him by a nun, who promptly retired. But after a few minutes he pulled vigorously at the bell-rope, until the sister again appeared. He suddenly exhibited the most frightful contortions of countenance, and, placing his hand on his side, conveyed the impression that he suffered internal agonies. After this performance had continued for a few moments, he took pity on the agonised feelings of the nun, by announcing that he had merely rang for a corkscrew, which she had forgotten to leave. These anecdotes, however amusing, are shadowed by the fact

that the closing years of his life were marked by suffering of intense severity, and thus, perhaps, would seem to show that the nursery axiom, 'Mocking is catching,' may be not wholly pointless.

The awe with which nuns usually regarded the great Dominican, especially when he had conducted a retreat for them, was second only to that inspired by a deity. After a retreat given by Fr. Burke at a certain convent, its occupants petitioned the Rev. Mother for leave to enter the room where he sat, and to gaze upon the messenger of God. Permission given, they stealthily came in one by one to view from a respectful distance Heaven's envoy. At last they were told by the Rev. Mother to take their seats on two forms and to go on with their knitting. The preacher's hands were crossed upon his belted habit. The Superioress hardly knew what to say, but she was usually cheerful, and possessed a keen sense of the ludicrous. At last she said, 'Awful pause!' 'Yes indeed,' said Fr. Burke, burying his hands in his habit; 'my mother often told me that they were like those of a rhinoceros.' The ice thus broken, a peal of joyous laughter ran up and down the form like a chime of bells. Whether Burke knew that a kindred joke had been previously made we cannot say. His object was to put the nuns at their ease.

Some similar things done on a subsequent day for the amusement of the guileless creatures who were as innocent as children having failed to make another Rev. Mother laugh, he remarked to Fr. Mulkerrin, as both drove home, 'In all my life I never met with such a stick as that!'

Thoroughly imbued with the sense of his lofty calling in the church and in his convent, the humble Dominican yet hated with all the vehemence of his nature (writes Fr. Murphy) melancholy faces and everything which savoured of sanctimoniousness in the rational enjoyments and amusements of human life.

While on this subject it may be mentioned that it once became his duty to escort two aged nuns in a cab from one

part of Dublin to the other. A friend who met the cab by chance observed with surprise that the nuns were in fits of laughter, and he asked Fr. Burke afterwards the cause of it. 'Only fancy,' was the reply, 'these ladies are nuns for fifty years, and they had never before heard "Old Bob Ridley."'

One of the advantages attending the promotion of a Dominican to the episcopate is that he usually fosters the extension of an Order which may indeed be styled the perfection of the priesthood. Dromore has rarely found a son of that diocese worthy to wear its mitre. In 1833, Dr. Blake, the saintly pastor of a Dublin parish, was appointed to Dromore; and at his death Fr. Pius Leahy, a great preaching friar, succeeded.

Shortly before the departure of Fr. Burke for America, a Dominican mission was conducted at Newry, with results so encouraging that the idea of a new church and priory became a fixed and favourite one. Fair hands organised a bazaar, and raised 1,200*l.*, and further efforts were made to supplement that sum. Plans in the Early Decorated style of the thirteenth century were supplied by Mr. Ashlin; and on May 25, 1873, after the bishop had laid the first stone, Fr. Burke preached, taking as his text from David, 'I have loved, O Lord, the beauty of Thy house, and the place where Thy glory dwelleth.' But he casually remarked that the man who used these words never saw the temple whereof he spoke. As an inspired prophet, David saw in the future the glory of that Church of which Christ was Himself the architect, and whose beauty came from heaven. To show what the beauty of the Church was, Fr. Burke expounded the eternal beauty of God Himself, and the infinite perfection belonging to Him, consisting mainly in that essential Unity by which He is One, and in that wondrous Trinity by which there are three Persons in one God. A stupid man had once tried to explain the mystery by saying that it was like three persons in one cab; and was met by the retort, 'Yes; but what I want explained is how there can be one person in three cabs.'

Of course Fr. Burke made no allusion to this profane speech; but he logically showed that whatever belongs to the Father belongs to the Holy Ghost, for, being one in nature, they are co-eternal and co-existent. When Christ came down from heaven and made of the Church His spouse, He gave to her a beauty like to that of His own as God; and Fr. Burke showed that this consisted in her Unity and Trinity, that she belonged to God as His spouse, because there was in her a divine presence which never could depart—a fountain of light that could never grow pale; and, thirdly, a fount of grace never to be dried up. A Catholic church was the dwelling-place of Jesus Christ; and its erection was to wipe away the reproach, 'The Son of man hath nowhere to lay His head.' Our great Dominican congratulated his hearers that God had given them what He denied to David; he also felicitated them that, like another Moses in the desert, God had given them the grace to strike the rock on the hill-side of Newry, and that by their devotion and faith the waters of sacramental grace would well forth to them and to their children for ever. This work was a great one, for it was not so much that they were building a house for God as a house for themselves in heaven; for our Lord had promised that not even a cup of cold water given in His name would go without reward. The 8,000*l.* needed was soon raised.

His fraternal feeling for the Franciscans continued. St. Bonaventure, the friar, whose wisdom and worth led the Cardinals to entrust to him the nomination of a successor to Clement IV., afforded a fine subject for the pulpit; and in the church of St. Francis, Dublin, Fr. Burke preached what its present guardian considers his best oration. Expressions of regret fell from the Fathers when they found that not a single reporter had been present.

CHAPTER V.

IN COURT AND CLOISTER.

THE case of 'Fr. O'Keefe *versus* Cardinal Cullen' is so recent that it seems needless to enter here into its history. Distinguished canonists were subpœnaed as experts. Tough interrogatories involving intricate questions of ecclesiastical policy and discipline had been prepared under the auspices of Cardinal Cullen and other theologians. These questions were put in writing and placed in the hands of the Cardinal's Counsel, who, after a short grind in canon law, had contrived to form an idea of their gist. Some of them would fill half a column of the newspaper report. On the other hand, 'posers' had been prepared by Fr. O'Keefe and his friends, which Mr. Fitzgibbon and Serjeant Armstrong turned to account in cross-examination. Bishops were badgered and bothered; old professors of theology were made to go to school again. At last, on the tenth day—namely, May 22, 1873—the Italian experts were produced as witnesses. One, the Rev. Cæsar Roncetti, became Nuncio at Vienna soon after; the second was Doctor, now Cardinal, Jacobini. According to first arrangement Dr. Conroy, Bishop of Ardagh, was to have acted as interpreter; but one evening at the Palace Fr. Burke when amusing the Cardinal with his Italian stories revealed such marvellously subtle knowledge of idioms that the wisdom of securing his services became at once apparent. No pleasanter announcement could be possibly made to him; and he revelled in the rehearsal of his new duties. Fr. Burke, previous to the trial and in order to give the Italian priests a

clear idea of the ordeal before them, held a mimic court in the Cardinal's study, and subjected both Roncetti and Jacobini to the formula of a cross-examination. Judge O'Hagan—himself a distinguished linguist—was present during the real trial, and assures us that he never heard anything more beautifully done than Fr. Burke's rendering of the English into Italian, and the Italian into English. The tact and rapidity with which Fr. Burke, on hearing the questions read, seized their point, threw them into Italian, and then presented the answers like echoes, drew forth expressions of admiration. The replies of the experts had been too often a voluble stream, delivered in monotone. 'His ready intelligence greatly struck us,' observes Mr. Quill. 'Before he opened his lips we knew by the flash of his eye what was coming.'

Harry Deane Grady, a humorous King's Counsel, once bemoaned to a friend that his jury eye was out of order. Fr. Burke turned his to powerful effect, especially when he looked up at the jury, and more than once invested with significance facts and remarks which might otherwise have attracted small attention.

Fr. Burke dined with Cardinal Cullen during the proceedings, and mentioned how Chief Justice Whiteside, bending over the bench, took occasion to inform the interpreter very quietly that he knew the Italian language. Mr. Whiteside, in fact, had written two smart books on Italy, and lived there for two years. His cicerone through Rome had been no less a person than Paul Cullen, long before it was dreamt that the young Irishman would ever wear a Cardinal's hat or Whiteside himself a coif. Both now found themselves face to face once more, and, by a coincidence, each robed in scarlet. That the Chief Justice could be puzzled in Italian orthoepy was shown at least once. His lordship put all sorts of questions, piquant enough for a general audience, but which to a canonist were simply absurd. The answer of the Italian expert to one was a curt phrase signifying 'stuff' or

'nonsense.' 'What does the witness say?' roared the Chief Justice. 'My Lord,' replied Burke, 'he says, "Emphatically, no!"' Among other questions asked—and we give it from memory—was, 'If the Cardinal, as delegate of the Pope, fulminated a suspension which from informality failed to hit its mark, what then became of that suspension?' It would not have excited very great surprise if these and other queries made the Italians lose patience. Fr. Burke, in giving to some friends an amusing version of the business, seemed to convey that Dr. Roncetti once muttered 'Diavolo.' 'What is that about the devil?' inquired the Chief Justice, goosequill in hand, and ready to make a note of it. 'Perhaps he wants to know what the devil he means,' said Fr. Burke. This does not appear in the report, and possibly our friar merely meant to raise a laugh. The public had become so weary of the case—full as it was of most abstruse technicalities—that we find it at last but scantily reported. Dr. Roncetti was asked if certain privileges duly named were recognised by any country which had not a concordat with the Holy See. He replied, 'I cannot be expected to know the history of the whole world.' ('Laughter,' records the report.). Another question drew from our interpreter the reply, 'He says if you give him a week he will answer you!'

When the examination was over the Chief Justice said to Fr. Burke, 'Ask him what he thinks of Van Espen.' This was a Dutch canonist regarded as not quite orthodox. Fr. Burke, on hearing the expert's reply, caused much laughter by enunciating, 'He considers him no great shakes.'

Some gentlemen of the long robe introduced themselves to the interpreter, and persuaded him to join them at lunch. They were puzzled by his skull-cap, but he told them it was 'the case for the crown.'

He afterwards mimicked before an audience of novices the tones of the Chief Justice, wherein, pompously charging the jury, he urged them to divest their minds of the Bull

'Cœna Domini,' and to take their stand on the laws of their country.

The Chief Justice, in his judgment, held that the suspension of Fr. O'Keefe had been null and void; and that, if the Cardinal thought he had been really degraded, he never would have addressed him by letter as 'my dear Fr. O'Keefe.'

We fear that the Chief Justice did not increase his reputation for wisdom by quoting whole pages from two books written by the author, 'The Life of Bishop Doyle,' and 'Dr. Lanigan: his Life and Times.'

It was a humiliating sight to see an aged Cardinal Prince put on the witness-table and subjected to the full license of a cross-examination. The Chief Justice, too, was far from civil to him. This great hierarch, the imposing character of his robes notwithstanding, bore a certain *gaucherie* about him which critics noticed. But Fr. Burke said that those who came to scoff remained to pray, and that such was the clearness of his expositions, he really taught them all in the end. If it were possible for Fr. Burke to feel proud even of his cloth that feeling entered his mind. Privately, however, the Cardinal's Counsel found it hard to persuade him that in the sight of the law the Catholic Church was a mere voluntary society, and he failed to see why the sentences it pronounced ought not to be upheld by a civil tribunal. In mediæval times the highest judicial post could be filled only by a bishop. These were the days when the coif came into use solely to hide the clerical tonsure. Cardinal Cullen felt acutely the scandal caused by Fr. O'Keefe, and some of his friends think that it hastened his end. He was very nervous for weeks before, and offered up many prayers that all might go well. The Chief Justice pre-deceased him.

Midsummer 1873 found Fr. Burke at Crosshaven, where a new church reared its high head.

In point of mere natural beauty (writes one on whom the scene

made a deep impression), Crosshaven has not many rivals in the lovely South. Seated upon the first, as well as the prettiest creek within the headlands of Cork Harbour, it looks out from its amphitheatre of beauteous green hills upon the ample roadstead of the port, and seems to invite to repose the poor sea-tossed traveller whom the Atlantic has borne to our shores.

Fr. Burke preached the dedication sermon. This was one of the last public appearances of the accomplished Bishop of Cloyne—Dr. Keane—who seemed charmed with the discourse of the great Dominican.

During this visit to Cork he made time to see Spike Island. Speaking at a public meeting, soon after, in aid of reformatory institutions, he said:

> You have all heard that prevention is better than cure. I have just returned from a visit to one of the penal settlements, Spike Island. I have seen there six hundred men deprived of their liberty for various crimes. Some of them in the bloom of their manhood cast upon that rock, there to wither with the heart sick with hope deferred, and perhaps with hope entirely destroyed. I have seen young men there with the dreary prospect before them of an extinguished manhood. I have seen others there bowed down before their years, and a weight upon them heavier than time—the weight of their own degradation and despair. To-day we are assembled together in a cause which literally and truly means nothing less than that the six hundred men who were there should be the last six hundred there, if we can effect it.

Fr. Burke during these years resided in the Dominican Convent, Rutland Square, Dublin. When languid from long work in the confessional he found that a run to the Phœnix Park and the 'Zoo' helped to restore him. Interested not so much by its picturesque beauties, as by the thoughts that the abbots and priors of the Knights of St. John had erst held sway there, he found special pleasure in visiting the tamed animals from other climes. Indeed when drawing a picture of the delights of Paradise, 'where the voice of sinless man was heard by all his creatures with obedience,' he

described among its pleasures the 'voice which arrested the proud eagle in its flight, and brought the spotted tiger and the striped leopard in submissiveness to his foot.' [1]

Sir Patrick Keenan, C.B., chief director of the National School system in Ireland, having been sent on a Government mission to the West Indies to inquire into the state of education in Trinidad, had frequent interviews with its Archbishop, Dr. Gonin. Finding his clergy largely composed of Italian and Spanish priests, Sir Patrick urged upon the Archbishop the wisdom of infusing more Celtic blood. The result was that his Grace expressed an anxious desire for the episcopal co-operation of Father Burke, with right of succession to the see. Sir Patrick returned to Dublin with a commission in his pocket to see Fr. Burke, and ascertain if he would accept the mitre in the event of Bulls arriving for his consecration. He would seem to have been unaware that similar overtures had been already made to Fr. Burke on the occasion of the centenary at Rome. The worthy envoy with much gravity opened the subject to Fr. Tom, who, thinking only of Lord Dundreary's song, 'Send him off to Trinidad,' burst into a fit of laughter at the idea. Its groves of cinnamon and clove, peopled by parrots, its vast savannahs and tracts teeming with tobacco, also failed to present any features of attraction.

But (observes Major Haverty, who shared his confidence in America) Fr. Burke was not reserved and solemn enough to support the dignity of high ecclesiastical honours. He felt that his work lay in a field nearer to the mass of his fellow-men, where he could be more readily affected by their hopes and fears, griefs and joys, and be in closer sympathy with mankind.

His *rôle* was a friar preacher, and he could not forget that from the hour Massillon had been made a bishop he made but one attempt to preach.

Sir Patrick's next glimpse of Fr. Tom Burke was in a very

[1] *Ireland's Catholicity and What Saved it:* Lecture at Wexford.

different character. A popular physician assembled a large party of distinguished guests to meet at dinner Mr. Santley, the great baritone, and a gentleman who had made some Eastern travels and studies.

Fr. Burke also received an invitation, but the host informs us that he could only come to tea, in consequence of some engagements at St. Saviour's. He presented himself at the drawing-room door, holding his skull-cap in his hand and wearing the most comical of expressions.

The Eastern traveller, having been called upon for a song, undertook to sing one in pure Hindustani. When the plaudits had subsided, Fr. Burke, with a very solemn face, said that it had often been his privilege to converse in Sanskrit with Eastern personages, and he hoped he would be excused for saying that really there was not one word of pure Hindustani in the song, from beginning to end.

Fr. Burke's chaff blinded the traveller, and he certainly showed some slight chagrin. 'If our host permits me,' continued Fr. Burke, 'I will show you how that song ought to be sung'—saying which, he went over to the piano, sat down, and sent forth verse after verse of seeming Hindustani, giving occasional prominence to such words as 'Singapore' and 'Hyderabad.' His aim seemed to be to clothe in the rich vernacular of India the story of 'Lalla Rookh.' As the lyric progressed, he was quite carried away by the romance of the plot. His action and expression told it so eloquently that the company shared the excitement of the gifted songster, and when at last he crashed a climax on the instrument whose chords he had swept, all rose from their chairs and warmly applauded him.

Mr. Brooks, M.P., also retains a vivid impression of the scene. During a previous residence in India he had often noticed the labial articulation of its natives; and nothing struck him more in Fr. Burke's performance than the perfection with which that peculiarity was reproduced.

It was at this time that Mr. Bellew, a distinguished orator at the Oxford Union, and afterwards a popular preacher in London, and as such depicted by Thackeray, visited Dublin for the purpose of giving some readings. Mr. Bellew had now become a Catholic, and a few kindred spirits were assembled to meet him at dinner, including Fr. Burke. Dinner served, Mr. Bellew blessed himself with a lordly air. 'What a florid Gothic flourish!' said Fr. Burke. Both met at Lord O'Hagan's some evenings later. Fr. Burke told an anecdote of a mission in which he had once borne a share. An old woman who was rocking to and fro in the churchyard exclaimed admiringly as the leading monk of the mission passed, 'Och, shure, it's yourself that's the darlint fine man. We never knew what sin was till you kem amongst us'—alluding to his preaching. Fr. Tom mentioned some small incidents which he noticed when travelling by train from Cork to Dublin, and gave a capital imitation of a French nurse with a baby, the child crying, to the annoyance of a testy old gentleman, and the nurse vainly endeavouring to quiet the infant. The peevish comments of the old gentleman, mingled with the squalling of the baby, had an exceedingly droll effect.

The charm of his transformations, of which many have yet to be chronicled, lay in the fact that they needed no absence from the room or any fussy preparation. Throwing an antimacassar over his head, he was 'Mrs. Brown at the Play,' or a Chief Justice charging. Crowned by a lamp-shade he would sing a song in Chinese. It is even told that once he mystified and delighted a room full of children by declaiming before them as 'the short-armed orator,' another man's hands, of course, doing the gesture.

During Bellew's course of readings in Dublin, a sharp eye might have detected in the gallery the nose and eyes of Fr. Burke peering over the mufflèd collar, within which he persuaded himself he was safe from recognition. On returning to the

convent he greatly interested the Fathers by cleverly reproducing all that he had heard.

Fr. Burke, who had often charmed others by his readings and personations from Dickens, was naturally much elated at hearing that the great author himself was about to read in Dublin the 'Trial from Pickwick;' and when a free ticket for that treat reached Fr. Burke the joy of his heart knew no bounds. His then Superior, however, was a rigid disciplinarian, and our friar learned with dismay that he must not go. Obedience is the test and spirit of monastic life. Fr. Thomas bowed to the stern mandate, and sought to console himself by taking a bird's-eye view of the exciting struggle with which thousands tried to force their way into the Rotunda. The room in which Dickens read stands close to the Dominican Convent of St. Saviour's, and poor Fr. Burke could not help feeling

> What lots of facetiæ he *can* tell us,
> But I within clutch
> Of a feast I can't touch,
> Am condemned to the torments of Tantalus.[1]

A meeting was held at the Rotunda in July 1873 to promote an Act of Parliament which would provide means of support for poor unprotected children, and train them to habits of industry. 'One of the commonest taunts cast against his countrymen,' Fr. Burke said, 'was that they were an obstinate and impracticable race, who could not appreciate good laws. Their meeting would remove that impression. He believed with Sir John Davies, who gave his testimony two hundred years ago, that there was no people who valued good legislation more deeply than the Irish.'

[1] This incident belongs to a somewhat earlier date, and was not communicated to us in time for insertion in the first volume. Handfuls of bank-notes were vainly offered for seats (see 'Life of Dickens,' iii. 201). Mr. Dickens casually remarked in Dublin what Forster fails to tell, that the 'Trial from Pickwick' was less successful there than in England; and he attributed this fact to the circumstance that to English audiences his forensic characters were familiar figures, while in Dublin no one recognised them as real portraits.

Fr. Burke praised the Industrial Schools Act. It had been said that the proper way to govern Ireland would be according to Irish ideas, and in this Act, at least, the Legislature understood them. What were these Irish ideas, as they bore on the subject-matter of the present meeting? One of their most fixed convictions was that the child must receive the inestimable boon of education. They recognised in the child the father of the man. The childhood of Ireland would soon become the manhood of Ireland, and, as they valued their country, her destinies, her future, they treasured their childhood and set store by them. 'An idea,' said Fr. Burke, 'common to every class of Irishmen as a kind of fixed notion, was that it would be vain to educate the child unless they formed his soul and his heart by admitting whatever religious element he professed into his education.' This idea was common not only to Irish Catholics but to Irish Protestants, and he honoured them for it, for it was the recognition of a great truth that the integrity of education, which was intended to bring out the man, was violated—nay, that education itself was destroyed—if the sacred element of religion were not largely admitted into it. That Irish idea had been also recognised in the act of legislation, and he believed that Irishmen of all creeds recognised it and were prepared to support it, and were grateful for it.

Having adverted to convict life in Spike Island, he asked why should a young Irishman be condemned to such a life as that. He had seen the bent form bowed down by premature decay—the despairing heart, which had almost ceased to animate the frame in which it throbbed—the forehead imprinted with the lines of agony of spirit—and in all this he traced the child permitted to grow up in ignorance. 'His first crime was the crime of not knowing—the crime of the drunken, careless father, or mayhap the poor orphan child, on whom no eye looked with pity—to whom no hand was extended in protection. He saw the child growing into the boy—learning at the

very first words the language of profanity; he traced in the youth, wild in his ignorance, the brutal passions, unchecked by a single elevating principle, ray of grace, or knowledge of God, and he saw then the recklessness, the plunging into wild indulgence, until in the pursuit of pleasure he committed the crime which blasted and degraded the hopes of manhood and cast him into his living grave.'

There are no children in the world (he proceeded) capable of a higher education than Irish children. In America I have seen them progressing in every art and science, and laying hands upon the highest offices in the State. The most enterprising members of society, the bravest soldiers in America to-day, are the men who have Mac or O' before their names. If we had no higher motive than this, our love for our native land, our love for our people, our love for the prosperity of Ireland, we should support manfully this great institution. But we have higher and greater motives. No people on earth stand so much in need of religious education as the youth of Ireland, and none who make a better use of it when they get it. Ireland can and will build for her children those houses of refuge that will send out in future days men worthy of the high destinies of Irishmen.

In August 1873, Fr. Burke delivered in Cork, for local charities, two lectures. Mr. Burke, Superior of the Christian Brothers there, has written, at our request, his impressions of both. He will excuse us for omitting matter repeated by other correspondents:

From the study of the lives and writings of men remarkable for wit and eloquence I had formed some idea of what a great man ought to be, and the effect he ought to produce on his audience. Fr. Burke more than realised my highest conception. I had afterwards several opportunities of testing his power; and on comparing notes with men of culture who sat beside me, I found that all fully agreed in my estimate of his great gifts. In the pulpit as a preacher, and on the platform as a lecturer, Thomas Burke was always grand and overpowering. He was greater, I think, as a lecturer, though in both he was a master. In the pulpit, whatever he touched he adorned. The theme in his hands had an entirely new aspect. His division of

the subject, treatment of the points, beauty of language, and his intense earnestness, made all seem new. Nor did it matter what kind of audience he addressed. He was as much at home with children as with mature intellects. I heard him give a retreat to thousands of boys and girls, and all was death-like silence for the hour he spoke. He completely captivated the youngest and most volatile of his hearers. I could never lose the impression his sermons made on me; nor can I forget the rapt attention, the upturned gaze of the vast congregations that hung on his inspired words. He swayed the immense audiences as with the wand of a magician. There was no standing room in our cathedral the day he preached. It mattered not how often he appeared in the pulpit, he was always welcome. And if the object of his appeal was some local charity, the receipts were quadruple the usual amount. Burke said he never felt himself more at home than when addressing the thousands of the intelligent young men of Cork. And of the Cork audiences it can be truly said that they awarded him the homage of their love and admiration. I heard him deliver two lectures in the Athenæum. He stood on the platform, draped in his habit, surrounded by the *élite*, while before him extended a sea of heads throughout the full length of that spacious hall; the galleries, too, were thronged to overflow. The subjects treated were the discovery and history of America, and the progress of Catholicism in the States. Each lecture lasted over two hours. The charge for admission was rather high, yet seats enough could not be found. Wondrous, indeed, was the effect of these discourses—to deliver the second of which he rose from a bed of illness. During the full time of each I felt wholly in the orator's power. All to whom I spoke assured me that they were spell-bound. Never have I heard such a voice. The most distant caught every syllable with ease. A gentleman came up to me after the lecture, saying, 'Well, such a voice! Before Fr. Tom began I thought I had thrown away my money, as I feared I could not hear him, being so distant, but one might almost be a mile away and hear him with ease. His softest tones were distinctly audible.' Sometimes his immense audience seemed breathless as they hung on those golden tones, poured forth in a long succession of sublime passages. Anon, they were excited to the highest enthusiasm by some indignant denunciation. A moment after all was changed, and his hearers shook with laughter, as Fr. Tom related some amusing incident, or read aloud with the most humorous intonation, and all the while no sign of a smile appeared to ripple 'the Atlantic of his countenance.' For myself, my eyes felt

sore, and my sides ached from sheer laughter. A moment again sufficed to enchain those multitudes as the orator soared aloft in some outburst of surpassing beauty. He possessed perfect mastery over the human heart. He played on the passions as on a musical instrument. On leaving the lecture hall I could only exclaim, 'God be praised, I never expected to hear so marvellous a man.' No orator, save O'Connell, so thoroughly understood the Irish character, so ably defended the land of his birth, so warmly appreciated the virtues of his race, and so boldly pointed out the faults of the people he so tenderly loved.

Fr. Burke gave a harrowing account of the sufferings of the Quakers in America under the early settlers in New England. Reading from the Statute Book he said:

Every such male Quaker shall, for the first offence, have one of his ears cut off, and he shall be kept at work in the House of Correction until he can be sent away at his own charge, and if he go back again, for the second offence he shall have the other ear cut off. Like the fellow in Galway that was eating the goose (added Fr. Burke), he first took off one wing and leg on one side; then said he, 'It is a pity to leave it out of proportion; I may as well eat the other side.'

On Sunday, August 24, 1873, Fr. Burke preached in Armagh. The MS. diary of the Bishop of Clogher, kindly placed at our disposal, chronicles:

1873. *August* 24, *Sunday.*—Dedication of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Armagh. Scenes such as were never seen in Ireland before by any one living or perhaps dead—the crowds, the enthusiasm of ecclesiastics and laity. Fr. Tom preached; collection and money received from various quarters in connection with the event over 8,000*l.* I officiated as Celebrant at the Mass. Cardinal Cullen assisted pontifically on the throne. There were present over five hundred priests, eighteen Irish bishops, two English, and one Scotch bishop. The crowds of people countless, one-half of them outside the church; chagrin of the Orangemen; attacks on people returning in railway trains to Belfast and Dublin; Dr. Leahy's carriage (Bishop of Dromore) stoned by the mob.

The Earl of Lurgan had kindly attended as a collector, and was ill able to sustain the freight of gold. Later on, observing

the fermentation of Orangeland, he turned to Sir Bernard Burke and said, 'Whoever likes may go back in the State carriage—I shan't.' His lordship returned to Lurgan in an ordinary compartment. His decision proved a lucky one. Between Armagh and Portadown the State carriage was rudely wrecked by stones. The missiles that entered that by which Mr. Arthur Moore travelled he describes as rocks, and he has since preserved them as a curiosity. Previous to this onslaught, Fr. Burke, in high spirits, reminded Mr. Moore of their happy hours together in Rome, especially when they sang by moonlight in the Piazza di St. Pietro. He sought to persuade his young friend to bear him company to the palace of the Bishop of Dromore, saying that 'Pius would be telling his beads the whole way.' He afterwards said that both saw more of missiles than of missals along the route. Then, as now, party and sectarian feeling ran high in Ulster; but Fr. Burke, in reviewing it, was all good humour. Lecturing on the 'Evils of Ireland and their Remedy,' he said:

I met a man once—a poor, unfortunate fellow, all covered with sticking plaster about his head. 'What happened to you?' said I. 'Well,' said he, 'Fr. Tom, there was some fellows I met over there, and one of them said something about the Blessed Virgin, and I knocked him down.'

'Why didn't you let him go, and say some kind of a prayer for him?' 'Well, your Reverence,' said he, 'I never heard anybody say a word against her without knocking him down. I couldn't help it, I couldn't, even if there were five or six of them.' And they fell on him and beat him into a jelly.

Speaking of the fights between Catholics and Orangemen, Fr. Burke a short time before said:

Oh, my friends, we have fought long enough! It is not by breaking a man's head that you can make a Catholic of him; nor can he change us to his way of thinking by insult. Let there be toleration, and above all things, overruling all forms of religious belief, let there be feelings of charity and forbearance for our fellow-men.

Placards reflecting on the Blessed Virgin Mary occasioned not a few rows. The rector of Armagh had issued a circular urging Protestants not to attend the dedication ceremonial. Fr. Burke took no notice of the manifesto, though it appeared in the journals of the day; but we know what his views were from observations that previously escaped him. Merely for sake of the anecdote we touch the polemic point. Lecturing on the 'Harmony of Catholic Worship,' he asks:

> Can you imagine a man adhering to and loving Christ, because He was the Virgin's son, and yet turning round and despising the mother that gave him birth? Every pious Protestant reverences the Virgin Mary. Is it a wonder that Catholics say so much of her? There was a little boy in Ireland playing about on the road, and there was a parson passing by, and he was very fond of children. He took the boy up and patted him. 'Well, little boy; are you a Catholic?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Now tell me this: Why do you think so much of the Virgin Mary? Was she any better than any other woman?' 'Oh yes, she was; a sight better than any other woman.' 'Oh well, she was not much different from *my* mother.' The little boy, brightening up, said: 'If the mothers were so very like one another, is not there a great difference between the two sons?'

Who the small boy was may be guessed.

The *Nation* newspaper, which had been the cradle of his early thought, now caused him pain by impaling in pointed lines a remark attributed to the orator at Armagh. 'Fr. Burke,' it states, 'informed his audience that on every point of the conflict between Ireland and England save *one*—religion—Ireland was beaten; that everything else was gone; that our nationality was lost; and that only our religion had triumphed, while so much beside had, "by the will of Providence," perished. All this is historically untrue; it is most hurtful, most unjust, most mischievous.'

This article was headed 'Too Bad, Father Tom.' Spurred into activity, he addressed the following letter to a Dublin journalist, Sir John Gray:

Dear Sir,—An article in Saturday's *Nation* has caused me some pain and may create impressions which, as a priest and an Irishman, I feel bound to remove. I make it a rule to take no heed of newspaper attacks on myself. This one, however, I must notice, both on account of the gravity of the charge, and of my respect for the journal in which it appears. I am accused of having asserted that Ireland's nationality was 'lost, gone, dead, perished, stamped out, conquered, obliterated.' Even if I believed this, I would be the last man in the world to assert it. My heart would not permit me to publish my mother's shame; I would 'weep o'er it in silence.' But I do not believe it. Amongst the millions of our race there is not one who loves and glories in Ireland's nationality more fervently than I. Next to my religion and my mother, the Church, comes the nationality of Ireland. I believe in it; I hope for it; I love it. I should consider myself unworthy to bear the honourable name of Irishman if I believed that Ireland's nationality had perished. As an Irish priest and a friar, I belong to an order of men who have taught the world what devotion to Ireland's cause means, and who have proved that 'love is strong as death.' In truth, however, there is no real difference between the writer in the *Nation* and myself. We are both Irishmen and Catholics. We both recognise the great fact that Ireland is Catholic, and that she is still a nation. Her religion and her individuality stand side by side. They have both been tried by fire and sword, and they have shown themselves to be immortal—not capable of being destroyed. In this grand historical fact we all glory. The only difference between us is this—in my opinion it was Ireland's divine faith and religion that preserved her nationality. The writer in the *Nation* thinks it was the nationality that preserved the religion, for he says, 'Had Irish nationality been conquered, there would be to-day but a poor account of Irish Catholicity.' I attribute Ireland's nationality to her divine faith and fidelity. I make a glorious human effect depend on a divine cause. The writer in question attributes Ireland's divine faith and fidelity to her nationality. He makes a human cause (glorious though it be) produce a divine effect. I leave it to the writer himself and to his readers to say which of us is nearer the truth.—I am yours,

T. N. BURKE, O.P.

A. M. Sullivan liked the letter, and next week published a leader headed 'All Right, Father Tom.'

Braced for a fresh start, he now undertook to conduct for

the clergy of Tuam and Achonry a spiritual retreat. It lasted nearly a week, closing on Saturday morning, August 31, with a solemn Te Deum, the aged Archbishop having previously administered Holy Communion to all the assembled priests. Next day Fr. Burke preached on the Multiplication of the Loaves and Fishes. Passing on to the bread which He broke at the Last Supper, and describing fervidly His bitter Passion, he contemplated through the bleeding heart of Mary the final suffering of our Lord.

I well remember the retreat he gave in Tuam in 1873 (writes Canon Geoffrey Burke to the author). It was one of the most successful efforts ever made by any conductor. His lectures, though necessarily on subjects usually regarded as dry, were interspersed with such bursts of eloquence, and seasoned by examples so racy, that all the priests were in love with his sermons, and not one of his audience but regretted at the end of each that it was not longer. Fr. Burke was called upon the following year to discharge a similar duty, a compliment rarely, if ever, paid to any conductor by the late Archbishop of Tuam.

We may add that when the Exercises were over the Archbishop said to his Vicar-General, 'There is not a man in the Church of God could give such another retreat.'

A splendidly illuminated address on parchment was presented soon after to Fr. Burke. Inwardly he felt that these gorgeously engrossed addresses, offered to a man in pain, were like a saddle of gold clapped upon a galled horse. But whatever he secretly thought, he replied to them like a Christian gentleman. He said that he 'was honoured with the approval of the people, and, he felt proud to say, with the approval also of the great priest in whose presence they stood. He had tried to make him his model in the priesthood, and it would be the fulfilment of all his hopes if in old age[1] he could look back and say, "I have persevered, I have been successful."'

[1] This is not the only occasion on which Fr. Burke looked forward to old age. A lecture on Lack of Faith, published in the *Weekly Freeman* of June 29, 1872,

His Grace, addressing the people of Tuam, said that they would be wanting to themselves, and to the great man whom they had amongst them, if they neglected to bestow upon him a marked recognition of their appreciation. They had done so fittingly, and he would now ask them to come and drink 'Fr. Burke's health and long life.' His Grace then led the way to the Palace, where a luncheon was prepared for the guests, amongst whom were many of Fr. Tom's relatives and townspeople. The local journal states that Fr. Burke joined his Grace again at dinner; and on Monday left town for Windfield, the residence of his sister, Mrs. Ferguson.

Fr. Burke told John Brady, his early friend, that coming from Tuam, where he had been giving a retreat, a Protestant Dean of local notoriety got into the train, and after a while fell into conversation with him; but with his coat collar buttoned up the Dominican passed as a tourist. Later on the Dean made some remark not complimentary to Fr. Burke, who replied, 'Yes, he's a confoundedly queer fellow,' offering him at the same time a cigar, which was accepted. At the next station some men gave a cheer for Fr. Burke, which led to an *éclaircissement*.

Moore says that it would be hard to name any eminent public man who did not at some time try his hand at verse. Fr. Burke was no exception to the rule. In passing the ruins of the great Dominican monastery at Athenry, old thoughts, like phantoms of the past, crowded to his mind, and at last took shape in a lay of which some verses follow:

This land of ours was famous once—no land was ever more—
For saintliness so pure, so bright, as well as learned lore;
And strangers from a sunny clime were wafted to our shore,
In bearing meek and fairest garb, as ne'er was seen before!
And these were the Dominicans, six hundred years ago.

concludes thus: 'And when I am in old age some day will the energy of her sons disable every hand raised to strike down old Ireland?' One year later he felt that, like Griffin, he was doomed to 'die ere the noon of his day.'

They came with vigil and with fast, men versed in prayer, and read
In all the sacred books, and soon throughout the land they spread;
The people blessed them as they passed, low bowed each tonsured head
So meek—'twas like the saints as they shall raise them from the dead;
For holy were the Guzman's sons, five hundred years ago.

And soon their learned voice was heard in pulpit and in chair,
Whilst through the glorious Gothic aisles resounds their midnight prayer;
The orphan found beneath their roof a parent's tender care,
Whilst boldly in their country's cause they raised their voice, for there
Was Irish blood in Dominic's sons, four hundred years ago.

When heresy swept o'er the land like a destroying flood,
And tyrants washed their reeking hands in martyrs' sacred blood,
St. Dominic's children then, like men, embraced the stake, and stood
Before the burning pile as 'twere the Saviour's Holy Rood,
And kissed their white robes whilst they bled,[1] three hundred years ago.

Fr. Burke sent the MS. of this poem[2] to a lady of some critical acumen, and whose frankness he liked, asking her to point out any solecism. Miss Allingham made but one suggestion. She thought that 'bathed' in blood might be substituted for 'washed,' as the latter word conveyed to her the idea of cleansing by ablution. Fr. Burke replied that she would hardly persist in her correction when she learned that the phrase thus impugned was thoroughly Scriptural. He alluded to Psalm lvii. verse 11, 'He shall wash his hands in the blood of the sinner,' and 'Washed us from our sins in his own

[1] Martyrdom somehow seems natural to Dominicans. In 1260—soon after their foundation—forty-nine were slaughtered by the Tartars. Next year 200 were martyred by the Mahometans. In Paris, during the Commune, a further massacre of Dominicans took place.

[2] A friend of Fr. Burke fancied that this poem was framed on some lines of the late Fr. J. A. Aylward, O.P.; but on inquiry and comparison they seem quite different. Fr. Aylward's lines have no reference to Ireland, and are entitled, 'When our old Catholic Fathers lived.'

blood,' as appears in the Apocalypse, otherwise Revelation, ch. i. verse 5. 'This Land of Ours,' with several additional verses, Fr. Burke often sang to his own accompaniment at the piano. At Tallaght he once surprised the novices and Fathers by improvising a supplemental verse in praise and in presence of the venerable Fr. Russell, who, as the then reigning Provincial, represented the Dominicans of four hundred years ago. Miss Rowe—whose adhesion to Catholicism will be presently noticed—has sent us a copy of Fr. Burke's poem, with historic notes appended by the author. She speaks with delight of his grand baritone, and says that it quite thrilled her to hear him sing. The lines were not the less welcome to Saxon ears because wedded to the air of 'The Fine Old English Gentleman.' But Miss Rowe's admiration for Fr. Burke springs from a higher cause. Addressing us on July 2, 1884, she writes:

> His truly wonderful memory can never die in the hearts of those who knew him as it was my joy and privilege to know him, and this day twelve months his pure and noble spirit ascended where his aspirations were ever carrying him—to the throne of God.

In the pulpit of Galway he was not quite the same success at first as in other towns; and he had been preaching for many years ere his mother heard him. But at last the prophet was recognised even in his own country. A dinner was given to him at the College House in Galway, attended by twenty-five guests, including Fr. Folan, O.P., famous for a song on which he plumed himself not a little. After dinner Fr. Burke sang this ditty, and pourtrayed to perfection Fr. Folan's peculiarities of style and manner. The parish priest informs us that the only man in the company who failed to recognise the mimicry was Fr. Folan himself.

His kinswoman the nun, when one day walking with him in Galway, states that a beggar followed to solicit alms. 'I'm as poor as yourself; I solemnly assure you I haven't a penny.' He then asked his sister to lend one, which she did.

Poverty was his bride, and he never went without her. His fidelity proved inviolate. Meeting Mr. Conmee, he said, as he drew something out of his pocket, and kept his hand firmly closed upon it, 'Would you like to see the devil?' The friend, having examined the article, returned it, saying, 'Why, this is nothing but an empty purse.' 'Well, if an empty purse is not the devil, I don't know what is,' was the dry rejoinder. He remained a boy in exuberance to the end. He also continued to observe literally the duties which as a child he had been taught. One of these was to kneel down regularly to ask his mother's blessing. It was at this time that at the West Chapel in Galway he whispered a little boy to offer up one 'Hail Mary' for him.

The opening of the new church of St. Dominic at Newcastle-on-Tyne marked an advanced stage in that reorganisation of the English province to which Fr. Burke early in life had not a little contributed. His novice, 'Georgius Rex,' was now Provincial, and later on became a Bishop.

Rathfarnham: August 1, 1873.

My dearest Provincial,—I shall be with you for Sept. 10, and be 'yours to command' up to Sunday night; but I cannot give you the lecture on Monday, for many and sufficient reasons which I will explain when we meet. Best love to all.—Yours affectionately,

T. BURKE.

The new Master-General had, in fact, rather deprecated lecturing. But so far as preaching went, Fr. Burke did not spare himself. He addressed both morning and evening vast audiences at Newcastle: he received a grand ovation; and there is preserved at Tallaght an address splendidly illuminated, which was presented to him at this time.

It generally happened that Fr. Burke, on arriving for a sojourn at any of the convents of his Order, at once placed himself under the Prior and conformed to all the rules of the house. He has said to Brother Patrick, who has acted as

janitor in successive English convents, 'If people ask to see me, say I cannot appear without the Prior's leave.'

The English Dominicans, who had been reading of his triumphant progress in America, thought he would be more than human if it failed to elate him. The Provincial said that he was probably a very different man now from what they had remembered him, and perhaps it might be well that some deferential attention should be shown. They were agreeably surprised to find him wholly unchanged.

Simplicity of heart was one of his characteristics (writes Fr. Pius Cavanagh in a MS. he has placed at our disposal). We often confound simplicity of circumstances with simplicity of heart. They are not the same thing. A man may sit down to a meal of bread and milk on a deal table, and yet have the proudest of hearts. There is many a one whose voice is heard at a public meeting, loudly descanting on legal tyranny and aristocratic insolence, who in his own narrow circle is as much a tyrant as any oppressor who ever disgraced the throne. And here was a man who had to mix up with public life and hear praise from every side, yet who bore in the midst of it all a lowly and simple spirit and 'a heart refrained as a weaned child.' Such was Fr. Burke, who lived surrounded with homage, and heard perpetual applause and intoxicating flattery, but on whose heart all fell flat and dead.

Fr. Burke, in his interviews with nuns and ladies generally, took frequent occasion to drop hints that he never read beyond two pages of any letter, and on no account to expect answers. Another of the few instances in which he is found breaking through the ice of this rigid reticence is that of an English Protestant lady who, attracted by Fr. Burke's preaching, was finally received by him into the Church. This conversion became more interesting from the fact that she was the daughter of the Rector of Morchard Bishop, Devon. The following letter is the first of a series. An Anglican divine and friend had entered into correspondence with her, and succeeded at times in making her, if not waver, at all events,

ill at ease. Among the points touched upon by the polemic were pilgrimages to holy wells, which are not obligatory with Catholics.

Newcastle-on-Tyne: September 15, 1873.

My dear Child,—Your letter was sent on here after me. I have been here for the last week preaching. I leave for home to-day. I am full of compassion for your misery, and I can only beg of you to be strong in patience. The grace of your Confirmation will now come to your aid. As to the long letter from your Anglican friend, there is nothing in it, although it sounds so very terrible. I would ask the reverend gentleman by what authority he speaks—by the authority of the Church, or by his own? If by the authority of the Church, then why did the Reformers reject that authority, if it existed? If by his own authority, then let him prove his infallibility as a teacher before he calls upon you to accept his teaching. The whole thing is in a nutshell. Have you not troubles enough without worrying about pilgrimages? These are mere works of piety, time-honoured and sanctioned. The saints are to be honoured, and this is one of the ancient forms in which Catholics have from time immemorial expressed that honour.

Have confidence in God, and try to get Holy Communion as often as you can. Now that I have broken the ice, I will write to you soon again, but you know how busy I am. Pray for *me*, and I will not forget *you*. May God bless you!

Ever faithfully yours,
THOMAS BURKE, O.P.

It will be remembered that Fr. Burke and Cardinal Barnabo—Prefect of the Propaganda—had been very intimate at Rome, and when news of his death reached Dublin, Fr. Burke was at once in the pulpit, preaching a eulogy into which his whole heart seemed to go. For many years, he said, the great mind of Barnabo daily went out to the ends of the earth. The American Church grew under his fostering care. He established the hierarchy in Australia. He was the centre of the Faith at Rome: his death was a calamity. Fr. Burke was greatly struck by the equanimity of a disposition which no adversity could sour—no worry or difficulty cast

down ; and he recognised in his heart a fund of manly courage united to the highest form of resignation to God's will. Barnabo's labours night and day at last reduced him to blindness. But Fr. Burke declared that the light of Faith illuminated his soul ; and every day, still labouring, he was conveyed to the Vatican, and there, sitting at the feet of the almost broken-hearted Pontiff, chased every depressing thought from his heart.

This discourse was a grand panegyric. But Fr. Burke did not blindly regard Barnabo as perfectly faultless, and concluded by a prayer that if perchance he might be suffering then for some trivial sins—such as fall on the soul even of the just—the Lord might hasten the time of his deliverance, 'for surely, when that time has arrived, great is the voice and true the heart that will plead in heaven for the Church of God.' Barnabo obtained for Ireland the dignity of her first Cardinal ; and it may be added that the recipient of this favour was present during the discourse.

When Fr. Burke convulsed Clare with laughter, nobody suspected how ill he was. At Tuam he consulted Dr. Bodkin. On his arrival in Dublin he saw Dr. Mapother. The latter examined Fr. Burke on September 2, 1873, and found him suffering from an aggravated form of hernia, which ere long gave place to a more deep-seated disease.

A clever novel—severely satirical of Dublin society—called, 'Hogan, M.P.,' appeared at this time. Its tone seemed early to foreshadow that, from the Bench to the Sanctuary, nought would be spared. But when it came to Fr. Burke's sermon, suddenly the caustic pencil softened into the genial touch of the crayon.

High Mass was sung ; and when the Benediction had been pronounced, and the silks and velvets had fluttered and rustled into their seats again, expectant eyes were turned on the vestry door. The organ finished a loud symphony, prayer-books were clasped noisily ; and when at last the little door swung open, and the tall

figure of the great orator, clad in the picturesque robes of his Order, strode forth, a hush of breathless admiration filled the great building. After a moment of prayer before the High Altar rails, the priest ascended the pulpit, and, having read the text, commenced his sermon. It was, as usual, a masterpiece. The person and bearing of the speaker lent an additional force to every powerful sentence. His was, indeed, a remarkable countenance. Burning black eyes looked out from beneath arched, deep-cut brows—eyes that looked all the blacker for the clear, pale olive of the cheeks and forehead; a large, well-shaped, and flexible mouth; and hands so apt and skilled of movement that they seemed to speak in unison with the lips.

The greatest charm, however, the most effective weapon in all his well-burnished armoury, was his Irish brogue—broad, rich, and resonant, lending itself to every need; now rising loud in a passionate storm of denunciation, now sinking low as a whisper, yet distinct and clear as a silver bell. No tongue nor dialect, voice nor accent, has the power of an Irish brogue in persuasion or exhortation. At first, the variety of tones, the grotesque cadences and inflections, strike strangely upon an unaccustomed ear; but by degrees the earnest manner and language, the consummate skill with which the subject is presented, appeal to and draw away the attention, the novelty becomes dulled or forgotten, the sympathies are awakened and excited, and the all-embracing enthusiastic sweep of eloquence leads the mind captive.

Previous to his sermons—which Cardinal Cullen always heard with rapt attention—Fr. Burke had been in the habit of coming into the Administrator's room with a short abstract of what he meant to say, and humbly requesting suggestions. He was anxious to please the Cardinal, and one day made very unusual preparation. But the Administrator was surprised to find him deliver a discourse on a theme utterly different from that already arranged. It was a masterpiece. On the Administrator, now Canon O'Neil, afterwards expressing surprise, Father Burke said: 'When I threw my eye round the church and saw the character of my audience, I at once felt how unsuited the prepared points would be.' This anecdote furnishes another proof of his marvellous readiness.

Once more the scene changes. A large party is assembled

round the hospitable board of a southern Bishop. Before the coffee comes in Fr. Burke stands up, and to the regret of all makes his excuses to the host for being obliged to leave at that hour. His chair is soon filled, however, by an unlooked-for arrival. The servant whispered the Bishop that a Syrian priest with letters of introduction from 'the Patriarch at Aleppo and the Administrator of Jerusalem' was waiting outside and craved an audience. The good prelate at once gave orders that he should be brought in. A bent figure with a flowing beard entered, and made his salaam. Sipping his coffee, he conversed in broken English with the company, and just as the attention of all became concentrated on the stranger, he pulled off the beard and revealed the imperturbable features of Fr. Tom Burke!

Mr. Winston Dugan, who will be remembered as the companion of Nicholas Burke in boyhood, now resumes the 'Recollections' begun in the second chapter of this history:

At the close of the year 1873 Fr. Burke stayed with me during two days in Birr. At this time the terrible disease which afterward carried him away was troubling him, yet he never lost his gaiety and overflowing humour.

His habits were of the simplest kind. He ate and drank very little; his favourite food at dinner being a chop and a little wine and water. As to outward appearance, he seemed to care very little. I met him at the station coming from a second-class carriage, habited in a long suit of rusty black, with a somewhat shabby, brownish, tall hat, broken black cotton gloves, and carrying in his hand a small black-stuff bag, which contained all his travelling materials.[1]

At this time he was on his way to Frankford, where he was to preach next day. I had great difficulty in prevailing upon him to spend the two days with me. He said no one else could get that from him, though he longed for a rest. He had engagements for nearly every day during the ensuing ten months. He refused to get into the carriage which was waiting for him at the station, but walked down with me to my house, a distance of nearly a mile. I had some

[1] Fr. Burke gave away every article of clothing except the suit he wore.

clerical friends to meet him at dinner, and during that evening he was certainly in the most exuberant spirits. His humorous remarks—his *mots* and facetious anecdotes, especially of American experiences, kept all in a continual roar. The younger part of his listeners—and to them he always paid most attention—were delighted with his grotesque mimicries of things animate and inanimate. It was most astonishing to see him transform the expression of his face in an instant. Had he become a comic actor he certainly would have put Mathews, Liston, or Toole in the shade. His favourite representations for the children were Egyptian mummies, Assyrian figures, gargoyles, and all sorts of monstrous heads such as adorn mediæval Gothic structures.

However, when the time of retiring for the night came, and all but he and I had gone to bed, my friend fell into a solemn melancholy thoughtfulness. He spoke to me of the future, told me of his fell disease, and plainly hinted that his time in this world would be short—perhaps not more than a few years. From what I know and from what he himself told me, he must have suffered terribly in wrestling with bodily pain and sickness during the following decade of years in public life until

> Struck down at noon amid the startled throng,
> An eagle shot while soaring to the sun,
> A life-long patriot with his work half done.

We sat up that night very late, as he said that he could not sleep. He gladly smoked a cigar with me; told me that he was very fond of smoking; he thought it was good for him, as it relieved his internal pain. He said it was the first cigar he had smoked for a long time. At all events, he seemed very glad to get it.

During conversation he said that he would have preferred to preach in Italian to his own tongue. During the constant calls upon his time and energies for preaching, he always gave the preference to the humbler and poorer parishes, and to movements and missions in aid of Young Men's Societies. He told me that he especially liked helping those most useful institutions. I have known him to come and preach in aid of the chapel building fund to a very remote mountain parish in Tipperary, on the borders of Lough Derg, at a time when a neighbouring prelate vainly asked him to preach in the cathedral of his city. He said his mission was for the poor. On the occasions of his visits to country parishes, of course all the clergy for many miles around flocked in to hear the Irish

Lacordaire ; his visits left a sort of fragrance of pleasantry, if I may use the expression, all about the place, and repetitions of the anecdotes and facetiæ and sayings of Fr. Tom brightened many a clerical and lay dinner-table for long after. In many parts of Ireland I have seen great preachers, including bishops, and archbishops, coming to give sermons in country parishes, but none had anything like the reception accorded to Fr. Burke. Everywhere his visits were made the occasion of a perfect ovation : all the people for many miles around kept holiday ; the roads and streets through which he was to pass decorated with arches and evergreens ; in many instances there were illuminations and bonfires, while crowds in holiday dress poured in from all quarters to hear the great preacher. His popularity was immense. There was a sort of magic in his name that attracted audiences. This was due not alone to his fervid eloquence, his commanding voice and gesture, and demeanour at the altar, but also because there was ever a tone of patriotism about him. As a priest of God he expounded divine truths and religious principles for the conscience and reason of his hearers, while as an Irishman he reached and gained their hearts and sympathies.

One of his finest orations was that on 'St. Lawrence O'Toole, the last canonised saint of Ireland.' The whole is a magnificent burst of oratory—love of God intertwined with love of country—but no Irishman could then have listened to the peroration without being almost unmanned and moved even to tears.

I can never forget the great Dominican in his white habit, standing erect on the altar steps after this powerful oration, spreading his hands over the assembled thousands, and in fervid accents trumpeting out the concluding prayer : 'That the spirit of Lawrence might be still their inheritance.'

This was the last time I met my poor friend. He was a very unsatisfactory correspondent, and often told me that he never answered letters. His death has left a sort of void in my circle of relations with men and the world. I naturally, and with a sort of pride, watched his eminent career. Now, I and all others have but his memory—it is true, a great memory—to keep.'[1]

Though believing in the efficacy of the water of Lourdes, when taken with devotion and a lively faith, yet throughout his martyrdom, when urging other sufferers to make a pilgrimage to the famous shrine, he always, himself, grudged

[1] Letter of C. W. Dugan, Esq., Adelaide House, Clonmel, to the Author.

to give the time to purposes which too often sprang from selfishness. Writing to Mrs. Dugan, he says :

My dear Madam,—I send you the water of Lourdes for the dear child. The novena will consist of seven Our Fathers and a Litany of the Blessed Virgin daily. Best regards to Charlie, and believe me affectionately yours,

T. BURKE, O. P.

Father Burke told us after his return from America (continues Mr. Dugan) that he was spending the evening at the house of a certain distinguished person in London, and as usual was going through some of his extraordinary mimicries. A celebrated ecclesiastical architect present was so struck with the grotesque representations that he offered him great inducements if he would give him a few sittings for these faces and figures to ornament a grand new Gothic church he was about to undertake. Fr. Burke was exceedingly tickled at the idea and at the possibility of his being one day on the steps of the altar in that very church confronted with his distorted stony self gaping at him from the capital of a neighbouring column. He replied : 'I wish to be a pillar of the Church. You want to make me only a grinning gargoyle.'

Fr. Burke, in the winter of 1873, was transferred from St. Saviour's, Dublin, to St. Mary's, Tallaght.

He has gone again into the old groove (writes Mr. Sherlock), preaching, lecturing, travelling, at a rate that would inevitably kill in a few months a man of ordinary strength, and yet attending to his official duties with as much care as though he had nothing else to do.

The janitress at Tallaght describes Fr. Burke as ever ready to lend his ear to the appeals of want, and to relieve with a hidden charity. The rigours of his own rule were so severe, that he might have told such applicants—especially if it happened to be Lent—that the man they importuned was nearly as hungry himself.

It is a hard thing to fast (he said), and suffer personal inconvenience and feel the pangs of hunger, and endure them without gratifying the appetite. That was the personal hardship which brings the high in the land to the same level as the beggar who meeting you

in the street stretches out his trembling hand for alms. If one is a Catholic he must suffer.

His love for the Cross never flagged. A burning ardour urged him to follow his Model and Master. Everywhere around him the Cross seemed marked by the Divine Hand; the bird, as it flew past, made the sign with its wings; he traced it in the branches of every tree; he saw it in the clouded sky, in the evening fire; he noticed it in every leaf, and to a miraculous degree in the passion-flower, with its nails and thorny crown. The patient animal that he caressed bore its imprint.[2] On the highway he saw it in the sign-post; on the sea in the mast-head; and his mental prayer was that the saving Cross might fling its shadow over every nation of the earth.

In Carrickmacross his voice is next heard. From the MS. diary of the Bishop of Clogher it appears that Fr. Burke preached here on 'January 11, 1874, to clear off heavy debt hanging over its new chapel. He preached to such purpose,' the Bishop adds, 'that the collection realised over 1,100*l*.'

Cork was frequently calling upon him. Here he preached before thousands in aid of local charities, including the Asylum of the Good Shepherd, a House for Magdalens. He was powerful in describing the cry of the fallen woman. 'Save me this hour, for the next may sweep me into hell.' It will be remembered that a Dominican at Cork was surprised to observe Fr. Burke during relaxation repair to the quay to look upon the weatherbeaten sailors and to converse with them. No one asked his reason. Lecturing soon afterwards he said:

As a rule sailors were the most religious-minded of men, because of their constant intercourse with the vast ocean. Now they behold

[1] Lenten Sermon, St. Saviour's, Dublin, March 19, 1881.

[2] This old donkey was noted for its cunning. Whenever expected to do any agricultural work at Tallaght, it hid itself either in the grotto or some equally quiet nook.

it calm, like a giant asleep; now they see it in the gloom of night, rising in anger, and amid the thunder of the elements, the terrible conflict of nature, revealing to them the infinite power of God and the dread voice of His wrath.

The above is culled from a remarkable lecture on The Church and Science, delivered in Dublin at this time. The immense width of Sackville Street was blocked by the multitude who hurried to the Rotunda to hear Fr. Burke. The papers of the day state that great numbers of persons, unable to get in, clung to the window-sills. Fr. Pius Cavanagh, O.P., makes the following note in his diary:

Place filled to overflowing in a few minutes after door opened, an hour before lecture. The ringing cheers of the dense mass outside as Fr. Burke came in sight worked up the Irish hearts within, who gave that night a reception as none ever saw before.

The warm true words of his own Bishop, Cardinal Cullen, who would preside:—'The storm of applause that night would have turned many a less man.'

The main entrance being completely choked, the Cardinal and Fr. Burke had to enter by a private door. This, soon after, was forced in by the surging sea without. The orator having shown that the Catholic Church was not the opponent, but the patron of true science, his discourse branched into a very comical vein. He asked his Catholic hearers if they had ever found in the Examination of Conscience this question, Did I ever push my studies too far, or was I too scientific? Was any Catholic youth ever expected to say in confession, Father, I am a medical student, or a civil engineer? All the others are Protestants, and tremendous fellows for science, and I accuse myself that I was induced to study just as they studied, and to keep up with them in their researches. 'I wonder if Sir Dominic Corrigan ever accused himself of a too deep application in studying those subjects in which he has attained such triumphs. I wonder if any confessor ever said to him, "My dear fellow, this won't do; I hear you got the

first medal the other day at your college."' Fr. Burke showed that the great sciences move in one groove and religion in another; and just as two trains on parallel tracks can never collide, so these can never clash.

The Rev. Dr. MacDevitt tells us that this year he met Fr. Burke travelling on the Omagh Railway, *en route* to Derry, where he had arranged to conduct a retreat, which must needs begin forthwith. He told Dr. MacDevitt that he had just finished four retreats, and had been travelling all night in order to keep the Derry appointment. He seemed in a state of collapse, and his companion found it very hard to rouse him. On arriving at Stranorlar, it appeared that the train he hoped to catch had gone. This increased his depression. Fr. Burke declared that multiplied inconveniences would result from the *contretemps*. A succession of engagements were thickly packed behind the retreat at Derry, for which he was now a day late. Dr. MacDevitt went into Stranorlar, and hired a car, to bring both to Strabane. There a train was due, which, Dr. MacDevitt said, if he caught, Fr. Burke's engagement at Derry might yet be punctually reached. All along the tedious journey the Dominican continued quite depressed; but finding on arrival at Strabane that it was still possible, by robbing himself of rest, to overtake his work, he brightened up, and interchanged pleasant jokes with the innkeeper. In graver mood he conversed with Dr. MacDevitt. In speaking of the anti-Catholic spirit then rife in Italy and France, he stated that it was entirely due to the still existent virus of Voltaire's teaching.

Overworked as he was, and despite his hatred of letter-writing, he eagerly grasped his pen to comply with a request from Dr. Davies, who thirty years before had brought him through the crisis of the fever.[1] His son was about to proceed to New York. Fr. Burke writes from Dundalk on February 26, 1874, enclosing at the Doctor's request a number of intro-

[1] See vol. i. p. 60.

ductions. That to Major Haverty will serve as a sample of the rest:

> The young gentleman who will present this is one in whom I am sincerely and most particularly interested, the son of one of my oldest and best friends, Dr. Edward Davies, of Galway. Now I want you to act by this young man as you would by me. He will tell you all about himself. I have given him letters to Mr. McCorville and to Eugene Kelly. I know you will be kind to him and advise him. Please also put him in the way of respectable and safe lodgings, and whatever you do for him will be looked on as done for yours,
>
> T. N. BURKE, O.P.

The conclusion of a long letter to Charles McCorville, of New York, reveals a thought which few suspected at the time existed:

> I hope after some time to return to America and stay for a good period, if not *for ever*, with those from whom I received so much kindness.

A trip to Mayo raised his heart, especially when he thought of the beautiful Mary MacAuley, his grandmother, and of the thousands whom St. Patrick had baptized in the Moy. The Bishop of Killala had asked Fr. Burke to preach at the opening of Ballina Cathedral, January 25, 1874. This sermon, 'On the Beauty of Divine Worship,' pictured glowingly the most divine of all the enjoyments and duties of man. Towards the close he made reference to the Abbey of 'Arran thrust out in the Atlantic,' and to 'the cloisters of Moyne, where rose the voice of angelic song until hushed in the clash of arms during the Danish invasion.'

Fr. Burke felt all the better for this trip. Close by Ballina he found the ruined abbey founded by St. Bolcan, and, within a pleasant walk, Ross-Searka and the sweetly sequestered Abbey of Moyne.

Other Mayo pastors sought his aid, and Fr. Burke gathered strength in gratifying them. A passing glance at Mayo's ruined University, founded by St. Colman, and sacked by

the Danes; some Celtic crosses, in memory of the Abbots of Cong; the cell of St. Fechin; a modern 'mission house to Roman Catholics;' the ruined Dominican monastery of Burrisohoole; were amongst the religious memorials that struck him most. Lough Mask, the Twelve Pins, Kylemore, cloud-capped Croghan, Slievemore, Achill Head—places solely famed for scenic beauty—had scant attraction for Fr. Burke; but Croagh-Patrick, on which the Apostle of Ireland spent nights of prayer and fast, had an interest all its own. Nor were the round towers of Baal or Balla, Torlagh, and Meelick, without their suggestiveness. Burke differed from Petrie in ascribing to these a Christian origin.

The ancient Greek (he said) bowed down before Jupiter and Apollo. The fire-worshipper in ancient Ireland sent his priest up to the summit of the round tower, and there the Druid sat and turned an expectant eye to the east and watched the morning star as it twinkled; and then, as with eager eye he saw Aurora rising with her crimson blush, he watched for the very first ray that came over the eastern hills, and then he cried: 'He comes! he comes!' and they fell and worshipped the sun in heaven. That was their worship.[1]

The following letter, written at this time, is addressed to Major Haverty:

My dear Mr. Haverty,—I forgot whilst you were here to ask you to pay my subscription to the (N.Y.) *Freeman's Journal* and the *Catholic Review*, and to put it down to my account. Of all that I saw in America, nothing surprised and gratified me more than the position of the Catholic Press. Independence of tone and fearlessness of assertion I naturally expected, but I was not prepared for the deep and accurate knowledge of Catholic theology, the minute acquaintance with ecclesiastical history, the familiarity with what is called 'the current literature of the day,' and the grand Catholic and philosophical spirit which made the said reading a weekly treat to me during my stay in America.

Please to give my best regards to Messrs. McMaster and Hickey. I pray that they may be always equal to their great mission. The Catholic journalists of America have a great work to do and a heavy

[1] 'On the Harmony of Catholic Worship.'

responsibility imposed upon them; but they have also exceptional advantages over all their brethren in other lands. A wider field, a large-minded, intelligent, and unprejudiced audience, questions clearly defined and unencumbered by any side issues of national prejudice or traditions, and above all a greater freedom; for, men may say what they will, Catholic truth is a hardy plant, which loves the atmosphere of liberty and thrives in it. The enemies of the Catholic Church have always turned out in the long run to be also the enemies of popular freedom, the Bismarcks, the Fouchés, the Cavours, and others nearer home, expelling the Jesuits to-day, and gagging and fettering the Press to-morrow. Public opinion in America is not yet prepared to tolerate that unmitigated nuisance a 'Minister of Public Instruction.'

I wish you a pleasant voyage westward. I often look thither, mostly 'when daylight dies.'

> 'And as I watch the line of light that plays
> Along the smooth wave toward the burning West,
> I long to tread that golden path of rays,
> And think 't would lead to——

lots of friends at any rate. Believe me, &c.

THOMAS N. BURKE, O.P.

Cardinal Manning once said that Fr. Burke had the grandest talent man can possess — that of popularising theology.[1] Those only who heard him preach can appreciate the truth of this remark. However abstruse the subject, it sparkled with light when it came from his lips. The most elementary truths pierced the heart with their intensity and grandeur. Those torrents of eloquence which at times carried his hearers away, were so logical that they could generally have stood the most critical tests. His words seemed to flow from a hidden force of irrepressible love and fervour, yet men instinctively felt that they were guarded by a theology sound and impregnable. How many there were to whom one of his sermons on the Passion was a landmark in their lives! He was perhaps unrivalled in his treatment of

[1] At Newcastle. Fr. Burke's sermon was unusually long and abstruse. Fr. King, O.P., greatly feared that the Cardinal would have been tired. His Eminence replied, 'I could willingly have listened to him two hours more,' adding the words quoted above.

a panegyric. St. Peter, St. Thomas, St. Catharine, became living personages, entering into one's own life, and taking an indelible place in the memory. An instance may be given.

In March 1874, the sexcentenary of St. Thomas Aquinas was kept by a solemn Triduum in the church of St. Saviour's, Dublin. Cardinal Cullen came in state, attended by his Canons; High Mass was celebrated, and Fr. Burke preached. A panegyric on St. Thomas, treating mainly of the *Summa*, and its bearings on modern philosophy, could not be supposed likely to interest a child. Yet it is thus described by a girl of thirteen in a correspondence now before us:

The sermon was most magnificent. Fr. Burke first spoke of the extraordinary intellect of St. Thomas, and said the first proof the saint ever gave of his extraordinary wisdom was when he fled from the 'godless College' at Naples, though it was founded by a near relation of his own, Frederick, Emperor of Germany, called the godless Emperor. He then spoke of the saint's great humility, and said, 'You might read the whole nineteen volumes of his works from cover to cover and hardly ever meet the pronoun "I." When you did, it was for some humiliating purpose.' He spoke of his great love for the Holy Eucharist, and all the beautiful hymns, and told us that the Church had never added to or changed a word in all the beautiful hymns he wrote for the Office of the Blessed Sacrament six hundred years ago. He read a great deal in praise of St. Thomas from a book written by a man whom he called one of the bitterest enemies of the Church. I left with the impression that there never was a saint equal to St. Thomas of Aquin, whom I have taken for my patron. I have an idea that (a very long time from this, I hope) there will be another great saint of the name of Thomas.

A few days after he writes to Major Haverty, telling him that Mr. Froude had brought out his second and third volumes of 'The English in Ireland,' and giving them a hard word.

I am as of old working hard and then doing nothing. I cannot get myself to put pen to paper. Fr. Lilly never writes to me at all. Now that the Lent is over I will shake myself up, and send you out a few sermons or something.

How he generally invigorated his system will surprise many. Wit and humour were his antidotes to dulness. Both were elixirs which, when he was prostrate from overwork, raised him up. Physicians prescribe sleep as the great recuperative agent for cerebral exhaustion. Burke had little time for sleep, but he contrived to make fun answer the same end. One day when very dull he visited the private office of Mr. Fox. Rain fell pitilessly, and an almost unnatural darkness prevailed, which depressed men even in the pursuit of active business. An engagement obliged Mr. Fox to go out for a few minutes, and he says that when he left Fr. Burke he thought that nothing under heaven could galvanise him into energy. When he returned to his room he found a blind man playing a hurdy-gurdy—the make-up so complete that the effect was quite startling. The instrument which seemed to give forth such strange music proved to be a basket into which Mr. Fox usually threw his letters for post. The collar of Fr. Tom's coat raised and buttoned up, and his hat, at best a shabby one, thrown to the back of his head, helped the impersonation.

It was at this time that the then president of Clongowes met him spending the evening at Maynooth College—the *finale* of some grand function in which he had borne a part. Fr. Burke was ailing and his face showed it; but he told a great variety of stories, and acted them as well. 'Get up off the floor and don't be fatiguing yourself,' said Dr., afterwards Cardinal, MacCabe. 'What seems to you fatigue is my invigoration,' replied Fr. Burke.

There was another St. Thomas, besides the Angel of the Schools, whom Fr. Burke held in special estimation. He felt that we owed more to the disbelief of Thomas than to the faith of all the other disciples; because Thomas put Christ to the proof of the truth of His Resurrection; and Christ, by proving it to Thomas, proved it to all future generations of men. This vigorous view transpires in his discussion on

The Cross the Sign of Salvation, delivered at Enniscorthy Cathedral, April 12, 1874.

The glimpse he caught of Vinegar Hill as he hurried to the pulpit well nigh proved a source of distraction. What his old grandfather had told him about the battle and how drink filled the Slaney with Irish dead that day rushed to his mind (i. p. 23). 'The rascals made a tolerably good fight of it,' writes General Lord Lake, whose column helped to crush them. Sir Jonah Barrington says that every shell that burst was greeted with shouts of defiance. Previous to Vinegar Hill the Wexford rebels had shown wonderful valour, and Fr. Burke held that these men were 'the descendants of the same Danes who had swept the North Sea in their war-galleys, and landed on the Irish shore to the sound of their sagas—the historic songs of that ancient race of Scandinavia —the most powerful people then known on the face of the earth.' [1]

Fr. Burke had been very intimate with the Rev. M. O'Connor, Pastor of Rathfarnham, and on his promotion as Bishop of Ballarat joined other friends in giving him a farewell dinner in the picturesque retreat—dear to many memories —St. Anne's, Bohernabreena, and served by mendicant monks. Fr. Burke's speech in proposing Dr. O'Connor's health was so full of strength and feeling, that it became at times somewhat of a homily—to the surprise and regret of those who would have preferred 'sermons and soda water the day after.'

His lectures before the Young Men's Society at Cork in June 1874 contain many characteristic passages. Like hundreds of other sermons, they obtain no place in the three huge volumes published in New York. Preaching by the swelling waters of the Lee, Fr. Burke said :

See the river which flows by your city, how it goes down to the ocean ! Is it not always seeking a lower level ? Follow it up to the

[1] Fr. Burke's Lecture on The Evils of Ireland.

beautiful mountain lake whence it springs; mark how clear its waters are; a small stream, but pure as crystal. Gradually it falls from its source to lower ground, over rocks, winding through the higher meadows, always falling down, down, until at length it finds the ocean. On its way it receives a thousand impurities, until it loses the limpidness and sweetness it had when first it came forth. As it flows to the ocean, so does the sinner, his soul coming forth pure, limpid, bright and clear, from the baptismal font, its regenerating source, and then winding down through the channel of life and seeking lower levels, many impurities come into him as he passes along, and, as one abyss will fall to another, he finds ultimately the ocean of hell. But the wonder would be if any man amongst you were able to stop that river in its course and say to it, 'Flow no longer; be divided; that which is gone, let it go; but thou, stay thy course,' as Moses said to the waters of the Red Sea; and then to force that river back, up against its channel, to purify it as you drive it against the laws of nature, to bring it into the higher meads, to force it up the mountain side, until at length you bring it pure and clear and limpid unto its fountain head once more. This is what God does in the confessional. The sinner is going headlong down; a thousand impurities have stained him; he is tainted with pride and sensuality, and is hurrying hell-ward. The priest, armed with the omnipotence of God, meets him in the confessional and says, 'Descend no more;' and he drives him along the bed of his life—forces him back by self-examination—drives his soul into the halls of the memory, there to discover every impurity that ever sullied it—forces the man back through the sacramental channel of penance, until he brings him again to the fountain head of his grace—until he brings that soul forth, purified by repentance and sorrow, to all that it was in the day when it came from the font of Baptism.

Fr. Burke's figures fell unpremeditated and without effort. He cared nothing for ornament and generally tried to avoid it. His was not the polish of the *salon*, but the bright hue of the cuirass of Christ. Mr. Denny Lane, of Cork, an able critic, regularly followed and gauged him:

As you listened you felt that a stream of thought, beautiful and pure, came welling up from perennial sources within, from the deep reservoirs of his large heart and his broad intellect. As the thought rose unbidden to his lips, it formed itself into language, not cast in

any mould of art, but of itself spontaneously crystallised into shapes of beauty, luminous as a crystal, many-hued as the light of a prism, pure and chaste as the icicle that hangs on Dian's temple. It is almost a pity that he was so careless of literary reputation. Posterity would have gained much if he had more carefully elaborated his sentences, and spent more of the labour of the file on the forms he created. But he was so earnest and so prompt in his work that if some complain that he was a spendthrift of his genius, we at least have gained by his unmeasured prodigality.

I have sometimes listened to his words with amazement as to a new revelation of beauty and holiness (writes Rosa Mulholland). Colour and vividness were given to half-hidden truths; dusty old facts were clothed in an extraordinary splendour; the meanings and purposes of religion took a rich roundness of contour and filled the eye; while the selfish everyday motives and teachings of the world withered into obscurity and ignominy. People have come away from his presence with Christ's kingdom shining in their hearts and round their feet, and feeling, besides, as if a rare and beautiful picture had been studied, or a strikingly rich and original poem had been read, of which the theme was old and familiar, but the imagery, the colour, the music and vigour were new.

Miss Mulholland adds, that to read these sermons in print creates disappointment. Was this because he made such graceful and expressive action with his hands that the attention of the critic became diverted? 'Never,' observes a lady, 'did I witness in man hands more beautifully fashioned.' A Protestant critic writes of his lecture in Liverpool in October 1880:

Without passing into the dangerous region of pantomime, the action of the preacher's hands and arms appropriately heightened the effect. Sometimes the varieties of gesture were most significant, as when Fr. Burke said he could never banish for a single day from his *mind* or from his *eyes* (with a delicate variation of the movement of the hand to the forehead at each of the two words) the horrors of the Irish famine.

To the attractions of graceful action may be added what Mr. Sherlock noted at the time:—

The accessories of dignified and impressive gesture and appearance, a noble baritone voice, at once round, full, and penetrating, and a distinctness of pronunciation which leaves no room for missing a word, Burke begins his discourses slowly and on the lower tones of his voice; but in a few minutes, warming with his theme, his voice rises, rings out, and exhibits every variety of inflection, the pace increases until it attains its normal speed, and then there is neither flagging nor faltering until the end is reached.

A great Dominican, St. Louis of Granada, said that delivery was second only to the grace of the Holy Ghost. 'You may utter volumes,' says St. Francis de Sales, 'and if you do not utter them well, it is lost labour. Speak but little, and that little well, and you may effect much.'

Fr. Burke told Bishop Delany that for effective preaching he preferred the altar to the pulpit. In the latter he was 'cabined and confined;' the advantages afforded by the broader stage are obvious.[1] The Superior of the Christian Brothers, who heard Fr. Burke deliver a lecture in Cork at this time, describes him at one point as exhibiting quite a statuesque majesty.

Among his retreats this year was one at Maynooth College. The president, Dr. Russell, said that he had heard Fr. Peter Kenny and other great masters conduct retreats, but not one could approach Fr. Burke. Ere this retreat had reached its middle stage a young priest met Fr. Burke in the corridor. The conductor, exercising his privilege of breaking silence, asked in his own humble way if he had been making a fool of himself. A few suggestions were offered, which the young priest was afterwards surprised to find adopted.

A small unreported incident of this year was Fr. Burke's visit to Banagher:

[1] The preference expressed by Fr. Burke had high and venerable authority to justify it. During the earlier ages of the Church, sermons were always delivered from the altar or episcopal chair. But in the time of St. Augustine, the ambo, in which a group of singers were wont to cluster, became used as a preaching place, and from that period was gradually narrowed into a pulpit.

On Sunday, June 28, 1874 (writes the Bishop of Achonry), Father Burke preached a very eloquent sermon at Banagher, the Bishops of Ardagh, Clonfert, and Raphoe being present.

Father Burke's visit (says a voice from Banagher) excited quite a sensation, and for a week previously every cabin in the town was whitewashed in honour of the coming man. Fr. Burke came in the night train to Birr, the nearest point by rail. Here he was met by a torchlight procession. We tried to take the horses from his vehicle, and then with cheers that raised the slumbering echoes of the night we escorted him eight miles to his destination. On arrival he addressed the people from a balcony, and told them to prepare for the solemn function of the morrow. Of his sermon it will suffice to say that, according to popular report, 'it banged Banagher.'

Some friends observing that he looked ill, took him out in a boat on the Shannon—visiting in passing the ruined abbey of Meelick. A trip by water always served him, but in this instance he became quite excited by memories of the past. His lecture on St. Patrick had spoken of 'the lordly Shannon,' and of 'the sainted and historic spot' where the group of churches still remain silent but eloquent witnesses of the glory of Ireland's first Christianity. When the boat was passing under Banagher Bridge, Fr. Burke sang with all the vigour and volume of which he was capable that grand lyric of Davis's, 'The Battle Eve of the Brigade.'

The man who organised the torchlight procession was called upon to give an imitation of Fr. Tom's preaching, which he did with such success that no one enjoyed it more thoroughly than the Dominican himself, whose verdict was, 'You do it well!' We are glad to record this trait, which shows that Fr. Burke never did in regard to others what he would not have others do unto him.

A smart saying of Fr. Burke's during his after-dinner speech at Banagher remains in my memory (writes the Bishop of Achonry). A previous speaker had said that Fr. Burke was a Connaught man. 'Yes,' said the brilliant priest, 'I am a Connaught man, and I thank God that I am; for there was a time in the history of our

country when all that was worth keeping in Ireland was driven into Connaught.'[1]

To explain this it may be well to cull a page from Fr. Burke's lecture on 'the History of Ireland':—

And so Ulster was disposed of. That remained until Cromwell came; and when the second estimate was made of the kingdom, it appeared that there were nearly five millions of acres lying still in the hands of the Catholics. And what did Cromwell do? He quietly made a law, and he published it; and he said, on May 1, 1654, every Catholic in Ireland was to cross the Shannon, and to go into Connaught. Now, the river Shannon cuts off five of the western counties from the rest of Ireland, and these five counties, though very large in extent, have more of waste land, of bog, and of hard, unproductive, stony soil than all the rest of Ireland. I am at liberty to say this, because I myself am the heart's blood of a Connaughtman. If any other man said this of Connaught, I would have to say my prayers, and keep a very sharp eye about me, to try to keep my temper. But it is quite true; with all our love for our native land, with all my love for my native province--all that love won't put a blade of grass on an acre of limestone; and that there are acres of such we all know. It was an acre of this sort that a poor fellow was building a wall round. 'What are you building that wall for?' says the landlord; 'are you afraid the cattle will get out?' 'No, your honour,' says the poor man; 'but I was afraid the poor brutes might get in.' Then Cromwell sent the Catholics of Ireland to Connaught; and remember, he gave them their choice. He said, 'Now if you don't like to go to Connaught, I will send you to hell!' So the Catholic Irish put their heads together, and they said: 'It is better for us to go to Connaught.' God forbid that I should condemn any man; but I cannot help thinking of what the poor carman said to myself once. Going along he saw a likeness of Cromwell, and he says, 'At all events *he* has gone to the devil.' I said, 'My man, don't be uncharitable. Don't say that.' 'Thunder and turf!' says he, 'sure if *he* is not gone to the devil, where is the use of having a devil at all?' At any rate, my friends, wherever he is gone to, he handed over to his Cromwellian soldiers five million acres of best land, including the golden vale of sweet Tipperary.

On the day following Fr. Burke's sermon at Banagher, he

[1] Letter of the Bishop of Achonry to the Author, June 13, 1884.

preached in Moate; and 'the prelates who heard him in Banagher eagerly followed him to Moate,' records the Bishop of Achonry.

An Augustinian Prior who met Fr. Tom on board the Galway boat says that it was quite clear to him, though others failed to see it, that Fr. Burke, while making everybody scream with laughter, was suffering internal tortures all the time. By the might of his mind he rose superior to those fatal onslaughts, and created a counter-excitation by intensely comic performance. He kept going from group to group, sometimes dropping a whisper that made them explode, and would then proceed to ignite other groups as fast as pyrotechnic circles.

The Prior could not help feeling with a certain archiepiscopal thinker, that gay spirits are not always a sign of happiness. 'A cockchafer is never so lively as when a pin is stuck through his tail; and a hot floor makes Bruin dance.'

Tralee—the scene of one of Fr. Tom's humorous songs—accorded him a cordial welcome. He preached twice there on Sunday, October 17, 1874, and with the result of liquidating a heavy debt which burthened Holy Cross Church. Here his early friend at Galway, Fr. Raymond Rush, now presided as Prior, and their meeting was one not unmarked by emotion.[1] Fr. Rush soon after died. On the following Tuesday Fr. Burke delivered a lecture in Tralee.

The Rev. Michael Greene, in describing his journey with Fr. Burke from Killarney to Dublin in October, 1874, writes:

He found me thoroughly sympathetic and with special ideas of my own to draw him out. He mentioned one remarkable trait in his own character—that he had no taste whatsoever for scenery. He had no appreciation for the beauties of Killarney. He had gone through the Lakes with the Bishop of Kerry—Dr. Moriarty—but it was the Bishop's company he enjoyed and not the lovely fairy scenes

[1] Believing that Fr. Rush's papers would have contained some useful materials for this work, the Prior carefully examined them, but only one letter from Fr. Burke came to light.

through which he passed. This astonished me very much. But when one passes in review his lectures and sermons, it is manifest enough that it is the spiritual beauty, and moral and intellectual beauty of Erin, that fills his heart and mind. There is quite a conspicuous absence of description or appreciation of mere natural scenery. Is it not told of St. Bernard, similarly, how he passed through most picturesque scenery without having even adverted to the sights that fascinated the eyes of his companions? St. Bernard and Fr. Burke were contemplatives of the inner beauty.

He expressed great admiration of Bishop Moriarty. I had missed the Bishop's sermon the previous Sunday, and Fr. Burke said, 'You lost a great treat; I always go and hear Dr. Moriarty whenever I have the opportunity. It is a really good instruction in preaching to hear that man preach.'

Fr. Greene, after mentioning other remarks, some of which have been used elsewhere, adds:

I can't remember a tenth part of what I heard from Fr. Burke on our journey. What stories he told which made the tears run down with laughter! How droll, too, were his descriptions, such as that of a very fat man 'sitting down in his chair like a feather-bed.' Pacing up and down the platform at the Limerick Junction while the train was waiting, he remarked on the affected manner of ladies walking about, 'What strange varieties they have in their fashions of carrying their hands!—the latest fashion is the *dog's paw!*' And then, suiting the action to the word, he put his left hand under his right elbow, and let his right hand fall loosely forward, like a dog's paw, bending at the wrist at every step he took—very gracefully and most ludicrously. How gravely he walked along at the same time, and the next moment how heartily he laughed.[1]

When Fr. Burke got home to Tallaght he seemed wearied and footsore. The following is addressed to his niece:

Tallaght: November 14, 1874.

My darling Katty,—I have been unwell for the last two days, and your pleasant letter was a great boon. This would be no time of year to go to Cork, and besides, our friends there are not quite at

[1] Letter of the Rev. Michael Greene to the author.

their ease just now, as the lawsuit is coming on. Wait for the spring or summer. I am sick and tired out. The old pains have been very bad, but I am much better, *Deo Gratias.* Don't let B. B. know, lest it might fret her.

Best love to papa and all, and believe me, your own

OLD MAN.

'B. B.' is his sister Bridget.

An old weakness is again noticed by a brother Dominican, who speaks of many letters remaining unanswered:

I remember one sharp episcopal reproof reaching him, for a Bishop had been overlooked with the rest. More than once he took refuge in the logic of Napoleon—that if people left their letters unanswered for a period, they would find at the end of it that the majority had answered themselves. He would sometimes take a sudden notion of replying to the most important letters, and within the hour throw off eight or ten notes, all uniformly ending on the first page.

One of these is addressed to the convert daughter of the Rector of Morchard Bishop, Devon, and as it belongs to this time may here be given:

Tallaght: November 14, 1874.

My dear Child,—I enclose you your letters. Charmed with Newman's knowledge and admirable clearness. May God preserve him to us! I have not been very well since my return. I have not seen any of your friends.

Courage and confidence in God. Addio.—Yours,

T. BURKE, O.P.

CHAPTER VI.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

FR. BURKE'S allusions to the Bishop of Kerry demand some notice of an interesting friendship. Dr. Moriarty's love for Fr. Burke, which was first fixed in 1857 (i. p. 193), and was afterwards fostered at Rome, led to a request that he should spend some days with him at his palace. But as Fr. Burke told Fr. Greene, the real 'palace' was that dome of thought, 'the palace of his soul'—more inviting than even the matchless beauties to which the Bishop beckoned him. The treasures that teemed from that massive mind have been already described in Burke's fervent words. By many he will be held in benediction as the restorer of the monastic glories of Muckross and Holy Cross. Fr. Burke was an early riser; but the man of matins found himself distanced by him who was an example to all. There was one who rose earlier than the early riser.

The light shining from the Bishop's casement (Fr. Burke said) told of a vigilant heart already engaged silently with God, and once each week hours before sunrise, and in the darkness of what yet was night, a footfall might be heard, and a door opened. It was the Bishop stealing away to the feet of his Franciscan confessor, there to refine the silver and gold of his beautiful soul by deep and humble sorrow. The most zealous student knew that the Bishop studied harder than he, never losing a moment of precious time, and even by meditation casting into the mould of his own great mind the stores of acquired knowledge drawn from the treasury of old things and new. His was a life of hard work and unceasing toil. The humblest priest saw in him a bright example of humility, the most laborious

was outworked by him in the confessional and at the bedside of the sick. No portion of his great diocese was too remote, too difficult of access, for visitation. In him the Dominican found the model of a preacher; the Franciscan beheld in him one poor as himself.[1]

These words were not uttered until after the death of Dr. Moriarty. But in a lecture which Fr. Burke delivered at this time he used effusions so gracious, that Dr. Moriarty, alluding to a priest and his housekeeper, with whom Fr. Burke had just passed some days in bad health, said, 'I think they must have fed you on flummery.'[2]

Thus it appears that Dr. Moriarty and Fr. Burke were kindred spirits. Another trait of this Bishop's sense of humour may be given. Fr. Greene's notes go on to say:

In the October before Fr. Tom died I heard him tell at the bishop's house, Salford, the following. The Right Rev. David Moriarty, on returning from Rome, had listened to the great French Dominican, Père Monsabré, preaching at Notre Dame. When Dr. Moriarty next met Fr. Tom, he said, 'Do you know, Monsabré reminded me very much of you. He had something of your style and manner.'

Now (said Fr. Tom), this was very gratifying to me. Père Monsabré was a great man, and I thought it an honour to be compared to him, and I told the Bishop so; adding, 'Might I ask you, my Lord, what was the special feature of resemblance? Was there any particular characteristic of the great orator that suggested this flattering comparison?' Now 'David' had a slow and deliberate and judicious way of speaking that kept me very attentive and expectant. 'Well,' he said, 'I'll tell you what it was that struck me most, and brought you very forcibly before my mind. When he went into the pulpit he looked around him deliberately and raised up his hand and *scratched his head.* It was just like *your* manner.'

How intimate Fr. Burke was with Bishop Moriarty, and how privileged he felt to advise him, an anecdote told by himself will show. Speaking of Cardinal MacCabe, who, he said, 'had

[1] In the Cathedral, Killarney, October 1, 1877.

[2] Dr. Moriarty told this himself to Sister Aloysius.

the courage of his convictions and stood by them like a man,' Fr. Burke added that 'Dr. Moriarty had been similarly constituted.'

He made some enemies in his day, but he also made many friends who revere his memory. I had the honour of being on such terms with him that I once ventured to expostulate with him on the subject. Dr. Moriarty replied: 'I dare not but express what I feel. My convictions are a portion of my very soul, and at the peril of my life I must utter them and stand by them.'[1]

Dr. Moriarty, knowing the relish and relief which Fr. Burke derived from a trip by water, brought him out upon the Lakes. If this is the same trip of which Fr. Burke gave Miss Macartney an account soon after, it presented some noteworthy features. A band—described as Lady Kenmare's—discoursed, from an accompanying boat, beautiful and appropriate music. The associations which floated over the abbeys of Innisfallen, Aghadoe, and Muckross, not to speak of the charming companionship of the Bishop himself—all combined to raise Fr. Burke's spirits almost to ecstasy. A favourite song of Fr. Tom's, written for private circulation, and pronounced by Major Haverty, but incorrectly, to be the joint work of the Dominican and a well-known Doctor, was one in slang commemoration of a lady still living who promoted proselytism partly by gifts of food and raiment. Lord Randolph Churchill, when in Ireland, wrote and spoke strongly against the system. The late Anglican Archbishops of Dublin—Whately and Trench—condemned it. Fr. Burke was asked to sing, and the queer song came. Line after line, as he told Miss Macartney, was lustily chaunted until the echoes were raised with a clearness and dramatic effect which at last threw him into such fits of laughter that he sank down flat in the boat and hid his face. The first verse ran:

[1] Meeting in Marlborough Street, Dublin, March 29, 1882.

Arrah, Mrs. Magrath, did you hear the news?
But of course, my jewel, you knew it;
The Quality's goin' to save our sowls
And pay us for letting them do it.

'Do it! do it! do it!' repeated the echo. Stanza after stanza met a similar response.

There's Mrs. Magrane, when her man was slain
On the banks of the bowld Crimea,
Gave her clargy up for the bit and the sup,
An' took to Luther's idea.

And then followed the verse (vol. i. p. 232) ending with 'crow,' which was crowed again and again by the echo with an effect the most comical, especially when the coincidence of 'Vulture's Nest' and 'Eagle's Nest' struck all hearers. The 'Eagle's Nest' is the name of a steep cliff at Killarney, beautifully draped with wood and vegetation, round which the water winds, and where wonderful reverberations are easily raised.[1]

'One day,' said Fr. Tom, 'I received a letter from Mr. Gaynor, Prior of the Presentation Brothers' School, Killarney, begging of me to preach on behalf of that good institute, and ending with "and I will be truly your *gainer*."' Fr. Tom was not the man to resist such an appeal. A fashionable audience mustered in Killarney Cathedral. Lord Kenmare, Mr. Herbert—all the local magnates were present. The Brothers, anxious only to make a good collection for the charity, began rattling some tin plates ere the sermon was half over. Dr. Moriarty, a rigid observer of proprieties, frowned from his throne. The noise at once ceased, and the portly Prior advanced from behind the pulpit and took up a standing position immediately beneath it, becoming the observed of all observers. There was one man present who could not see the Prior, and that was Fr. Burke. He

[1] There was another occasion on which this song had been sung on the lakes, but by a different party.

expatiated on the laborious zeal of the Brothers. He pictured forth the ascetic monk, his frame bearing evidence of his fastings and vigils. He was surprised to notice that his hearers were smiling, especially the fashionable portion. He tried to be more impressive, and again reverted to the mortified and overworked monk. Here some ladies applied their handkerchiefs, not to their eyes, but against their mouths. 'But when I saw David,[1] struggle to suppress a ripple, said Fr. Burke, 'I knew I must have said something awfully *bizarre*. I afterwards heard that the rotund figure, the jolly face of Brother Dominic, was too much for them.' The good Prior's face beamed, indeed, like a full moon. He was enjoying Fr. Burke's beautiful description of the ascetic monk. He did not think it applied to him. The collection was a good one. It will be remembered from Fr. Burke's remarks on a previous page that there is in Killarney a community of most austere Franciscans, who follow the primitive rule, even to being barefooted. Dr. Moriarty brought them from Belgium; and these men were doubtless in Fr. Burke's thoughts when he drew the picture. A dinner to Fr. Burke followed the function, attended by the good Brothers as servitors. Dr. Moriarty, during a subsequent stay in Dublin, was visited by Fr. Burke, who, for the amusement of some friends who surrounded the Bishop, drew a highly varnished picture of the scene in the cathedral, and how 'he saw royal David shaking like a jelly.'

'When I hear him preach,' said Dr. Moriarty, 'I rejoice that the Church has gained a prize; when I hear him tell a story, I am almost tempted to regret that the stage has lost him.'

There were some things in connection with his trip to Kerry which Fr. Burke did not tell Fr. Greene. He dined with the Earl and Countess of Kenmare, and the evening was

[1] The Bishop's name was David. Bishop Doyle called the diocese of Ardfert the kingdom of Kerry.'—*Life of Dr. Doyle*, ii. 477.

filled with the usual results. Queen Victoria had previously been their guest, and had occupied the same chair. Some stories of this time still float about Killarney and mingle with the echoes of the Eagle's Nest.

A lady who was said to have had some half intention of becoming a convert said, 'No! no! you attach too much importance to your penances and mortifications. God is all love, and I for one will never allow myself to be influenced by imaginary terrors.' Whether she alluded to pain in the world to come is not quite clear. At all events, Fr. Burke, wishing to avert the polemic bitterness that threatened, immediately counterfeited the bark of an angry dog under the very ottoman on which she sat. The lady ran screaming to the door, and later on was obliged to admit pleasantly that after all she was easily moved by imaginary terrors. 'Oh, the old fool!' exclaimed Miss Mulcahy, to whom Fr. Burke, when sitting in her drawing-room, told the above anecdote. 'Yes, indeed,' he replied; 'and scared by nothing but "Bow, wow, wow!"'—saying which, he produced this noise so true to nature that even Miss Mulcahy, who ought to have been well forewarned, jumped from her chair.[1] There was some laughter afterwards about the polemic lady and 'Jesuit's bark.'

Fr. Burke had been much interested in the almost incredible rigours of the Cistercian order, which widely differed from that of the Friars Preachers, in that they built their cells in solitary places, and aimed solely at personal sanctification. A zealous son of that Order volunteered to edify him by the information that meat, fish, eggs, or grease, they never used, and milk but seldom. Mortifying their eyes as well as their

[1] Miss Mulcahy was an elderly lady, and is since dead. The above account has been communicated by her brother, Colonel Mulcahy, who then resided near Killarney. Elsewhere has been noticed Fr. Burke's dislike to dogs—even the pet poodle of his good sister. This dislike of dogs arose because he feared them; and it is well known to his brother Dominicans that though he never had the slightest fear of death, he was at all times constitutionally nervous. Some may say that these things are too small to notice, but he who aspires to paint a portrait must not disdain the slightest touches.

palate, they exclude painting and sculpture from their churches; while a hair shirt tortures the bent back of the devotee as he kneels in his cell. 'My dear fellow,' said Fr. Burke, 'if it should turn out that there is no hereafter, what a *sell* you'll then get!'

Mr. Denny Lane, whose name has been previously mentioned, had some interesting conversation with Fr. Burke about this time.

It turned upon some of the general theories of modern science (Mr. Lane states)—theories in which some persons feared to find danger to faith. The same dread was at one time entertained regarding the theories of Kepler and Copernicus. Yet, what is the result? The laws which they discovered have raised greatly our reverent wonder at the structure of the universe, and of the unerring hand that guides the planets in their path. . . So the modern theories of the indestructibility of matter and of force teach a new analogy of religion, and point to the necessary immortality of the soul. And, again, the generalisations regarding matter and motion and life, if they be true, only raise within us a higher appreciation of the grandeur, simplicity, and the harmony of those laws which the Creator has enacted for the government of the universe. From such a point did Fr. Burke regard the progress of scientific truth, feeling assured that every new discovery that was really true would be but another evidence of the power and goodness of the Creator.

Mr. Darwin's 'Descent of Man,' then but recently published, had led to much excited discussion among scientists.

The conversation on Darwinism which we had together (Mr. Lane adds) was somewhat of the character of that old story about the world being supported by the tortoise, but which left unanswered the question, What did the tortoise stand on?

If we were to take that bold exaggeration of Sir William Thomson's —'that all organic life developed itself from some frond of moss which reached this earth borne on the fragment of a disrupted planet'—we have yet to inquire who first created that moss in that dislocated fragment of another earth.

I put the question, however, in this way. Suppose all organic life could be traced back to a single monad formed of the simplest protoplasm, but yet capable of reproduction by fission and subsequent growth of its broken particles, yet that monad must have been endowed by the Creator with the capacity for development into the countless forms of vegetable and animal life, and such an endowment seemed to me a greater evidence of the wisdom and power of the Creator than the separate creation of all the species that clothe or people the earth. It is a grander idea to suppose that such an indifferentiated particle contained within itself the ancestry of all living things, that simple, almost shapeless, colourless, but yet *living* mass lived under the reign of laws which would enable it to grow to the manifold forms, and hues, and instincts, and powers, and passions, and beliefs, and loves and hopes of higher creatures, than the thought that the great Artificer had separately studied and designed each separate form of life. The simple command to live and to give life to myriads of the human race and other forms, each living its time, and disappearing or multiplying into many cognate but differing shapes, conveys the impression of simplicity and power like the great command, 'Let there be light;' and as that light can be divided into myriads of hues and splendours, not separately created but all inherent in and capable of being developed from the fulfilment of the single command, so may the various forms of organic life have been necessarily included in the first particle of *living* matter.

These views seemed to be assented to by Fr. Burke, who could see no simplification of the scheme of creation in the development theory, and believed it left untouched the wonder with which every thinking man regards organic life.[1]

This conversation led to a singular train of ideas, which found expression in a lecture on 'The Age we Live in,' delivered at Cork.

Fr. Burke, although avowedly smitten by admiration of the age of which he was a son, took exception to the Darwinian theory. 'One of the deepest thinkers,' he said, 'had asked the intellectual world to accept the conclusion that man with his human language, intellect, and glorious free-

[1] Letter of Denny Lane, Esq., to the Author, Cork, March 20, 1885. He is frequently noticed by Sir C. G. Duffy in his book 'Young Ireland.'

will, his fund of affection and strength of character—man, with so much that is noble in him, brought out by the very spirit of our age—and asserting the complete dominion of mind over all the material elements of nature, was nothing more than the development of a vile monkey.'

He tells us that, to trace our origin, we must not look up but look down; and that if we so look up at all it must not be higher than the first branches of the forest tree. Christian philosophy, illumed by the light that never was created, the light that comes from a height inaccessible, from the Father of light, leads the man of to-day to the man of yesterday, or the day before, and from him to the man who went before him, and so on, higher and higher still, to the man of remote ages, who also was descended from another and he again from another, and another, until we come to the first true and grand man, who, as the Evangelist says, 'was from God.'

O grand philosophy! partly recognised even by the imperfect light of the pagan of old, of whom the poet said, 'Though we know Him not, He who created us has given us a noble countenance capable of looking up.' But Darwin says, 'No, I will not allow you to look up to heaven; the highest aspiration I will permit you is, if you want a genealogical tree, you must go to the gum-tree.' Look at that creature in the branches, swaying to the forest breeze, jabbering brutal sounds, and gnawing at his cocoanut; his tail is twined round a bough that he may not fall off—a vile, unclean thing! Professor Darwin with a bland smile says, 'My dear philosopher, my dear elegant lady, my dear bishop, or priest, this animal does *not* happen to be your grandfather, but he is one of the series of grandfathers.' Go back far enough and you will have to say to the creature, 'So you are the one that God commanded me to honour and to love!' What is the Professor's argument? Simply this: 'I have analysed the monkey, and I find that his jawbone is very like the jawbone of a man—that the *os frontis*, or forehead bone, is formed so that it admits the same amount of matter that the human skull does of brain. And so, since they are so alike, I conclude that man is nothing more than the development of the ape.' Now, on the same theory, if you take an animal, that I suppose I may not name here on account of so many ladies being present—a little animal that sometimes infests people's houses when they are not kept very clean—and if you put that little domestic creature under a strong magnifying

glass you will find that he is very like an elephant. Therefore, on the Darwinian theory, the elephant is but a development of the—well, must I name him?—the flea!

He asked what was the remedy for this degradation. Man is told to honour his progenitors; but if people were to believe in this speculative philosophy, it would be their duty to turn their backs on their parents and despise them. He saw no real remedy except the religion which, with the authority of God and with a history distinctly traced up to God made man for us, and coming to us with all the power of Divine revelation, expounds the arcana of man's origin, history, and destiny.[1]

In Fr. Burke's definition of Darwin's theory there was, indeed, but little exaggeration. Mr. Darwin's work, 'The Descent of Man,' was published with large additions in 1874. In this book he declares his belief that 'man is descended from a hairy quadruped furnished with a tail and pointed ears, probably arboreal in its habits.' Medals, orders, and degrees, as the reward of merit, fell from all sides on the distinguished author.[2]

Notwithstanding the eloquence into which Fr. Burke rapidly warmed in this lecture, it began with diffidence and almost embarrassment. In the following a glimpse of the inner man is gained; and it may be added, on the authority of Fr. Hickey, that he has also seen Fr. Burke very nervous before delivering a sermon.

[1] In vain was it urged that the disgust thus expressed against apish ancestry sprang from a sense of proud superiority which Fr. Burke should be the first to deprecate; and that the squalid pauper who by culture had risen was surely entitled to more respect than the prince who by foulness had fallen.

[2] It has been said that Mr. Mivart, F.R.S., the eminent zoologist and convert to Catholicism, 'rejects Darwinism only in part;' but in point of fact he was Darwin's principal opponent. Mivart, while asserting evolution generally, denies that it is applicable to the human intellect. In his 'Lessons from Nature' he has pointed out the fundamental distinction between men and animals, distinctly defining wherein the human mind differs from the highest psychical actions of brutes, and to this exposition no reply has ever been made.

I have now spent some time in retirement—preaching only as a priest—and I feel, coming forward here this evening, something of the nervousness, the timidity, which I experienced when I first had the honour to address an audience in America as a lecturer. But the kindness of my reception has somewhat calmed and toned it down.

The chairman on this occasion was Bishop Moriarty, who in presenting Fr. Burke to his audience referred to the time 'when the accents of his voice had been borne to us across the Atlantic waves and fanned the love of faith and fatherland.'

Our Dominican, in his Conferences to Young Men this year, dwelt on the torture of hell fire. Two years later he expressed his opinion that 'the greatest torment of hell lay in the pain endured by souls created to see God, and prostrated there for ever in disappointed rage.'[1]

The handsomely chiselled features of Dr. Leahy, Archbishop of Cashel, who was subpœnaed on the case O'Keefe *v.* Cardinal Cullen, impressed the Court not less favourably than the ease with which he gave his evidence. His spiritualised expression may not have been lessened by the consciousness that cardiac disease was at work within. He did not long live to receive the felicitations which, like flowers, fell before his path. His obsequies in March, 1875, afforded Fr. Burke an opportunity of doing justice to the worth of an accomplished man, and of painting the past, when Cashel's mitre was circled with the golden fillet of royalty and its robes reddened with martyrs' blood. He described Dr. Leahy's labours at the Synod of Thurles, and the fine impression he well remembered he had made at the Vatican Council, not only by his tones, which rolled in waves of music through that great hall, but by the majesty of his deportment. Dr. Leahy's lot had been cast in the heated region of Tipperary. Fr. Burke spoke of his efforts to 'allay anger—quick and unreasoning—doing the rash act,

[1] Sermon in aid of the schools of Westland Row, December 2, 1876.

and then shedding tears which, mingling with the blood spilt, were yet unavailing to restore the life that was sacrificed.'

Among his lectures this year were two at Waterford—the first on 'The Catholic Church and Civil Government,' mainly in reply to Mr. Gladstone's 'Vaticanism;' the second on the Pontificate of Pius IX. He spoke of Mr. Gladstone as coming before them seared by the lightning which, Prometheus like, he tore from heaven, and later on compared him to a fallen angel.

He declared that since the Church grew up side by side with the civil government, and with the civilisation she herself had created, never had she in one ascertained instance gone into the domain of the former, never had she taken on herself to tamper with or fetter it in any way. Never did the Church teach her people that they would be justified in violating any just law. The civil government, on the other hand, had been constantly coming within the sanctuary, dealing with matters of which it knew nothing, with which it had no business, and for which it had no authority from God.

And he then went into the history of the Veto, and the law of divorce. He spoke of the Pope's reply to Henry VIII.: 'No power on earth can separate you from your wife.' 'But,' added Fr. Burke, 'nowadays nearly every Government is trying to force its way into the sanctuary, and teach that marriage is not a sacrament but a sort of limited liability affair.'

This lecture gave renewed proof, if any were needed, that Thomas Burke was no shrinker from publicity.

I am going to make a bold assertion (he said), and I do so knowing that my words will be carried abroad over the face of the earth, for

> 'A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,
> An' faith he'll prent it.'

I know that what I assert now will be told in years to come.

But what he did assert, having been already told, need not be repeated now.

The second lecture, on Pius IX., was mainly historic. If he were to speak of his personal character (Fr. Burke said) the theme would be a prolific one.

I have received blessings from the Holy Father when in the prime of his glorious manhood, and I have gone again and again to kneel at the feet of this venerable man, when sorrow was bending him down and whitening his hair, while care deepened the lines on that once fair face. The record of that time, fresh upon my mind, makes the personal character of the Pope clear to me, and would constitute a fruitful theme in my mouth, but I have now to deal with the pontificate of this man.

From Waterford he writes to Major Haverty, of New York, January 29th, 1875:

My dear Haverty,—It's time for me to write to you, and yet I'm not going to write about myself. I was sorry to hear of the death of your friend. Give my condolence.

Our friars here are building a church, and they are getting up a bazaar for it. They will give large prizes—one of 100*l.* in cash—and they wish to spread tickets in America. They want, therefore, an efficient American agent who will send the tickets round and see to have them sold, allowing him, of course, the usual percentage. Will you take this matter into your hands for them? If not, kindly write to me, and suggest some person in New York—or even employ some such person on the strength of this letter. I am deeply concerned myself in the success of this business.

As to myself, I am not returning to America for the present, but I think you will see me there before the end of the year. I shall have business of my own in hand in connection with a building in Tallaght.

Now write to me at once. Love to all my friends, &c.

THOMAS BURKE, O.P.

As regards the bazaar tickets, Major Haverty explained that stringent laws forbade their transmission by mail.

Our Dominican is next found giving lectures in Drogheda for charitable objects, the Primate presiding. Here he took another fling at divorce and the miseries and scandals of which it was the mother. In the Catholic Church, he said, when a valid marriage is contracted no power can break it but the Angel of Death.

The MS. diary of the Bishop of Clogher records:

1875, *March 17th. St. Patrick's Day.*—Dedication of new church of St. Michael in Enniskillen, in this diocese. Pontifical High Mass by myself. Fr. Burke very sick all the day, but still preached well. Collection realised over 800*l.*

The Bishop adds that Fr. Burke went home next day. He was indeed extremely ill and wholly unable for the effort, but, having blessed the foundation stone of the same church, he fondly regarded it like a child that he had baptized and kissed in its cradle. Probably without intending a *double* he chose for his text, 'And behold I come to you again.'

Sick as he was, he could not let the feast of St. Catharine of Sienna pass without preaching her praises. At St. Saviour's, Dublin, early in May, he told of this great female Dominican, how in 1386 a schism tore the Church, how Urban VI. was the legitimate Pontiff, but Clement XI. had been elected Pope by false Cardinals and Bishops. The world was divided, not knowing whom to obey. A voice of irreproachable sanctity was needed to point out the real Vicar of Christ. Catharine powerfully preached in the highways, identifying Urban; and England, with other nations, at last proclaimed him the true Pope.

Great hopes were cherished that the free air of Galway would work wonders for Fr. Burke. And the hope proved not in vain. The *Galway Vindicator* of July 3, 1875, states that

Fr. Burke, who had been stopping at the house of his sister in

this city, is steadily recovering. Absolute repose has been prescribed for him, so that he remains mostly in bed. He was, however, able to get up and celebrate Mass in his own room on two mornings this week, Tuesday last and yesterday. The illustrious Dominican is in the very best of spirits; and the eminent physicians who consulted on his case have no apprehension whatever that after a short rest he will not be able to resume duty as usual, to the delight of his fellow-countrymen, and indeed of the whole Catholic world. During the past week his convalescence seemed rapid.

Writing to the Very Rev. Fr. Lilly, O.P., then in Kentucky, Fr. Burke gives, under date Galway, July 7, 1875, an account of the illness that had so nearly proved fatal:

I have been ailing much since January, but I managed to preach the Lent in Dublin, though always in pain, and staying in bed almost every day till evening. After Easter I went immediately to give a Retreat in Cork, preaching three sermons a day, and that finished me. I came down here disabled on April 25, and after a month of great suffering, finding myself no better, I went to Dublin and secured the attendance of the three first physicians in the city. They found me suffering from ulceration of the bowels and inflammation of the mucous membrane. The doctors said they were not without hope of my recovery. Rest, long and perfect, proper food and medicine, will, they hope, bring me through the present crisis. I feel, myself, that with God's help I shall recover. And my doctor here, who is really a clever man, is quite confident.

Mrs. Manley, being at this time in Galway, organising a concert in the cause of charity, extended that feeling to Fr. Burke by paying him a visit at his mother's house. He seemed so ill that she did not expect to see him again; but before leaving she sang 'Il Segreto' and 'Kathleen Mavourneen,' both of which stirred him so thoroughly that he was now hardly recognisable as the same man. The lady, regarding him with the veneration due to exalted virtue, had asked him to bless some Rosary beads. When he at length returned them it was with the dry remark, 'If I were to

make them any stronger they might only make you sneeze every time you take them out.'

Next day Fr. Alfred Murphy, S.J., accompanied by the great Italian Jesuit, Sturzo, called to see Fr. Burke, whose health had been announced as in a very critical state. Fr. Sturzo—driven out of Sicily by Garibaldi—had taken refuge with the Irish Fathers, over whom he was appointed Provincial by Rome. The Italian could not converse in English, and old Mrs. Burke was sorely puzzled what to make of him. At last her sick son whispered, 'Speak Irish to him, mother.' The matter of fact woman did so, whereupon Sturzo responded in a torrent of his native tongue, which simply transfixed Mrs. Burke. As soon as she had partly recovered she said to Fr. Alfred, 'I fear Nicholas has been making fun of both of us.'

Mr. Brady found him one morning deep in his Breviary: 'I have just fallen on such a delicious text, and I have a mind to run down to the chapel and deliver myself of pregnant thoughts.' 'Before one of his best sermons, instead of preparing for it, I saw him standing before a ballad-singer in the street, and listening with the utmost interest to his strains.' Thus speaks a Galway priest. He adds that he has seen Fr. Burke pause on meeting a donkey and cart, and seem to study it. Was he thinking of the days when he regarded as the height of terrestrial happiness to trot about Galway Green on a donkey cart, and how too often this feeling was crushed —first by the whip of the driver, and afterwards by his mother's cane?

Though some recollections of his childhood were not pleasant—and in conversation with his brother priests he often adverted to them—yet with the philosophy of his nature he regarded the hard discipline through which he had passed as a wise and needed prelude to all that came afterwards. So completely did the joys of boyhood override its pains that he often basked in the retrospect. Indeed he was

generally so elated by thoughts of old times which these trips to Galway never failed to awaken, that the guests invited to meet him at his mother's house were entertained by him with thorough *abandon.* One evening he left the room for a moment, and bringing in his niece on his arm—both hastily metamorphosed into ballad-singers, and holding slips torn from an old newspaper—began to sing lustily the 'Galliant Hussar.'[1] This niece proved herself an apt scholar, to the infinite satisfaction of 'Nunks.' Another evening he stooped his head for a moment behind the piano and rapidly buttoning up the collar of his coat, grasping a stick, and pulling down the skull-cap over his eye, advanced, singing

> With drums and guns, and guns and drums
> The enemy nearly slew ye.
> Oh, darlin' dear, you look so queer,
> 'Faith, Johnny, I hardly knew ye!

It more than once happened when he preached in the little Dominican chapel in Galway, his words were addressed to an audience whose numbers were not calculated to flatter; but Fr. Burke, who despised fame and adulation, never noticed such things, and spoke just as well as though he were addressing the sea of mind that transatlantically surged around him.

Lecturing before Cardinal Cullen in the Rotunda, Dublin, he said: 'I remember once preaching a sermon down in the far west of Ireland, and afterwards saying to a countryman, "Frank, how did you like the sermon?" He said he liked it very well. "Did it throw any light on your mind?" I said. "Begorra no, sir," he replied: "I knew it all before."'

[1] Fr. Burke, anxious to get a copy of this old ballad, went to Cook Street in quest of it. A woman appeared, who, as she suffered from gumboils, was unable to afford much information, and Fr. Burke when describing the interview put his own tongue in his cheek in sympathy with her puffed profile. *A propos* of the 'Galliant Hussar,' it may be added that on hearing from Miss F- —, a friend of his, that her niece was about to be married to Major B—— of the 11th Hussars, he sang a stave of it in the joy of his heart at the news.

His mother never realised the great eminence he attained, and used to think when she read in the papers of the sermons then attracting so much attention, that the preacher was Fr. Tom Burke, a Franciscan, formerly of Galway. This impression was shared for some time even by the sisters, as they assure us, of the great Dominican. The Franciscan, having once left his watch to be repaired at a jeweller's in Galway, the latter said on hearing the name: 'This is indeed a privilege. Have I the honour of addressing Fr. Tom Burke, the great preacher?' The good Franciscan, it is said, bowed.

Some friends, observing that Fr. Burke looked weakly, took him out for a couple of days in their yacht. At six o'clock P.M. Andrew Lynch went to remind him that the walls of Galway were placarded with announcements of a lecture to be delivered by him the same evening. Numbers of tickets had been sold and great anxiety was evinced to hear him. Fr. Burke had forgotten all about it, and expressed dismay. 'What can I give them?' he said. 'Suppose Galway fifty years ago.' 'No, no, they'd say it was all my father's old stories. Shall it be Temperance?' 'No.' 'The Ancient Music of Ireland, then.' He had only time to mount the platform; his success was complete.

Traces of some talk which he had at this time with a Galway piper transpire in his lecture on 'The Catholic Church and the Age we Live in.'

It is a scientific age; who can doubt it? An age of research, when every man is trying to push intellectual activity to its very highest summit in whatever walk of life he moves. It is an age of the best engineers, of the greatest astronomers, of the greatest musicians. I will not say, for I cannot, of the greatest painters and sculptors; but in the more material pursuits of science it is pre-eminently an age of scientific research and of scientific excellence. Every man is trying to be the best at his own craft. 'I remember a time, your Reverence,' a poor Galway piper said to me, 'when half a dozen jigs and reels would be enough to keep a poor decent man with a bit in his mouth and a coat on his back; but now if you do

not play all the waltzes for them, they will not listen to you at all. I thought, sir, that my father was a great piper entirely, and he never went beyond the "Humours of Glin." But, your Reverence, it is not alone that I must have all the jigs that ever were known in Ireland, but all the foreign tunes as well.' So that even the humble musician of the class of which I have been speaking must be a very magnificent piper to be able, now-a-days, to earn his bread.

A born hidalgo of Spain, together with his uncle, a convert baronet, were the guests of Fr. Burke's married sister near Ballinasloe at this time. The Baronet was lord of the soil. Burke possessed the dramatic art and impulse of showing to genial foreigners how naturally he could grasp their fashions. On this occasion he asked the young Spaniard to dance the fandango with him; and the baronet, who had himself long lived in Spain and married a Spanish lady, assures us that Fr. Tom's performance was simply perfection. The fantastic effect of its flourishing attitudes and obeisances was increased, as on a former occasion, by the fact that Fr. Burke danced in his habit. About the same time he caused some amusement by his portrayal of the 'Grecian bend,' an importation from America. The audience who witnessed the latter was the *entourage* of a Catholic peer, the late Lord O'Hagan.

During a *déjeuner* at this time a swell when conversing with Fr. Tom spoke of General Burke of Galway as 'your cousin.' 'O, shure, I have no relative in the army,' he replied, 'who ever got higher up than a corporal, but my family are certainly the best *bread* Burkes in Galway.'

Some matter-of-fact people regarded this reply as another illustration of that spirit of abasement of which a sample is found in his lecture at Boston. The impression may now be corrected. Mr. Edward Burke, the uncle of Fr. Tom, after twenty-two years of foreign service in New South Wales and India, returned to Ireland in 1847, when he was appointed paymaster, with the rank of captain in the Louth Militia.[1]

[1] Letter of Captain Edward Burke, Dundalk, March 6, 1885.

In Dundalk, where this veteran officer now resides, no man is more esteemed. It has been assumed that the old sword and carbine with which Fr. Tom, in outlandish dress, once scared Brother Joseph, were trophies brought from India by Captain Burke; but it appears on inquiry that, though the veteran captured a sabre and matchlock from a native who attempted his life, neither found its way into the possession of Fr. Tom. The latter, however, brought from Rome, in 1867, the uniform of a Papal guardsman.

One day about this period he received a letter signed 'O'Toole,' asking him if he remembered the writer and begging him for the sake of auld lang syne to preach for him at Abingdon, in Berkshire, of which he had now become pastor; but Fr. Burke's engagements made this impossible. Dr. O'Toole's death occurred soon after, and Fr. Burke told his sister how bitterly he regretted that it was not in his power to afford his old teacher the help he asked.

In 1875 Archbishop MacHale's Golden Jubilee was celebrated. It was the fiftieth anniversary of his episcopate. The names of several great ecclesiastics were suggested to his Grace as being very competent to preach on that interesting occasion. His choice fell on Fr. Burke, but it was represented how ill he was. The Archbishop had set his heart on Fr. Burke's help, and refused to allow any other priest to take his place: 'Aut Burke aut nullus,' he said.[1] Canon Ulick Bourke waited upon the preacher at his sister's house to announce what seemed tantamount to an episcopal mandate and from which—in Connaught at least—there seemed no escape. He found Fr. Tom extremely ill; but it transpired that, in any case, owing to the strong divergence of opinion subsisting between Cardinal Cullen—to whom Fr. Burke was deeply attached—and Dr. MacHale, he would find great difficulty in discharging the proposed task. Fr. Tom said that the oration would be best pronounced by

[1] Letter of Canon Geoffry Bourke, P.P. (Archdiocese of Tuam), June 11, 1884.

a layman, and he suggested Mr. A. M. Sullivan, M.P., as one eminently fitted; it hardly needs to be added that the Golden Jubilee took place without Fr. Burke's silver tones. The oration was accordingly delivered by the author of 'New Ireland.'

Another letter came from an Irish exile beginning:

Do you remember me? We were at school together. Glory be to God, you're a priest now, and I've eleven of 'em![1]

A summons to the bed of sickness was one which Fr. Burke never attempted to evade. His namesake, Sir Thomas Burke of Marble Hill, had been, like Charles O'Malley, a Galway dragoon in early life, and from 1847 to 1865 represented his native county in Parliament.

'We all loved and valued Fr. Burke as friend and priest,' writes Lady Burke. 'When my dear husband was dying I wrote to Fr. Burke asking him to come here—which he did at once—though at personal inconvenience. He stayed here a week, and, I need not say, gave comfort both to the dying and the living.'[2]

Fr. Burke, on a cold winter's night, travelled more than a hundred miles from Dublin to Marble Hill. Sir Thomas Burke died on December 9, 1875.

This baronet was doubly connected with Lord Clanricarde and his son Lord Dunkellin. It was, doubtless, to the latter that Fr. Burke made the following reply, which many suppose he addressed to Lord Clanricarde, for it appears on inquiry that Fr. Burke, though intimate with Lady Clanricarde,[3] never met her husband. Lord Dunkellin, whose family name is Burke, pleasantly claimed Fr. Tom as his kinsman.

[1] Lecture on 'The Church in its Relation to the Irish Character,' at Liverpool, October 5, 1880. Fr. Burke was speaking of the Irish emigrant, who although married in America and with a progeny to support, contrived to remit money to console the old folks that years before he left behind in Ireland.

[2] Lady Burke to the Author, Marble Hill, Loughrea, May 19, 1815.

[3] Fr. Burke frequently met the Countess of Clanricarde, with her daughter Lady Howth, at their town house in Dominick Street, Dublin, now a Carmelite school. Both were Catholics. Lady Clanricarde offered this house for a mere nominal sum to the Dominican Fathers when they built their new church and

'It is related my lord,' replied Fr. Tom, 'that when the Norman Knight Banneret William de Burgh was sent by Henry I. into Ireland to receive the submission of Roderick O'Connor, King of Connaught, there was at the head of the regimental band a little drummer whose name also happened to be De Burgh. You, my lord, derive your descent from the Knight Banneret, but my people come from the little drummer.' [1]

Lord Dunkellin when in shattered health visited Rome. 'Whenever Fr. Burke preached,' writes Fr. Kenny O.P., 'Lord Dunkellin, and often Lord Beauchamp, were to be seen sitting under the pulpit.' Lord Dunkellin called upon Fr. Burke at San Clemente and had left Rome but a few weeks when, on August 16, 1867, he suddenly died. Fr. Burke often regretted that Lord Dunkellin had not expired in his arms. He was very popular, and a fine statue has since been erected to his memory in Galway. In its features may be traced some resemblance to his grandfather, George Canning. When Lord Dunkellin found himself sinking, he ordered a favourite musical box to be set in motion; and while some plaintive airs were playing he quietly passed away.

A lecture on Intemperance delivered at Newark furnishes some curious glimpses of Fr. Burke's experience by the bed of death. On inquiry at Tallaght we learn from the Fathers there that Fr. Burke in his intercourse with them often showed emotion when referring to the same scenes. He had frequently to conduct most solemn retreats for novices at Tallaght, and at such times he never failed to describe the dying drunkard who had shriekingly besought him to take away the Blessed Sacrament.

Nothing is more terrible according to the words of Scripture than the death of the sinner—*mors peccatorum pessima.* Now, as a priest,

were leaving Denmark Street: but it seems to have been too palatial for the tastes of the then Provincial. The Dominicans have a convent at Boula, near Portumna, where the historic castle of the Clanricardes stands; many were the invitations which begged the Fathers to accept its hospitalities.

[1] Letter of Rev. M. Greene to the Author, April 11, 1815.

I have been attending death-beds for the last twenty years. I have seen Death approach in his majesty in every form that he could assume. I have seen him as he came to lay his icy hand upon the heart of the young man, and still it into death. I have seen him approach like a gentle woman, whose coming was expected, whose face was wreathed in smiles, who came only to take the soul, and by an easy transition, bring it into the presence of Jesus Christ and leave it there. Such a death have I seen over and over again; when the young nun was dying in the first bloom and fervour of her religious life; and, when the young heart was breaking with the pain and agony, Death came as soothingly and as sweetly and as welcome as the friend who was expected; and she smiled in the face of the grim conqueror, while she surrendered her soul to him, who after all was but an angel of God. I have seen the Great King making his advance to the bedside of the dying man when, oh! his approach was the signal of despair, when the father of a family, reconciled to God, had made his peace with all men, fortified with a substantial hope for a bright future in glory; around him sobbed his wife, whose only support he was, and his children, who now will cry in vain for bread, when he that broke it for them is gone into his grave; poverty and distress are the only heritage left to those he loved! Oh! how terrible were these scenes! I have seen Death approach, like a thief in the night, and steal behind the strong man, and simply lay his hand upon him, and bear him away. But never, never have I seen the grim conqueror assume all the horrors of hell, and bring with him in his train, before the very eyes of the sinner whose sands of life were passing away, all the terrors of that hell that awaited him—never have I seen him approach, surrounded by devils except when he came to the bedside of the drunkard dying in his sin! Oh! if the greatest drunkard—the greatest of all slaves to this vice—that ever lived upon this earth, were only to hear what I have heard, and see what I have seen—that man would never taste the accursed drink again, even if it was to save his life, for a thousand years. I remember being called to the bedside of a man who was dying from excess of drink. I went into the room, indeed not without fear. Four men were holding him down. It seemed to him, in his delirious mind, that in holding him down in the bed, they were sinking him inch by inch into hell! He looked around him, terror-stricken. He cried: 'I am on a bed of fire! Oh, God! I burn, I burn! the blood boils in my veins!' His great chest was heaving, as he writhed, like one possessed by a thousand devils. He

struggled to get away from their grasp. He saw devils around him. Sinking on the pillow and endeavouring to shake them off, he said: 'Save me!—save me!—there—there are seventy-seven devils! Oh, where shall I fly from this hell around me!' Thus was he when I entered the room. His shrieks were terrific to hear. Truly the despair of hell was in that voice. I came over, and laid my hand upon his fevered head. Keeping perfectly calm I tried if there were any mesmeric influence in me to give peace to him. For a moment he grew calm; he knew me. 'Ah! Father Tom, is it you? Tell me, tell me, have you the Blessed Sacrament?' 'Oh, begone,' he cried, 'you and your God! Begone, He is not my God. I will not have Him or belong to Him. There are those around me who will take me away, for ever, begone!' With these words he heaved one mighty sigh—his heart broke with the excess of his terrible delirium; and he fell out of the hands of those who held him—a corpse—his last breath a blasphemy. Many a time and oft—for I knew him well and intimately—I had said to him, 'My friend, you are every day preparing for the curse that will come upon you with your last hour. You are preparing, by a drunkard's life to meet a drunkard's death.' He did not listen to me. That drunkard's death he died; and I greatly fear that an eternity of sorrow will not be enough to repair the loss of his immortal soul.

He then went on to ask if there were any amongst his hearers to-night, preparing for a drunkard's death?

There has been recently broached a new theory as regards Judas: that he did not think Jesus would allow himself to be arrested, and after all may have been the victim of self-delusion; that his concern at seeing the woman break the alabaster box of ointment, which he said might have been sold, showed his avariciousness—he was the bursar of the party—and that in accepting money from the enemy he was true to his instincts. Moreover, when he saw the men who came to arrest Jesus fall back, it confirmed the delusion, and his despair at the awful result of his crime seems to support this view. It had not been mooted in Fr. Burke's time.[1] He

[1] This notion was unfolded with much acumen during a Retreat to the clergy of the archdiocese of Dublin held at Maynooth in July 1884. When the conductor quoted the words of Judas that the proceeds of the box might be given to

could not trace a vestige of redeeming virtue lurking in that life; and his gorge rose at the name of Judas. It was not easy to disconcert Fr. Burke when preaching, but an instance or two might be given. During the delivery of one of his best sermons the collectors made a bold plunge to augment the receipts by advancing through the crowd which packed the church, and presenting their plates for alms. 'I felt my choler rise,' said Fr. Burke, as he mentioned the incident to his brother Dominicans, 'so I went off at full cock on Judas and utterly riddled him.'

When describing Galway and the Claddagh during his American trip, he recognised in the audience Fr. Ralph, O.P., who having been brought up on the spot that Fr. Burke was sketching, of course knew all about it. Fr. Tom afterwards told him that when he saw that eye twinkling before him, it prematurely ignited all he had arranged to say and blew the whole out of his head.

'I suppose you preach fifty sermons a year?' Fr. MacCarthy said. 'Ten and twenty times more. When conducting retreats I preach four times a day. It often happens that after preaching in Connaught, I arrive tired at the terminus in Dublin only to step into the adjacent pulpit of Dominick Street, and I leave it to find a sheaf of letters reminding me of promises to preach, and summoning me to every part of the three kingdoms.'

The trite lesson that 'Charity begins at home' carried no weight with him; for while his time and eloquence were at the service of every struggling charity at home and abroad, he scarcely ever made an appeal for his own church and Order. Had he acted as many men would have done, devoted his

the poor, he quietly remarked, 'What a chance the poor had of it!' A curious book called *The Autobiography of Judas Iscariot*, by the Rev. J. Hart, M.A., appeared in 1884. As for Fr. Burke, though he hated the name of Judas, yet so strong was his faith in the mercy of Christ, he was heard to say that had Judas cast himself in contrition at His crucified feet, no doubt he would have received pardon.

first care and attention to his new church he had long projected at Tallaght, the building which was a mere outline at his death would long since have been completed.

It was only on the command of his Superior that he at last made an appeal for the work on which his heart had been set.

The Bishop of Elphin makes reference to several fine sermons delivered by Fr. Burke in his diocese, including that at Lanesborough and on various occasions in Sligo, both in the church of his Order, and in the cathedral. 'The latter,' the Bishop adds, 'was a truly eloquent sermon.' It was on one of these occasions that after the great function of the day a banquet took place at the house of this Bishop. Being called upon for a song, Fr. Tom gave forth, with much spirit, a lyric which he had learned in boyhood. It will be remembered that the adherents of James after the Revolution entered the French service:

> The mess-tent is full, and the glasses are set,
> And the gallant Count Thomond is president yet;
> The veteran arose like an uplifted lance,
> Crying—'Comrades, a health to the Monarch of France!'
> With bumpers and cheers they have done as he bade,
> For King Louis is loved by the Irish Brigade.

Fr. Burke pleasantly explained as the derivation of 'bumper,' that 'the faithful' were wont to drink *au bon père.*

Other movements at this period are thus noted in the MS. diary of the Bishop of Clogher:

September 28.—Dedication of new church at Dromore. Fr. Tom dined and slept at the mansion of Mr. James Quin, the ancient palace of the Protestant Bishops of Dromore. The Primate and myself also staying at Mr. Quin's. Never saw Fr. Tom so full of mirth, told some very strange and wonderful stories, feared some of them had scared our puritan host; however that same gentleman was afterwards received into the Catholic Church. Dromore house and demesne of 204 acres has been since purchased by the Jesuits as

their Novitiate for Ireland. Sermon on Sunday of Fr. Burke magnificent; collection nearly 1,200*l.* I officiated as celebrant at Pontifical High Mass, Bishop Leahy assisting at throne.

Meanwhile he did not forget Miss Rowe, the convert daughter of the Rector of Morchard Bishop:

Tallaght: January 8, 1876.

My dear Child,—You must think me a savage, a barbarian, a Heathen Chinee. What between sickness and laziness, I have not written, but I have none the less thought of you, sympathised and prayed for you. I am (they tell me) getting better; I don't feel it, but I suppose it is all right. The life here suits me: quiet, silence, Gregorian chant *ad libitum*, and reading. Of course prayer comes in under each head. Strange I cannot recall your friend. I don't quite like her idea and I would advise you not to pledge yourself nor make any arrangement with her. My idea is that it will be better for you (if ever the time comes) to drop quietly into some state of work already established with all the necessary helps, rules, traditions, saints, &c., at hand. But I hope it will be long before you purchase your liberty at the cost of great sorrow. Does Val ever speak of Dublin or St. Saviour's? I wish I knew him. If you think he would bear it give him my regards and tell him I love him. We may meet yet not as foes. The squire your neighbour is a good man, not without humour. There is no law that good people should be stupid. They may be *Sankey*-mònious without being *Moody*. I preach here on the festivals to a delightful congregation of rustics. It does not injure me a bit. Mrs. Segrave came to see me two days ago. I have not seen the nuns for some time. Now I must end this stupid letter. Pray for me: *esto fidelis!* May God bless you and yours!

Believe me, ever faithfully yours,

THOMAS BURKE, O.P.

Fr. Burke a short time previously had received Miss Rowe into the Church. He had a shrinking horror of the dangers to which a popular preacher is exposed, and valued in proportion the peace and security of his beloved convent home. The once pleasant thought of revisiting America was now—to quote the words of A Kempis—'cut up by the root out of his heart.' Major Haverty is now hailed.

The decorous selection of adverbs in the endings of Fr. Burke's letters, according to the sex of the party addressed, will be noticed.

Tallaght: February 6, 1876.

My dear Friend,—I got a few letters from you during the year. I have been ailing and in misery of pain every day for the last nine months. One of my reasons for not writing—besides the physical hindrance of suffering—was the fear that my letters might get into the papers, as my letter to Fr. Lilly did, and both the superiors here and myself were most anxious not to have my name before the public. In fact I am sorry I ever got out of my shell, or cell if you wish, which is the proper place for a poor friar.

I hope the worst of the times is past, and as you have been able to pull through up to this, you must pluck up courage now, as I hope things will brighten a bit. I sha'n't be able to work much this year, but it will be a great thing for me if I recover any sort of health.

Ever yours affectionately,

THOMAS BURKE, O.P.

A financial crisis shook New York at this time.

Fr. Burke, in saying that the cell was the proper place for a poor friar, must have been influenced by the facility with which he could embark on the broad sea of spiritual contemplation. Some people decry this life as indulgence in unrecorded idleness; forgetting that, as there is no duty greater than the love of God, so it must be the noblest occupation in which man can engage. Dominicans who, unlike Cistercians and other Orders, unite the active with the contemplative life, illustrate, perhaps, the highest phase of Christian perfection.

Soon after he is found active in Ardagh. The priest recommended as *Dignior* for the mitre of that diocese said to the present writer, that nothing more forcibly struck those who listened to Fr. Burke's inexhaustible monologue, than the rapidity with which, during a sojourn here, he changed from subject to subject, all utterly unconnected with each other, and each department requiring, it might be supposed, some previous thought. The shiftings of the kaleidoscope brought

not greater variety nor surprise, and hence it was always most difficult to retain more than a generally gratified remembrance of what passed. He sang a serenade in Italian for Dr. Conroy, the Bishop of Ardagh, who from his own long residence in Italy was much amused by the graphic accuracy of Fr. Burke's mimicries. A gifted priest and a good listener, Canon Reynolds—one named for the mitre of the same diocese, and for whom he preached at Edgeworthstown—had an opportunity of hearing him talk for fourteen evenings, and he assures us that he was unable to detect the repetition of an idea.

The Feast of the Immaculate Conception was celebrated in 1876 with due solemnity in Marlborough Street, Dublin, Cardinal Cullen officiating. It has been said that the Dominicans had been unfavourable to a definition of the Immaculate Conception; but Fr. Burke always showed, on the authority of their founder, that 'Mary became the Saint of Saints, fitted, as St. Thomas said, to be the Mother of God, by simply taking up her enormous graces and corresponding with them.' Archbishop Troy, another Dominican, who ruled the see of Dublin from 1794, seemed to have been in advance of the teachings of his time, and called his chapel that 'of the Conception.' When a preacher celebrated that feast with a warmth rather novel, his Grace's curate (Mr. Meyler [1]) said, 'Well, my lord, was not that going a little too far?' 'No,' replied Dr. Troy, 'and you will admit as much before you die.'

Fr. Burke's sermons this year were full of zeal. Preaching for the schools under the Sisters of Mercy, he said:

If man were destined only for this earth; if the high intelligence with which God has gifted him were only destined to dive into the mysteries, to explain all the laws of this natural and material world; if the astronomer were created for no higher aspirations than the stars which are the object of his study; if the electrician were sent for no greater motion, no swifter flight, than that which he makes on

[1] The late Dean Meyler to the author.

the vehicle of his thought; if the painter and sculptor were never destined to contemplate a higher form of beauty than that revealed to them upon earth; if this world were man's all—if he were created to live in it, to enjoy it, to ornament it, and to end with it—then this beautiful and intellectual life would be quite sufficient for all his wants; and I, the priest, the preacher, and the monk, would have no standpoint from which to address you—no argument to bring before you to-day.

The unfavourable result of the appeal to Fr. Burke that he would preach at the Golden Jubilee of Archbishop MacHale led to no diminution of their intimacy.

Fr. Tom was very successful in making this usually grave hierarch laugh. Practice had made perfect, and he knew the subtle touches which could not fail to tickle 'the Lion of the Fold of Judah.' Indeed, to quote the quaint testimony of a pastor who was present, 'the Archbishop's mouth expanded so from uninterrupted laughter, that one might almost put a loaf of bread down his throat.'

Canon Ulick Bourke, the biographer of Dr. MacHale, remembers one of the stories which produced this effect, and has been good enough to put it in writing. We feel the more obliged because the Canon is noted rather for lore than humour. No doubt it was Fr. Tom's acting which gave piquancy to the story. Fr. Mullooly was a man of great learning and holiness, with whom Dr. MacHale had been well acquainted in Rome; and the reader must not take literally points and phrases which Fr. Tom well knew no one could see the humour of more clearly than 'John, Archbishop of Tuam.'

Many years ago a few of the Fathers, including the Rev. Joseph Mullooly and Fr. Tom himself, were enjoying recreation at Rome. It happened that the question arose who amongst them was deemed the greatest linguist. Fr. Mullooly had a fair opinion of his own ability, and he remarked that he was conversant with mostly all the modern languages of Europe, and no indifferent adept in the Eastern tongues known as the Semitic group—Hebrew and Chaldaic, Syriac,

Persian, and Armenian. Then again he knew something of the Sanskrit dialects, with Hindostani and Zend, and could decipher the cuneiform characters; and when Fr. Burke quietly said, 'And is that all, Fr. Mullooly? Why, I have been for years conversing in Chinese'—this observation had the desired effect. Fr. Tom had intended to put a *quietus* on Fr. Mullooly's spirit of innocent boasting and to teach him a lesson of humility, showing that he was not, even in languages, the most skilled amongst scholars. Everyone of the company except Mullooly himself took the remark as a capital joke, and an indirect hint to say less henceforth in his own praise.

Three months after Fr. Tom was one morning surprised by a hurried knock at his cell. On opening it Fr. Mullooly enters and almost breathless, exclaims, 'I have news for you. A Chinese priest has come to Rome; I saw him at Propaganda. I told him you speak Chinese. He longs to see you and to hold converse with you; he is now in the anteroom downstairs.' Fr. Tom saw that he must face the inevitable. 'With that I focussed my eyes on the Chinese pattern, making the tip of my nose the objective point, to which the ken of both directed their visual force. I tucked my habit and held it in my left hand, and followed Fr. Mullooly to be introduced to the stranger from Pekin.'

To show the Celestial cleric his intimate acquaintance with Chinese manners he performed a salaam that would make a Mandarin blush for lack of Pekin politeness. He then, pointing to a chair, said, 'Heo sing, ta gin, li za, suy.'[1]

The two clerical Chinese sat at the head of a small table, while Fr. Mullooly forgot completely where to sit or to stand. He had at the moment no thought engaging his attention but one, and that was to listen to Fr. Tom 'talk' Chinese. There he stood riveted to the floor, craning his neck, half erect between the open door and the table, and catching every syllable that dropped from the lips of Fr. Burke.

Immediately the Chinese cleric addressed Fr. Tom:—'Ta long, zo zun, sa, ti, tso, shin mo ti né; sing gin ta shun li chew shan, pa ta hon yèh ko gin?'—Fr. Burke replied: 'Ta long, zo zun, sa ti tso, ho sing, tse chou, cheh chung lo: po ching, tong koang, chang fou, li zen zou, ting tong, pe pou fong tsung Kuan heo zin, nuing na long Fior mar shing hé thaw go breagh.'

[1] The word 'suy' is phonetic Irish for *suide*, sit or be seated—Latin *sede*; hence the word *see* and site—a place to sit or settle.—Note by Canon Bourke.

With an obeisance Fr. Burke then retired. Dr. Mullooly became like the Queen of Sheba in the presence of Solomon—one 'who had no longer any spirit within him.' Never was man more completely amazed and confounded. At length he asked the Pekin priest if Fr. Burke knew how to speak Chinese? "Yes,' was the reply, 'he does. There are four dialects of our language; I fancy he speaks southern Chinese and with a strong accent.' Burke had won.

In point of fact, the last line of Fr. Burke's reply is phonetic Irish, and signifies 'it is true therefore—and so it is all right.' Canon Bourke, in a memorandum attached to his MS., states that each of the words in Chinese has a correct and apposite meaning.

Things theatrical being those on which his Grace of Tuam knew least, were, strange to say, not without interest for him. Stories which Fr. Tom had picked up from Sothern were now most dramatically told; and it was a study to see the old hierarch becoming more and more absorbed during the recital. The pith of one was as follows: It had been one night concerted between Sothern and a Yankee manager named Goodwin that the latter was to occupy a stage-box, and, personating a critic, interrupt the play by calling the actor a humbug. This was met by a sharp retort from Sothern. Goodwin repeated the charge in still stronger terms. The audience loudly applauded the comedian and cheered rapturously, especially when a policeman, who was not in the joke, and acting under Sothern's secret orders, removed the disturber first from the box and finally from the house. The manager found himself in the police station, where he remained until Sothern's arrival and explanation at last set him free.[1]

Fr. Tom's old school-fellow, Mr. George Morris, once said to him that had he selected the stage for a profession he would have attained the rank of a second Garrick. Fr. Tom,

[1] Dr. Byrne, now editor of the *Freeman's Journal* and then conducting the *Tuam News*, was present during some of Fr. Burke's stories about Sothern.

quoting from the 3rd Act of 'Romeo and Juliet,' exclaimed in his best tragic tone—

What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?

It is not because we have been looking as far as possible at the bright side of the picture that readers should assume that Fr. Burke's health had improved. At no time since his return from America did his illness present more alarming features than now. His superiors saw that he could not stand the strain upon him, and they urged him to go to Italy. His companion was Br. Hickey, O.P., then in equally bad health, now the esteemed Prior of St. Thomas' College, Newbridge. They left Ireland on St. Patrick's Day, 1876,—stopped to rest at St. Dominic's Priory, London, and then proceeded *viâ* Folkestone to Boulogne. Fr. Burke generally went every day to Confession, to Mass, and to Communion; and on arrival at the French port he lost no time in visiting its Cathedral and the good priest who discharged the duties of *parochus*. Br. Hickey from the hour he left Ireland had found his distinguished companion depressed to the last degree; and suffering such intense pain that large doses of opium became a frequent necessity. After Fr. Burke had made his confession, the French priest fell into conversation with him on Irish affairs. 'There is only one man from Ireland whom I'd care to see—and that is Père Burke.' 'Alas,' he replied, 'I am that man!' The Abbé, moved by mingled emotions of surprise and delight, seized him by both hands, exclaiming, 'Ma foi,' and invited him to his house. The entertainment was *recherché*; and included among the guests Mr. Waterton, a distinguished English Catholic.

Br. Hickey was not present and is not aware how completely Fr. Burke rallied in this pleasant society.

I well remember meeting Fr. Burke at the Abbé Sagot's (writes Mr. Waterton) and how he kept us in roars of laughter. On my asking him the correct version of a story about Lord Carlisle and the Reformatory schools, he gave it in a very amusing manner.

'In such high estimation do I hold Reformatory schools,' said a promoter of that system, 'that I employ no servant in my house who has not passed through them.' 'You will waken some morning,' was the reply, 'to find yourself the only spoon left in the house.'

Passing rapidly through Paris and having reached Dijon, the two travellers presented themselves at the Dominican Convent of that town. The state of Fr. Burke's health made him hypersensitive, and he whispered his companion that both were evidently suspected of being impostors. Credentials were thereupon produced which satisfied the French Prior. They then attended at Dijon a church function, which was accompanied by a good deal of singing. The officiating priest seemed doing all the work himself, and used such extraordinary intonations that Fr. Burke's face of puzzled surprise was the first gleam of humour that Br. Hickey saw since their departure from Ireland, and put his gravity to a severe test. After this Fr. Burke cheered up a little, and when passing through the Mont Cenis Tunnel, brightened its tedium by telling the Socius some recent jokes. 'My friend Bishop Whelan was in the train which met with an accident at Bray Head. "I am delighted to see your Lordship," said a local wag afterwards; "I feared you were a Bishop *in partibus*." "I escaped with one rib broken," replied the Bishop, "the rib of my umbrella."'

Arrived at Turin they traversed the town, pausing to view the picturesque grandeur with which the Apennines encircled it. Here Fr. Burke's hypersensitiveness again showed itself. He was very susceptible to ridicule, though he liked friendly banter, and he expressed his conviction to Br. Hickey that two men were following solely for the purpose of making fun of them. The Dominicans quickened their pace, the men still followed. At last Fr. Burke turned round like a stag at bay, and gave vent to a torrent of Italian abuse, ending with a protest against the shameful rudeness thus shown to two

strangers. The men of Turin made a very abject apology, accompanied by the assurance that they meant nothing disrespectful. Fr. Burke had probably in his mind not only the shouts of execration with which he had been greeted in Marseilles; but the stones and the derisions that followed him in Gloucestershire and Armagh.[1]

The shabbiness of his attire, already noticed by Mr. Dugan and by his lady friends at Rome, was not calculated to correct the contemptuous regard of which he often seemed in dread. And now that we know how sensitive he was, this strong effort to humble himself still more will not fail to strike. In Bologna he was quite at home, and felt that the Ægis of St. Dominic sheltered him. Here several statues of the Saint stood: one of bronze in the Piazza; another carved out of a tree which had been planted by his own hand; and the veritable head of the Saint was preserved in a silver urn.

'Put out all your souls in prayer to the Holy Father St. Dominic,' said Burke at the close of his sermon on the Feast of that Saint. He had now made a special pilgrimage to the grave of Dominic of Osman, and casting himself on his knees communed in spirit with the great father of his Order.

This shrine, to be found in the old church of St. Domenico, Bologna, formed an epoch in the history of art, and its splendid bas-reliefs commemorative of miracles in the Saint's life fed our pilgrim's piety.

Already he felt all the better for his journey. Br. Hickey when in the train observed from the way in which he himself was stared at by a fellow-traveller that he must have been the subject of some sensational whisper. Fr. Burke had been conversing with this tourist, and actually passed off his Socius as a Chinese prince yclept Tszing Chin, and himself as his chaplain. It was afterwards admitted that the features of both presented some resemblance to the great race of Confucius.

It will be remembered that Fr. Tom had been a strong

[1] See vol. i. p. 149; ii. p. 126.

Inopportunist, but that when the Definition was once made he of course reverently accepted it. Some minor questions branched from the great point, and on these he fell into conversation in the train with a Frenchman of liberal views. That night, and for some days after, he was filled with painful qualms of conscience lest by the impulse of good breeding he should have seemed to agree with his fellow-traveller more cordially than strictness would have sanctioned.

The change of air already proved so useful to him that on arrival in Rome Fr. Burke looked the very picture of rude health. He joined the Community at dinner in the refectory, but being Friday he partook of a soup largely composed of oil, with other diet by no means suited to him. However he would not permit any relaxation to be made in his favour. The following day he was very sick and wholly unable to leave his bed.

Fr. Burke for many weeks could not appear to the episcopal and other visitors who called to greet him, and on the Socius devolved the task of receiving them. Mr. Davys, an old friend of the Prior's, obtained access to his cell. 'Fr. Mullooly,' Burke said, 'is trying to keep me alive, but in three months I shall be under the sod.' He survived seven years; but the respite only proved a prolonged martyrdom.

At last he was persuaded to venture out of doors; and more than once he said to his companion, when he recognised some clerical friends in the distance: 'Here are these fellows coming up expecting a joke, I mustn't disappoint them.' And while tears would stream down their cheeks with laughter, as in the well-known picture of *Une bonne histoire*, his own eyes would often fill from the intensity of hidden torture. During the evening at San Clemente, he sometimes revived, and would sing whilst Br. Hickey played an accompaniment on the piano. His favourite songs at this time were 'Tom Bowling,' 'My Mother bids me bind my

hair,' and Ben Jonson's 'Drink to me only with thine eyes.' But this he felt suggested an inhospitable sentiment.

The changes he observed in Rome failed to promote much beneficial change in his own health.

I remember Pius IX. (he said) surrounded by the acclamations and the admirations of the whole world. No praise was too great to be bestowed upon him. He was the theme of every popular writer, the idol of the people. The moment they beheld him the cry came forth: 'Viva, viva il salvatore della patria!' Long live the saviour of his people and of his country! To-day he must not show his face in the very streets of Rome; and in the halls of the deserted Vatican he hears the echoes of the shouts of those that cry, 'Blessed be the hand that shall be imbrued in thy blood, O Pius!'

But Burke's faith in the vitality of the Papal Power was strong, as the following anecdote shows.

When Pius VII. was imprisoned (he said) and Napoleon pursued his victorious career through Russia in his march on Moscow, there was a poor gardener in Ireland who worked for a Protestant gentleman. He was in the garden one morning when his employer said: 'Well, Pat, you'll have to give up the Pope at last. He is gone, and will never come back!' 'Do you tell me so?' said Pat. 'Oh! it's a fact; you'll never see a Pope in Rome again!' 'Well,' says the poor man, 'I can't believe that.' 'I will lay you a wager it's a fact,' said the master. Pat replied, 'I have no money, but I have a little pig, and if you lay a five-pound note against the pig, I'll wager that before the pig is fat enough to be killed the Pope will be back in Rome.' Napoleon fell—like the temple of Dagon when Samson pulled the pillars from under it—and Pius VII. came back to Rome. Then the poor man went to his master and received the five pounds. But when he took the money home to his wife, she said: 'Oh! you had no business to keep the dacent man's money. The bet wasn't a fair one. You knew beforehand how it would turn out.' So the man went back and restored the five pounds, saying to his master: 'It wasn't a fair bet. I was sure of the pig all the time.'

Some pressing letters made Fr. Burke snap the ties which bound him to Rome; and leaving Br. Hickey behind he returned to his hard work in Ireland.

When passing through Paris he went to hear Monsabré[1] preach from the very pulpit wherein Massillon had poured forth his soul in the days of the Bastille. Fr. Burke was not fortunate enough to hear him deliver at Notre Dame his wonderful conferences to men. Monsabré's discourse on this occasion seemed meant chiefly for women; and Burke as he wended his way home by the Seine felt more touched by the sermons which the dead with starting eyes silently preached from their platform in the Morgue.

A man who had by heart Thiers' History (i. 103), could not fail to derive deep interest from exploring Old Paris; but selfish gratification had never been in Fr. Tom's line, and within the next few days the cell at Tallaght held him.

His old friends the Sisters of Charity at Cork asked him to repeat a former kindness. He thus writes to the sister of the late Ouseley Higgins, M.P.:

Tallaght: July 21, 1876.

Dear Sr. Aloysius,—If I am able to do it I will preach for your poor children as you desire, but I must be a much stronger man than I am now. I am afraid to undertake anything, as it is a day up and a day down with me at present.

Yours faithfully,
THOS. BURKE, O.P.

All this time he never failed to derive happiness from spiritual contemplation—a difficult task for men moving

[1] As Monsabré's name often occurs in this book a few facts about him may be welcome. In 1870, after the fall of Fr. Hyacinthe, Monsabré was chosen as the Lenten preacher at Notre Dame. Lacordaire had previously pointed to him as the coming man. He had been a secular priest in the Diocese of Blois, but 'in 1855,' he writes in his honest brusque way, 'I became a Dominican to seek perfection and make sure of my salvation. I am not aware that I had any talent as a preacher when I was a simple *vicaire* at Vendôme. I owe all the eloquence I possess to St. Thomas, to our illustrious Order, and to Fr. Lacordaire.' The manner in which Monsabré is making sure of his salvation merits the attention of those who object to honest mirth in a priest. He is now Prior at Havre, and his Provincial thus describes him: 'His good example edifies us, and his merry laugh and innocent wit add to the happiness of our daily recreation and community life.'

briskly in the world. Music was at all times to him a joy, and he once said of Mozart's 'Magic Flute,' 'It flows on like a meditation.' By early adherence to his Rule he had trained his mind to thought; and at any moment he could drop wholly out of the world, and lean fondly on the breast of Christ. Traces of the happiness he tasted peep forth in his sermons. Thus, speaking of St. Ignatius he said: 'From long exercise and habit he went off into an ecstasy of prayer and contemplation.'

But the contemplative life, though one greatly urged upon him by his ghostly adviser, was indeed less suited to Fr. Burke than a life devoted to active works of charity. He found, too, that while complete abandonment to thought nourished his soul, it did not strengthen his nerve for contact with the world. At Cork, it will be remembered, he ascribed to previous retirement some difficulty he felt in opening a lecture. He made the same confession later. Lecturing at Liverpool in aid of All Souls' Schools, he said, 'It was so long since he had had the privilege to address so large an audience, that he now felt a certain sensation—he did not know what name to give it; he supposed he should not call it modesty, because he was an Irishman.' Fr. Burke added that he was 'encouraged to overcome a certain twinge of nervousness to which he was formerly a stranger, but which unfortunately he sometimes felt of late.'

So powerfully ascendent were the contemplations of St. Thomas that, as we learn from his biographer, Archbishop Vaughan, his body would rise from the ground. But the angelic doctor admits (2. 2. 181–2) that a person may merit more by resigning for a time the sweetness of contemplation in order to obey the call of God to the active life.

Fr. Burke, who not long before wrote that he 'ought never to have come out of his shell or cell, which is the proper place of a friar,' will now be found acting more in the spirit of the remark made by St. Thomas.

CHAPTER VII.

PERIPATETIC.

ABOUT this time Fr. Burke preached in Limerick. Here, as in Cork, he found a splendid new church of his Order. He was quite elated by all he saw in the historic city. In the Dominican refectory he gave full rein to his fun. Meeting the aged Augustinian Prior, Fr. Dore, he introduced himself as an Eastern traveller, and made the old man stare by a vivid description of his progress, tracing the source of the Nile in the Mountains of the Moon; and how when tired urging on his jaded camel he had cast himself down on the sickly grass to suck moisture from its blades. Fr. Dore opened his eyes wider when told that sometimes the travellers had been driven to eat the humps off their camels. The funniest part of the scene was when Fr. Tom Burke at last 'stood confessed.' The old Augustinian finally absolved him, but seemed almost tempted to give him as hard a penance as that just described by Fr. Tom.

This year Fr. Burke became so ill, that Dr. Stokes said 'Three years will be the extent of your life. Do all the good you can in that time.' He drank pints of cod-liver oil, buried the doctor who had presented him with his death-warrant, and at last died of a wholly different disease.

He yielded to the wishes of friends by making another visit to Lisdoonvarna this year, not from faith in its waters, but for change of air and scene. It is very accessible from Galway, where his chief attraction lay.

Fr. Burke was glad to meet a medical friend famous for his

powers of wit and song. An incident of the journey greatly amused Fr. Burke. At the hotel in Ennis, where a delay always takes place before the Lisdoonvarna car comes to the door, an Evangelical lady, holding a tract in her hand, made some remark in reference to their destination. 'May I ask, ma'am, if there are any priests here?' inquired the physician. 'Priests, sir,' she replied, 'the place is poisoned with priests!'

He put up at the 'Eagle.' Remembering the waiter's remark on a former occasion, he now drew aside his successor and confided to him that he suffered from a terrible affection in the head. Pledging him with great solemnity to inviolable secresy, Fr. Burke removed his skull-cap and pointed to a bald white spot in the midst of a luxuriant circle. The man started on being shown this reverse of an oasis, and fervently praying for its cure withdrew. Fr. Tom said that within ten minutes he heard groups of women in the balcony above him, discussing the sad state of his crown, and repeating the very words he had confidentially addressed to the waiter.

A namesake, the priest of Kildemo, was at this time engaged in chapel building, and he lost no time in waiting upon Fr. Burke o solicit the aid of a charity sermon. That Fr. Burke looked far from well is evident. 'The sermon need not be delivered for two months,' said the P.P. 'I might be at the bottom of the sea before then,' was Burke's reply. 'If so, you need not fear that the fishes would eat you.' 'Why?' 'Because you are so ugly.' Fr. Tom went into an adjoining room where a large party had assembled, telling the sarcasm as a right good joke, and using it as an introduction. He was always the first to give currency to any criticism made socially at his expense.

The *parochus*, or parish priest of Lisdoonvarna, was more successful. Father Burke preached for him on short notice a charity sermon in aid of the local chapel and presbytery, both recently built. Lisdoonvarna was then full of

visitors, and the collection proved a good one. The priest and his curate waited upon the preacher in the drawing-room of the hotel and tendered the expression of their grateful thanks. The curate's hat, brown and shrunken from long exposure to wind and rain, at once caught Fr. Tom's eye, and he pleasantly suggested that the P.P. should purchase out of the proceeds something better for his coadjutor than 'the October hat' that he twirled nervously in his hand. The hint was taken, and one worthy of the chaplain in 'Shemus O'Brien' graced his head next day. 'Why did you call it an October hat?' was eagerly asked. 'Because it was falling in the leaf, and bore tints of autumnal variety.'

The Rev. J. M. Cahill, one of the heads of the Franciscan body, hearing that Fr. Burke was at Lisdoonvarna, started for the Spa, accompanied by Fr. Isidoro Fossati, who is described as 'Consulter of the Propaganda and of the Holy Office of the Inquisition, and Delegate-General for Eastern affairs.' But the Land of the West engrossed his attention too, Fr. Fossati having been thrice elected Commissary-General of the Irish province. He was a man of great obesity, which made him look still more important. Fr. Burke had known this personage well in Rome, where he literally filled the chair of theology at St. Isidore's. Their sole object in now visiting Lisdoonvarna was to obtain a promise from the great Dominican to preach on the opening of the new Franciscan Novitiate at Ennis. Fr. Fossati and his friend remembered Burke's fine oration on Sr. Bonaventure as *Bona ventura.* Fr. Burke, though on his holiday, at once consented. It was the height of the season; the *table d'hôte* was crowded, and Fr. Tom with his two visitors modestly took their seats at a small table reserved for themselves. When a Dominican dines from home, it is desirable that a Bishop should, if possible, be present; and Fr. Burke felt that on this occasion he spoke in presence of the *Ordinary.* At once his stories began; the usual buzz of the *table d'hôte* became hushed to hear them,

and Fr. Cahill states that ere the *menu* had been half got through, the entire company stood up from the dinner table and thronged round the small one to hear Fr. Burke.

The Franciscans could remain only two days, and Fr. Burke wished to show them the cliffs of Moher before they left. Next day the chief police magistrate of Dublin, Mr. J. W. O'Donnell, accompanied them on that trip. Mr. O'Donnell tells us that the stories of Italian life were exhaustless; but what interested him most was Fr. Burke's graphic account of the administration of justice in America. A few words in Italian from Fr. Burke at once set the 'General' off in roars, and owing to his full habit he threatened to go off in apoplexy too; and it is at least certain that, though the junior, he predeceased the man whom he playfully said would be the death of him. Indeed, so sudden was the final summons, that Fr. Fossati had been engaged in his ordinary avocations within an hour before it came. It was no trouble to Fr. Burke to become grave in a moment, for too often his mirth was merely assumed. They had now reached the battlements overhanging the highest part of the precipice under which the Atlantic waves break with tremendous force against the rocks, sending forth myriad showers of spray: and as the whole line of the iron-bound coast from Loop Head to the farthest point of Galway Bay unfolded itself to view, Fr. Burke broke forth in reflections of surpassing eloquence on the stupendous work of God's Hand. From the Deity he rapidly passed to Horace, charming them by the appositeness of his quotations from the great Epicurean.[1]

Fr. Cahill describes a somewhat new feature in Fr. Burke's performances. Reference having been made to the eloquence

[1] Probably one of the quotations was from the third Ode of Horace, where, when inveighing against the impiety of mankind, he mentioned 'the rolling monsters of the deep, the tempestuous swelling of the sea, and the terrible rocks of Acroceraunia.' Another Ode—the twenty-seventh—speaks of 'the roaring of the blackened sea and the shore trembling with its lash;' but, viewing this passage with the context, we hardly think that Fr. Burke can have quoted it.

of his language in the pulpit, Fr. Burke undertook to deliver then and there, an impressive, and indeed sensational, sermon without uttering one word. His face—expressive of suitable emotions—revealed the most marvellous movement of his eyes—at one moment darkened by furrowed lines, it seemed to light up with almost seraphic beauty the next. His imposing attitudes and action, though personally reproduced for us by our informant, defy description. One unspoken sentiment was strengthened by pointing tragically down. This sort of pantomime he had read of in Rome, and how, during the reigns of Augustus and Tiberius, the people were moved to tears by it, and conceived so strong a passion for it, that laws had at last to be passed in order to restrain the senators from studying the pantomimic art.

The week that Fr. Burke passed at Lisdoonvarna was further enlivened by the presence of Lord Fitzgerald, Judge Warren, Dr. Nedley, the late Morgan D'Arcy, Mr. Piers White, Q.C., Captain De Burgh, and many others.

Although holding letter-writing in lively hatred, Fr. Burke was so filled with the charities of life, that to oblige he cheerfully undertook to act as an amanuensis. Mr. P. A. Smyth, a solicitor in large practice, happened to be at Lisdoonvarna for his holiday, and Fr. Burke good-naturedly wrote many letters for him, remarking that he had already served a good apprenticeship at the Propaganda. Mr. Smyth believes to this day that Fr. Burke had filled the office of secretary to the Propaganda; but it has been seen that his relations with Cardinal Barnabo were quite unofficial. Mr. P. Anna Smyth being a good musician, his presence was very welcome to Fr. Burke, who playfully styled him *Piano* Smyth. This gentleman had just joined the Franciscans by becoming a Tertiary, and Fr. Tom blew into his face a little chaff. He told him how in the fourteenth century the Franciscan Order of Mendicant Friars was divided into two parties and finally into two bodies, one of which mitigated

the ascetic injunctions of their founder; the latter adopted long and loose garments with peculiar hoods; the former adhered to the short coarse dress which they affirmed had been prescribed by Francis himself. Later on a third branch, known as the Capuchins, appeared. When a Franciscan succeeded to the tiara as Sixtus V. great joy filled the Order, and an artist was required by the Court of Rome to paint a grand picture of the mendicant Saint. The Prior of the Relaxed Rule, duly robed and corded, waited on the painter requesting him to pourtray St. Francis in a garb similar to the one he himself wore, and pressed into his hand a purse. Unknown to each other on subsequent days the heads of the other branches visited the artist, all conferring on him some special *douceur*. Sorely was the painter puzzled how to dress St. Francis without wounding feelings which he was bound to esteem. 'The palm oil had mixed most untowardly with the artist's colours. At last he depicted him in bed with the distinctive habits of all three hanging in his cell.' Where Fr. Burke got these stories surprised the most deeply read explorers of the bye-ways of history.

At breakfast and dinner Fr. Burke continued the life of the 'Inn.' One anecdote that he told must not be omitted. Once, during his trip to America, he was followed into what he hoped would have proved a private portion of the railway car, by a strange-looking man with dishevelled hair. This fellow began to talk controversy with him, stoutly denying the existence of the Devil. Fr. Burke soon found that all attempts at argument were thrown away. At last the other asked, 'Where does your Almighty locate his devil?' Fr. Burke put on his most awful face and said as he pointed, 'There, on your shoulder.' The man was so scared at his look and voice that with one bound he reached the other end of the carriage. To his angry expostulation Fr. Burke answered, 'You need not have moved.[1] *He* jumped too.'

[1] Every man, says an Eastern legend, has two angels; one upon his right shoulder; the other, a dark angel, on his left.

Certain visitors having heard that Fr. Burke was a good guide to the cliffs, persuaded him to join them; and amongst others, Mr. Hart, to whose retentive memory we owe some portion of these details.

The long waggonette bore a large 'crew' of clerics, as well as several ladies. On the box sat a kindred spirit, between whom and Burke a pleasant badinage went on. When all had arrived at the cliffs, nearly two thousand feet high, Fr. Burke, as he drank down the bracing sea-air and basked in the sunshine, felt as though he might live a hundred years. Suddenly the sky darkened and the sublimity of the scene derived additional grandeur from deafening peals of thunder which broke directly over them. Among the ladies a scare at once began, followed by a stampede. All were glad to crowd into a cattle-shed on the wooden roof of which heavy rain battered, while broadsides of hail almost threatened to sweep it into the Atlantic below. As each thunderbolt burst over Moher terror marked the ladies for its own. A funny man present sought to divert their attention by jokes. A call for Zozimus having been given, he undertook to personate him, and borrowed Fr. Tom's hat to enhance the resemblance to the beggar. Fr. Burke then volunteered to supply his version, of which some idea has been given in an earlier chapter.[1] Each clap of thunder gradually blended into the clap of applause which every new point evoked. Vivid flashes without alternated with 'wit's electric flame' within. Fr. Burke then gave imitations of all the great preachers, ending with Cardinal Manning: the change from the broad brogue of Galway to the finished accent of Oxford was very striking. Song and story followed. Two hours which otherwise would have been wretchedness passed too swiftly.

To the recollections of Mr. Hart may be added that of a

[1] The very name of Zozimus had special attraction for Fr. Burke: in San Clemente—over which he had presided as Prior, Zozimus pronounced judgment against Celestius, who had fallen into heresy.

lady who states that among the performances was a scene between Hamlet and Ophelia: Fr. Burke with most comical effect taking the part of the beautiful heroine.

Fr. Burke was very much of opinion with Max Adeler that 'laughter is an enemy to malice, a foe to scandal, and a friend to every virtue. It promotes good temper, enlivens the heart, and brightens the intellect.'

A travelled trader told stories so marvellous, that Fr. Burke took means to show him that, although he might have made a fortune in wool, he had failed in the yarn trade! 'I was once passing the Apennines,' said Fr. Burke, 'when I found myself suddenly engulfed to the chin in snow—there I lay waiting in darkness for the Angel of Death; but in great dread of wolves. I shuddered on at last feeling their noses sniff my features. Happily they proved to be the dogs of St. Bernard. One bore a brandy flask round his neck—presently a basket of sandwiches was thrust by another dog into my face—accompanied by a copy of "St. Liguori's Preparation for Death." Finally, the good dogs put their tails under me and bore me to the Hospice!' All admitted that the man of wool was worsted! To the same class of story belongs Fr. Burke's assurance to a man who boasted of his powers of perception and memory. 'They are nothing to mine. As I lay in my cradle, aged three months, I observed my mother place 6½*d.* on the mantelpiece. Presently the cook entered and pocketed the odd halfpenny. "Ho, ho! my lady," I mentally muttered, "when I come to years of discretion, maybe I sha'n't fail to peach."' Underlying his funniest stories lurked some latent moral. Few saw that one point aimed at in the first was to show that the long received accounts of dogs sent out to rescue sufferers in the snow—the subject of some of our best pictures—are pure fable.

One day Fr. Burke's voice and face were missed, and it was thought that he must have joined an excursion to Black Head. But a long report in the newspapers revealed

that he had been to preach at Galway. Lisdoonvarna feared that it would know him no more; but one of his friends was agreeably surprised to meet the car from Ballyvaughan bearing back Fr. Burke. "The nuns have nearly been the death of me,' he said, and certainly his face seemed to show it.

Instead of returning to the 'Eagle,' he now put up at Reddy's Hotel. His reason may have been that here the guests were exclusively clerical. But those who knew Fr. Burke will have little doubt that a craving for change of audience influenced him. The evening before he left the 'Eagle,' he gathered into one room all the male visitors in the hotel, and locking the door, blew off—his own phrase—all the steam in the boiler of his brain.

An exquisite to whom he had been introduced described his mother as so delicate that she was obliged to live on chicken jelly and champagne. '*I* have an old mother who lives on snuff and aspirations,' said Fr. Burke.

Meanwhile his respites from pain were few. The men who had the privilege of seeing his inner life at Tallaght knew that his constant prayer was in the spirit of the martyred Ignatius, 'May I be as grain to be ground into bread for Christ!' Too often the mask of Zany hid the spiritualised face of an 'Ecce Homo!'

Once when in a mood of most exuberant mirth, he said to Mrs. Grehan with a sigh, 'Ah! this great flow of spirits always comes on before a bad attack of pain'—and so it proved. Another time he said, 'I have been three days without pain, I don't know myself or feel right at all without it. I think I must pray for a little.'

The visit to Dublin in September, 1876, of Cardinal Franchi, Prefect of Propaganda, was an incident to be remembered. His Napoleonic cast of countenance, his dignity and grace, his dark eyes, keen but benign glance, and commanding stature, would in themselves arrest attention,

irrespective of the mitre sparkling with gems, and the white and gold cope which on the day Burke preached before him covered the Roman purple. Many Bishops were present and his Eminence intoned the music in a style that charmed our Dominican. Fr. Burke's appearance is vividly before us, modestly emerging from a side door after the delivery of his sermon and carrying the old black bag which contained his habit. A deafening cheer was immediately raised, enormous crowds who had waited for him to come out now pressed forward, as if anxious to get his blessing, to grasp his hand or to kiss the hem of his garment. Fr. Burke jumped upon a car which luckily chanced to be on the spot, and thus escaped a popular ovation.

The almost superstitious veneration with which he was often regarded at this time is now shown. A pious old woman lived near Maynooth; but becoming bedridden, the parochial clergy frequently attended her with the Holy Communion. One day she said to the priest, 'You see those two pictures yonder?' pointing to one of St. John the Baptist, the other of Fr. Burke—Fr. Tom's was closer to the bed and seemingly in greater favour—'dear Fr. Burke, I often pray to him and I hope he hears me.' Fr. Tom was not then a disembodied spirit, and the priest had some trouble in removing her delusion.

Cardinal Cullen assembled prelates and priests to meet Cardinal Franchi at dinner. It was customary with the former, as soon as grace had been said, to call upon Fr. Tom for a story. On this occasion Burke began mimicking the pulpit-oratory of the most illustrious of English converts. Dr. Conroy, Bishop of Ardagh, formerly a man of brilliant social gifts, and who had often been amused by Fr. Tom, now gave a prompt hint to his neighbour to check the fun by assuming an air of solemnity. The hint ran round in a moment; all the company co-operated in gloom, and the mimicry was brought to an abrupt close. That Dr. Conroy miscalculated

the effect it would produce on Cardinal Franchi will be clear from the sequel. He was himself in the running for a cardinal's hat, and trifles might imperil his chances. Dr. Conroy immediately after was appointed Apostolic Delegate to Canada and Newfoundland; and his premature death proved a blow to the Irish Church. His last words as he fell dead were, 'My God, I offer to you the sacrifice of my life.'

Commendatore MacSwiney invited Fr. Burke to meet Cardinals Franchi and Cullen at dinner. In the drawing-room during tea-time Fr. Burke gave his fun full rein. Cardinal Franchi, who had now come to understand him thoroughly, screamed with laughter; priest and prelate shared the paroxysm. 'What is that you're doing with the handkerchief?' exclaimed Cardinal Cullen, gliding over to the merry group, and evidently recognising a trick which he had seen before. Some minutes previously Burke had twisted his white handkerchief round two fingers and a thumb of his right hand, forming a preacher with expressive action, the whole surmounted by a miniature mitre, while Cardinal Cullen's voice and bows were given to perfection.[1] Cardinal Franchi declared that he was weak from laughing. Jokes fell from every side, which Fr. Burke enriched in the process of interpretation to Cardinal Franchi. At last Cardinal Cullen reminded the Prefect of Propaganda that he must not forget he was to start next morning at seven, and quietly appealed to Burke to postpone his performance, lest he who had two thousand bishops under him should be late for his appointments.

Fr. Burke made a good speech that evening when returning thanks on behalf of the Religious Orders whose health the Commendatore had proposed. It was hyperbolically stated at the time that when Cardinal Franchi and Fr. Burke met they lived in cloudland.

[1] The fact that Fr. Burke had previously mimicked Cardinal Cullen does not seem sufficient reason for excluding these scenes. The Dominican's friends were mostly clerics: if he had had more varied sitters there would have been less sameness in the result.

'Rose, tell the plumber not to smoke in the house!' Cardinal Cullen called out at the head of the stairs, addressing his servant on the first day that he found the fumes of tobacco-smoke where incense should ascend. He had no idea that the delinquent was his illustrious visitor from Rome.

It belongs perhaps to this page to add that, after a function at Holy Cross College, when Cardinal Franchi attended to receive from the Primate an address in Latin, Burke mimicked Cardinal Cullen in his own presence, but no longer as a puppet. He represented him in as full a dramatic style as ever Kean did Richelieu, even to the constant moving up and down by his right hand of an imaginary episcopal ring on his left.[1] This was a habit with Cardinal Cullen whenever he addressed audiences. The same imitation, assisted by the *cappello*, or Cardinal's cap, falling to one side, with an undesignedly piquant air, was performed on subsequent occasions.

Some critics condemned Fr. Burke for all this, but we are bound to repeat that no man more enjoyed drawing out his exhaustless humour than Cardinal Cullen when he had him to himself within the hallowed walls of 55 Eccles Street. He liked to see his own mannerisms reflected, and the Palace made in every sense 'the Palace of Truth.'

The freedom which Fr. Burke finally felt himself privileged to take with Cardinal Cullen contrasted strikingly with the reserve and awe that many priests manifested in the presence of the Apostolic Delegate. More than once he has mimicked the Cardinal for them, affecting to be unconscious that he was behind him, and then on discovering his

[1] Archbishop MacHale arrived for dinner on the same occasion. The students had nearly got into trouble by making the strange demonstration in his favour of attempting to carry him up the steps of the College. Some regarded this as a snub to Cardinal Cullen, both having disagreed on most questions; but it was pleasantly said that like an angel with one wing and an angel with two, there was merely 'the difference of a pinion between them.' There seemed to be a cordial reconciliation between the two Archbishops on this day.

proximity would counterfeit motions of painful embarrassment.

Another continental prelate, who spent some days with Cardinal Cullen, is said to have been chaffed by Fr. Burke; but this story, unlike the others, we have not been quite able to confirm. It however comes from Ardagh, and is said to have been first told by Bishop Conroy. 'Is it coffee you drink for breakfast in this country?' asked the Bishop. 'We call our breakfast beverage "punch,"' replied his instructor. Next morning the Cardinal, on asking his guest what he would like for breakfast, was shocked to receive for reply the monosyllable 'poonch.'

Fr. Burke preached a course of Christmas Novena Sermons at St. Saviour's, Dublin, in 1876. One on the 'Attributes of God' faithfully delineates the subject, and contains much that affords profitable food for thought. But, perhaps, the finest was on 'God the Father.' An eloquent and forcible argument on the mercy of God, it will be eagerly read by those who have strayed from their Father's house, and who, weary of worldly ingratitude, seek the consolation of repentance. This discourse has been reprinted by Mr. Kennedy, of New York.

It was about this time that John Mitchel, at the Tipperary election, polled 3,146 against Stephen Moore, Conservative, who got only 746 votes; but Mitchel's election was pronounced void in consequence of his antecedents, and Mr. Moore was declared duly elected. Mitchel, in the flush of victory, was entertained by Sir William and Lady Wilde; and Fr. Burke, who had known him in America, gladly joined the party, and was the only Catholic present. 'Speranza' had heard Fr. Burke deliver his oration on O'Connell, and retained an impression not easily effaced.

Fr. Burke was a perfectly trained orator (writes Lady Wilde), the modulations of his voice infinitely beautiful, and his gestures, aided by the picturesque white Dominican robe, were grand and stately.

I remember a very interesting dinner at our house in Merrion Square. Fr. Tom Burke came to meet the celebrated John Mitchel after his return from America, who had just then been elected for Parliament, and who so soon after was fated to end his sad, brilliant life of genius, passion, and suffering. His lovely daughter was with him. She was born when he was a prisoner, and he called her 'Isabel of the fetters.' I said she was 'the angel of the captivity'—but this lovely creature died about a year after her father.

John Martin and his clever wife were also at the dinner. It is impossible to describe adequately the immense and sparkling wit of Fr. Burke. Above all he had the most singular dramatic power, and in telling a story he imitated every accent and every class of life.

The various characters whom he met, as fellow-passengers in the 'railway car,' afforded him a good opportunity for the display of this power. Above all his imitations of the English high-class 'swell,' and the English style of oratory, were most amusing.

I never met anyone with such inexhaustible humour, and at the same time with more keen and vigorous power of argument. The moment the discourse became serious you felt the grand influence of a master mind, and he quite awed the listeners with the grave, melodious toll of his strong, eloquent phrases.

After this I went to hear him preach, and he quite realised all we have heard and read of Savonarola.[1]

Fr. Burke's performance of 'the high-class swell' he often

[1] Letter of Lady Wilde, Park Street, Grosvenor Square, June 27, 1884.

Of Savonarola Fr. Burke observes: 'When the prosperous state and city of Florence enjoyed large liberties there arose a man, ambitious and powerful, who destroyed the Republic, made himself Grand Duke, and curtailed the freedom of the people. When that man lay dying he sent for a Dominican Friar, who wore a habit like that which I have on to-night. He went to the side of Lorenzo de' Medici. Said the dying man, "What am I to do to gain admission to heaven?" Savonarola replied, "You must restore all the lands you took unjustly; you must make compensation to the widows and orphans made so by your unjust laws." "Is that enough?" asked the Duke. "No," said the Friar, "it is not enough; you must give back to Florence the liberties of which you have robbed her."'—*Lecture on Civil and Religious Liberty at Hartford, Connecticut.*

Savonarola does not seem to be in the odour of sanctity with some Dominicans, but Lacordaire at least pays fervid homage to his memory. He speaks of 'Jerome Savonarola, whom an ungrateful people vainly burnt alive, since his virtue and his glory have risen higher than the flames of his funeral pile.'—Père CHOCARNE'S *Inner Life of Lacordaire*, p. 199.

gave for the amusement of his brethren, and thus the day with Sothern produced good fruit.

Did any of you ever hear of Lord Dundreary? (he asks, addressing the Young Men's Association, Brooklyn, on December 15, 1872). All he knows how to do is to curl his hair and pull out his whiskers. And yet, my friends, he gets on remarkably well, for a fool, because he happens to be a lord. Now in America Lord Dundreary would go to the wall and starve, and some keen, hard-headed Irish boy would come to the front and Lord Dundreary would be nowhere. The first demand, therefore, America makes upon her citizens is intellect. Bring to whatever state of life—whatever occupation you have chosen for yourselves—ripeness of intellect, a ready apprehension, combined with the strictest honesty, and you have the main elements of success in this mighty nation that recognises only the aristocracy of genius and virtue.

Again, speaking of the aristocracy of intellect as distinguished from 'swelldom,' he said at Boston:

I have often gone into the House of Lords, and I found them there making an exhibition 'of themselves,' 'begging—a—to inform —a—to state—a—!' and looking into their hats as if they carried their brains in them.

The pleasure with which one reads of such bright hours as those described by Lady Wilde, will be marred on hearing that Fr. Burke was but rarely permitted to enjoy them. By the strict rule of St. Dominic no member of the Order is allowed to dine with laics unless under circumstances so special that the Superior on being made acquainted with them may relax it for that occasion. But it sometimes happened that Fr. Burke from press of business or other causes neglected to ask leave, and was admonished accordingly—to quote the words of his Superior when kindly answering our questions.

The Superior to whom we refer—and who is long since out of office—was one of the few cases in which a Dominican is found filling at the same time the triple *rôle* of Provincial,

Prior, and Master of Novices. He was, besides, the Confessor of Fr. Burke. This priest—a man of extreme holiness, ruled him with austerity; and Fr. Burke has repeatedly said so in converse with his friends.

He told an English Dominican visitor to Tallaght in 1877, that though very far from strong, he was required by this Superior to rise for Matins like the rest; but we are bound to say that Fr. Burke, unless on some few occasions, was always the first to lead the van of fathers who often before dawn sing the divine office. As, however, an impression exists that the Superior ruled him with great strictness, it seems only right to record some words that dropped from Fr. Burke at a later date. Once when people thought that his Superior was over-strict in making Fr. Burke return to Tallaght after preaching in Dublin, he called him 'the Angel of the Province,' adding, 'One thing only have I asked my Superiors—that they bind me fast with bit and bridle. Do you think if poor —— (naming a notorious case) had been treated in that way, he would ever have fallen?'[1]

Another person who possessed a good deal of his confidence was Mrs. MacDonnell of Oldbawn, near Tallaght. To this lady he said, 'I feel when leaving that man that I am going away from God.'

Fr. Burke had been already 'lector,' but it was not until 1876 that he received his degree of Master of Theology. This title was *honoris causa*, and no Doctor's ring, as in the case of Thomas Aquinas, was put on his finger to imply that

[1] The rule of St. Dominic is full of a holy liberty, but it can be tightened in a moment by the men who govern. It is now generally understood that a father may dine out if he be engaged professionally at a distance of three miles from his convent. A Prior has no privilege beyond any other member of the Community. If it seem desirable that he should accept an invitation to dinner, he must ask leave from the Provincial. As we desire to be very accurate, it should, perhaps, be added that a Dominican if more than three miles from a convent of his Order is free to dine with laics and secular priests; but the presence of a Bishop at table dispenses from the ordinary rule against dining out, even with laics, and it is never necessary to ask leave to dine in the convents of other religious Orders of men.

he had been espoused to wisdom as his bride. According to the Dominican rule, to obtain the degree *jure meritoque*, he would have had to teach theology for fourteen years, and then pass an examination *in universa re theologica*.

If Fr. Burke did not like to seethe in a tropical see, it was assumed that he could not well object to freeze in Canada.

Cardinal Cullen, who had a great admiration for Burke (observes Fr. Lilly, Provincial of the American Dominicans), went to him one day and offered to do his best to get him appointed Bishop to one of the Canadian sees. Deep sorrow overspread Burke's face as he heard him. 'Your Eminence,' he said sadly, 'I don't know how I can have offended you that you should seek to humiliate me in this fashion. You would like me to go to Canada—to that wild, barbarous region, where I'll surely be frozen or starved to death before six months are over my head. Oh, your Eminence, think better of it and let me off this time.' The offer was not repeated. Burke was not suited for such a post. He was a man born with a splendid gift of oratory, and thoroughly adapted for the wandering life of a missionary. He coveted no earthly distinctions, being one of the humblest and most childlike of men.

The mitre at best would have conferred on him little increased rank, for St. Thomas holds, unlike most theologians, that the Episcopate is not an additional order, but merely the completion and extension of the Priesthood.

The Bishopric referred to by Dr. Lilly was that of Kingston, vacant by the death in February, 1875, of Dr. Horan. It is suffragan to the Archbishopric of Toronto; and Cardinal Cullen, in offering Kingston to Fr. Burke, was merely carrying out the wishes of the Metropolitan. The prelate in question was Dr. Lynch, who at last addressed a letter direct to Fr. Burke, urging him to 'come out at once,' and explaining all the good he would be sure to do for God and Holy Church in Canada.

About this time Fr. Burke was allowed to accept the invitation to dinner of a Catholic peer and neighbour. The

restraint which the presence of rank sometimes exercised fled before his genial host. With the co-operation of a kindred spirit who could produce a feminine voice worthy of Titiens, they gave a scene—sung in bog-Italian—from Donizetti's 'Linda'—Fr. Burke taking the part of the heavy father. Subsequently he played Amina in 'La Sonnambula' amid screams of laughter. This was followed by a prairie actor performing 'Hamlet,' without the aid of a *corps dramatique*, but supported by an orchestra: 'Hamlet, Prince of Denmark —Fr. Tom Burke.' The dying scene was specially touching. Between each gasp and paroxysm, a fictitious fiddle interposed its pensive tones, and quivered and groaned in suggestive agony. On another evening Fr. Burke and a friend personated the Christy Minstrels, introducing quaint dialogue, conundrum, and falsetto song. Those who met Fr. Burke on the occasion when Mgr. Capel and himself were entertained by Lord O'Hagan at *déjeuner*, will remember the irresistible humour of his acted anecdotes. It was a great study to observe the demeanour of both those eminent preachers, than whom no two men could be in characteristics more unlike. But that Mgr. Capel highly appreciated Burke is clear from the fact that at Steinway Hall, New York, in January, 1885, he made the Irish friar the subject of a most laudatory lecture.

Leave to dine out was also given whenever Judge O'Brien summoned Fr. Burke to meet Chief Justice Monahan, against whose election for Galway, it will be remembered, Fr. Tom made his first attempt in public speaking. But the tomahawk was now buried in favour of the shuttlecock of badinage.

There was another house wherein the latter always flew.

Being in the neighbouring county on business (he tells John Brady) I promised Fr. —— to dine with him. He is the brightest of hosts. Other pleasant men were there. Wit flashed and flowed, but, unluckily for me, they sat down to loo, and when it was time to go to bed I had lost 5*l.*—most of it borrowed money. When

the guests had departed and all was quiet, I began to realise the error I had committed. A poor friar—differently situated from others—is bound by his rules. Everybody knows that my friend is a winning host, but on this occasion he won in a new sense. The thought crushed home to me that I must not lie down to sleep or say Mass next morning after having lost five pounds at cards. Half undressed I went upstairs and knocked at my host's door. He was still up, but his coat was off. I asked him to hear my confession. He did so, and told me not to lose 5*l.* again. Coming away I saw my gold on the table, and I felt sorely tempted to make a grab at it.[1]

Fr. Burke gratefully remembered the kind attention of Mrs. Murphy of Norwood, Cork, who had sent her carriage to meet him on his arrival from America. The death of this esteemed lady occurred soon after, and Fr. Burke made a special journey to Cork to attend her obsequies. Returning from the funeral with Mr. Denny Lane, he had some talk on Davis and Moore, introducing many a stroke of wit in the spirit of Byron's well-known distich.

Fr. Burke's recent pilgrimage to the tomb of St. Dominic sent him home more strongly confirmed in devotion to the Rosary. On October 1, 1876, its feast was celebrated at St. Saviour's by an eloquent exposition. Speaking of the three great faculties of mind, heart, and will, with which God has endowed man—intelligence, love, and freedom of action—Fr. Burke showed that in fervent prayer lies the highest exercise of those three attributes of man's intellectual and moral nature, and that without it the subtlest powers of a sceptical philosophy will not keep him from stumbling at the lightest temptation. This led him to describe the Rosary as a form of prayer, specially exhibiting God's mercy and love to man, since it was miraculously communicated to St. Dominic in

[1] It is due to this genial priest to say that he has hardly ever been known to produce cards at his house; but on the occasion referred to he was in the hands of his guests, whose will was a law, and loo often takes an unexpected turn. One of the company confirms the account, and adds hat Judge Keogh and Baron Hughes led the game.

the height of the Albigensian heresy. He then described how this Saint, journeying from Spain into France, saw the bloodshed and misery surrounding his path, and how in response to his prayer the form of a beautiful woman appeared to him, holding in her hand the chaplet of beads that was destined to crush the Albigensians better even than the power of De Montfort's warriors—a sword more powerful than the sword of steel, an Ægis stouter than shields of triple brass—the sword of the Spirit of God.

A lively remembrance of the stones which assailed the special train for the North, after Fr. Burke's sermon at Armagh, did not prevent him accepting the invitation of Fr. Macauley to preach at the Dedication by Bishop Dorrian (Oct. 8, 1876) of his new church at Kircubbin. A special train brought many citizens from Belfast, and one posted the whole way. Fr. Burke spoke for one hour, and the collection touched 1,000*l.* The Rev. John Kelly, of the diocese of Cashel, attended at this time a lecture on the 'Virtues and Advantages of Temperance,' delivered by Fr. Burke in Belfast, and he assures us that so touching were parts of it that he saw tears course down the cheeks of the cold northerners.

He was essentially an Irishman (says Denny Lane)—Irish as intensely, as purely, as the native music he loved so much. The same variety, the same plasticity marked his character. At one time joyous, wild, and buoyant as an Irish jig; at another, grave and measured as the tread of men marching to battle; at another, instinct with that tender melancholy which has sprung from the sad history of our Fatherland, which is so typical of our finest music, and often is interwoven as a sombre thread into the sparkling texture of our most brilliant strains. And I think he felt this analogy himself, for I never heard anything even from his lips more beautiful than his recitation of that poem in which Moore has married to immortal verse one of our most touching airs in praise of native music. I had often read the poem with admiration, and often heard it sung by not unworthy voices, but never did I hear the full proportion of its beauty, until I heard it read by Fr. Burke with a rhythm that was beyond all poetry, and a cadence that was more than music.

This year Fr. Burke appears in the *rôle* of a commentator. Prefixed to a sound translation of the 'gold and alloy' of his friend Père Monsabré is a capital introduction from the pen of Fr. Burke.

That love of little children, of which many traits have been already given, made him embrace the more warmly an invitation to preach (Oct. 29, 1876) in aid of St. Bridget's Orphanage. He reminded his hearers that the orphaned spoke to them through him. He dilated on the helplessness of the fatherless child, or worse still the motherless infant, for whom the first fountain of life is dried up just when it ought to spring forth. The poor orphan child is the most weak and desolate of all beings upon earth, for whilst the inferior animals are born with some instincts of self-preservation—some little power which may be of itself, and naturally under favourable circumstances, developed for the preservation of life—the infant child, deprived of the parental care, can only send forth its wail of utter weakness and supplication.

During the same month, the claims of a still older charity —St. Saviour's Orphanage—were pleaded by Fr. Burke; and judging by the printed report, he must have spoken for more than one hour. He explained that two ideas filled the mind, determined the action, and inflamed the heart, of the Redeemer. The first was to save sinners by destroying sin, to wipe away the awful decree which the Father in His anger had written, that the son of man should never enter the kingdom of heaven. He described the sin of Adam sweeping over the world for four thousand terrible years, and how the first purpose of the Son of God was only to be accomplished by the shedding of blood; for without blood, says Paul, there is no remission.

His second purpose (continued Fr. Burke) was to build up on earth that kingdom of God of which He spoke so frequently and lovingly in the Gospel. Whenever He touched sinners individu-

ally they were very old. The world, indeed, was old in its sin. He made it young again in the higher order of Divine Grace ; but when He came to build up His kingdom, He turned to little children like those round the steps of His Altar here to-day. They came to Him with their truthful eyes, the simple, honest eyes of the child suspecting nothing, fearing nothing, scarcely hoping aught, and as they pressed forward His Apostles, not comprehending fully the second part of His great mission, repulsed these children. They would even drive them away to let Him speak to those who could understand Him—and weep for their sins—that they should not lose one precious moment of His presence for babes who in their innocence did not need Him. But He said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto Me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

A friend at Dalkey, observing from the newspapers that Fr. Burke was due in that locality on a certain day, asked him to dinner. Several guests were invited to meet the distinguished visitor, and among them a barrister, Mr. Martin Burke, who however could promise to arrive only in time for coffee. On hurrying to the dining-room he found that the guests had joined the ladies, and that the dining-room was now held by the children of the house, whose peals of joyous laughter, as they vainly tried to pull something from under the table, were enough to make one young again to hear. What was his amazement to find that the object of all this fun was no other than the great preacher by whose solemn eloquence he had been so often moved.

An engagement to preach in the ancient western see of Achonry gave Fr. Burke a good excuse to visit Galway and the roof-tree so justly dear to him. An appeal was made to him by the Ladies' Society of St. Vincent de Paul to preach in Galway for the great charity which they administered ; and, on discharging this task on November 12, he threw his whole heart into it. The Dublin newspapers sent down special reporters, and the result was overwhelming to their space. The poverty prevailing in the ancient city of the tribes never struck Fr. Burke more painfully than on this

visit; and he took care to remind 'the fashionables,' who we are told crowded to hear him, of the duty of reverently aiding God's poor, for 'they are the true arbiters of our destiny and hold the golden keys which shall unlock for us the gates of heaven.' Fr. Burke paid a graceful compliment to woman's nature. When Christ Himself went forth fainting unto death in the heavy way of the Cross, abandoned by His Apostles and Disciples, there was no voice found to console Him, no hand stretched out to comfort Him but the voice and hand of a woman. They were the daughters of Jerusalem that wept over Him, and in the midst of His own sorrows He turned to console them. It was Veronica who bravely knelt in the way, and held up the towel with which she wiped the sweat of death from His bruised face. The heart and hand of man had no better comfort to give than to thrust between His Dying Lips a sponge soaked with gall.

The Gospel of the day was the ninth chapter of Matthew, where the sick woman touched the hem of His garment, and received the assurance that her faith had made her whole. And it is impossible not to feel that in elaborating the picture with which the sermon opened Fr. Burke thought of his own case. He described the poor sufferer who for twelve years endured the daily agony of an internal disease, how only one hope remained—that which sprang out of a lively faith in His Divinity and Power. He described her creeping behind Him and noiselessly touching His Robe. 'That moment the thrill of health ran through her, the feelings to which her wasted frame and heart had long been strangers came back; she exulted with that joy which only sufferers can know—the joy of health restored!'

The Bishop of Achonry writing to the author says:

Fr. Burke preached in our Cathedral here on Sunday, November 19, 1876, in aid of the new Convent fund—Sisters of Charity. The collection amounted to 460*l.* Fr. Burke arrived on Saturday, November 18, and was my guest till Tuesday the 21st.

Again reporters were despatched from Dublin to that remote part of Connaught:

Ballaghadereen put on its best festival garb to bid the renowned Dominican a genuine western welcome. Four arches of flags and evergreens were twined across the streets, blazoned with 'Ced mile failte, Father Tom,' 'Happy homes and Altars free,' and 'We live for God and country.' Darkness and rain came down to hide and draggle the emblems before they could come into use. For hours troops of people stood dripping rain in waiting for his carriage. When at last it was signalled by a shout, the whole population poured into the streets with cheers, wild enough to be yells, of enthusiasm, and, with the Sligo brass band at their head, tramped out through torrents of rain to the episcopal residence at the Abbey, where a few fervent words of thanks from Fr. Burke were their sufficient recompense. Every window was illuminated, from ambitious devices to the single candle glimmering in the pane of the hovel; and with bonfires, fireworks, cheers, and rattling music, the market-place was to a late hour a furnace of enthusiasm. A few hours' sunshine on Sunday forenoon enabled an enormous congregation to get together from the three surrounding counties, and those were swelled by the freight of a special train from Sligo. The new Cathedral of St. Nathy—grand in its Gothic outlines and arches, and wanting only its towering spire to rise, a miracle of palatial beauty, from the surrounding poverty—was packed to overflow.

Fr. Burke, in this great sermon, after speaking of the consecrated virgins who illumined the cloisters of Ireland generation after generation, noticed the maternal womanhood that so reared, guarded, and preserved their sons, that neither the powers of earth nor hell had been able to separate them from Christ. He made distinct reference to his own early youth, and seems to allude to his mother and the class of which she was a type 'reared in the traditions of Erin's consecrated virginity.' 'The Bishop of Achonry,' he said, 'observing the spiritual wants of his flock, saw that if he would transfuse into the air the higher sanctity of Ancient Ireland, he must bring consecrated virgin hands and hearts into their midst.' He proceeded to show what their mission was, beginning with education.

The good Bishop showed Fr. Tom much kindness, and he tried to repay it with alternate jokes and prayers. Dr. MacCormack had been at once raised from the rank of a C.C. or Catholic curate to that of a prelate, which afforded Burke an opportunity of saying 'that his Lordship had given up two *secs* for one.'

Fr. Burke was in good spirits during his visit here (writes the Bishop of Achonry), and told us many of his best stories and said some of his best things. There was one very large, corpulent gentleman among the guests who had, and has, a keen sense of real humour. It is said that his ribs continued sore for several days after Fr. Burke's visit. It was inconvenient to his physique to laugh vigorously, and yet the flow and flood of mirth and wit quite overpowered him, and with the result I have said.

It was Fr. Tom's fate about this time to be the guest of a very grave and matter-of-fact Bishop. This solemn personage he once greatly shocked by pretending to clear his voice for a song before final grace was said.

His charity sermon on Nov. 26, in SS. Michael and John's, Dublin, for the schools founded in the last century by Dr. Beatagh, revealed the record of that remarkable life. Before commencing this fine discourse on the need and value of early education, he dryly remarked, 'If you believe the writers of former days, and many of the present day as well, I am come here to speak against my own convictions.' The church in which he spoke stood on the site of Smock Alley Theatre. No part of Dublin had been more demoralised in its surroundings, and he blessed the memory of the man who 'sowed with innocence the sin-stained ground.' Fr. Burke preached with such zeal and fulness that the report fills half a newspaper, and the collection promised to be greater than on any previous occasion. But towards the close he launched forth in bold denunciation of drink, disdaining to remember that nearly all parishioners of substance present were publicans:

Men assemble every night in these schools after their hard day's work, and so they are drawn from all the dangers and the evils

which night brings forth. They pass through the crowded streets; the emissaries of evil cross their path; the messenger from hell beckons to them. But they are bound on the high and holy mission of self-education, and they pass the temptress by. The temple of drunkenness flares and flames in their eyes, and those treacherous doors are ominously on the spring. The touch of a finger will open to the ante-chamber of hell, but true to their high mission, they turn aside from the most degrading of all that could demoralise man, and thus they are saved by these evening schools from the very dangers which surround their path. They go forth with so much human knowledge as puts them in the relation not only of an intellectual kind with their fellow-man but also in relation with the past, opens up to them the thresholds of the discoveries of knowledge, puts before them that technical, scientific knowledge which alone may be wanting to enable them to better their state in life and to advance in this world and make for themselves perhaps a name.

Regarding much of this language as a studied personality, the publicans present resented it by buttoning their pockets and stalking away. Throughout Ireland generally, the licensed vintners rose in protest. Mr. Laverty, from Belfast, writes:

Sir,—I am a publican. I am also a Catholic—I hope a practical one—and these words not only astonish but pain me deeply. My Bishop knows I am a publican, so also does my Confessor, and I hold that neither are discharging their duties in admitting me to the Sacraments if Fr. Burke be right in this description of the house I keep, and in which I am rearing my children and endeavouring to discharge the duties pertaining to my state in life. The greatness of the man, the solemnity of the occasion on which his words were uttered, and the immense publicity they are sure to attain, impel me to raise my humble voice in firm protest.

Fr. Burke made no reply, and is found a few days later in the pulpit of St. Andrew's, Dublin, 'pleading for fourteen hundred little children that cry aloud for education.' There never was a man who more thoroughly despised any attempt to cramp intellectual inquiry.

Dearly beloved (he said), if we would know what the true and highest life of man is, we must not exclude his animal life, it will assert itself; we must not deny to him any one feature of his intellectual life, no science must be debarred, no historical truth must be covered—they are there. No law of nature must be kept from him or from his investigations; let him see all, let him fathom all, let him understand all. This is my answer to those who assert that the Catholic Church has narrow and stunted ideas of education, that she is afraid of knowledge—afraid to open the volumes of the history of the whole world, and leave them there under the keenest scrutiny of human intelligence. No, the Catholic Church is not afraid—if she were afraid of any truth in the natural or historical order she would not be the Church of God.

And again:

The greatest of theologians, St. Thomas Aquinas, asks himself this question, 'What is wisdom?' and his answer is, 'Sapientia est scientia per causas altissimas'—Wisdom is knowledge springing from the highest causes. We must not exclude any form of earthly knowledge. The Church demands and seeks for it.

The year ended with a function in honour of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception—Cardinal Cullen presiding—and an oration from Fr. Burke, in which he showed, with great beauty of language, the sinlessness of Mary.

Among the books with which he had formerly found time to amuse himself were the pleasant stories of Theodore Hook. But there was another 'Parson's Daughter' who claimed his deepest interest. He thus writes to the convert girl in the old Devonshire Rectory:

Tallaght: December 29, '76.

My dear Miss Rowe,—Many thanks for your kind letter and beautiful card. I wish you in return all the blessings of this holy time. I constantly hear about you from Mrs. Seagrave, and I need not say how much I rejoice at your good health and fidelity to God's holy grace. I am I think getting really better at last. I had a good deal of preaching lately. May God bless you, my dear child!—Ever sincerely yours,

THOS. BURKE, O.P.

Again he had a bad relapse. A southern prelate having visited him at Tallaght, asked how he employed himself during the tedium of his illness. 'Why, I pray a little, I think a little, I read a little, I meditate a little, I smoke[1] a great deal, and sometimes I sing a comic song.'

A friend who visited Fr. Burke on one of his 'down-days,' found him lying on a hard pallet with his head seemingly so uncared-for and uncomfortable that the visitor asked if he would not like his head higher. 'I never kept my head very high in the world,' was the reply. 'But the room is too close, and your fire too hot,' proceeded the friendly adviser. 'Don't you see I am preparing for the other world?' he replied in the same dry vein. One joke led to another, and he became at last so elated that, though seeming some minutes before in the last stage of prostration, he sprang from his couch and walked half-way home with his visitor.

Among his stories of that time was one which greatly amused the friends to whom he told it. An Irishman, distinguished not less for high attainments than for impecuniousness, and who finally became a judge, was invited to dinner by another rising barrister also near the Bench, and whose interests could be advanced by his guest. The children of the house were admitted to the drawing-room; the guest extended his hand affably to one, who, instead of accepting it, retreated behind a curtain. The host and hostess, anxious to entertain their visitor, who was, in fact, Attorney-General, had made many polite speeches, and now begged to apologise for the *gaucherie* of their child. The guest plumed himself on being a favourite with children, and producing a bon-bon from his pocket, beckoned little Molly to his side. The child, taking the bait, was then asked, with a winning smile, why she had refused to shake hands. 'I heard papa telling mama,' she lisped, 'that you were always pulling the devil

[1] See p. 248.

by the tail.' Collapse best describes the feelings of all parties concerned.

The voices, faces, gestures of all, from the child to the elders, with further things not noted here, were strikingly reproduced in the recital.

Some persons have decried this sort of thing as puerile, but the grave Dr. Johnson does not seem to think so:

> To be a good mimic (he says) requires great powers, great acuteness of observation, great retention of what is observed, and great pliancy of organs to represent what is observed. Of Foote he said: His imitations are not like. He gives you something different from himself, but not the character which he means to assume. He goes out of himself without going into other people. He cannot take off any person unless he is strongly marked, such as George Faulkner. He is like a painter who can draw the portrait of a man who has a wen upon his face, and who therefore is easily known. If a man hops upon one leg, Foote can hop upon one leg; but he has not that nice discrimination which your friend seems to possess. Foote is, however, very entertaining.

The thinkers of every age appear to be of the same mind, not even excepting the cynical sage, Carlyle. Speaking of Lord Jeffrey, the judge and 'Edinburgh Reviewer,' Mr. Froude in his Life of Carlyle writes (ii. 125):

> How brilliant Jeffrey was, how he delighted them all with his anecdotes, his mockeries, and his mimicries, Carlyle has amply confessed.

Fr. Burke had ceased to be Prior of Tallaght in December, 1876; and was now sub-Prior. During the year 1877, though in failing health, he renewed the unceasing activity which had marked his career in America. It began in January at St. Vincent's Female Orphanage, Dublin, where, with Cardinal Cullen and Lord O'Hagan, he assisted at the annual examinations. In seconding the adoption of the report he said, alluding to the loss of Church property, that it was the peculiarity of God's action to be able to turn what appears to be evil into great good, and that one of the

results of the voluntary system was that it threw the clergy with all their work and all their charges on the people for support. If a single child were allowed to perish spiritually, it were better that this world and all the systems that surround it were hurled into destruction; that God, anticipating the day of His just anger, shrivelled up the universe like a charred scroll, and cast it as ashes into space. In brighter mood he went on to read aloud from the report. 'The food is wholesome and abundant.' 'Well, they had seen the children; they had the rosiest, plumpest, and happiest faces, thus furnishing *primâ facie* evidence of the fact.' He then alluded to their excellent answering. They had been asked questions which would be nuts to crack for most of the ladies and gentlemen present. He concluded by saying that the charity given to maintain an institution of this character would, like the bread cast upon the running waters, return to them again.

The phrase 'Forty Hours' Adoration' has become so frequent of late years that some explanation of it may be acceptable to general readers. This was supplied by Fr. Burke at one of these solemnities, which commenced on January 28, 1877, at Clonliffe. High Mass having been celebrated in presence of Cardinal Cullen, Fr. Burke in his sermon explained that the *Quarant' ore* took its rise in the sixteenth century, when sceptics began to deny the Real Presence. It offered reparation to our Lord for three classes—for the unbelievers it made atonement by faith; for the cold and negligent Catholics by hope; and for sacrilegious communicants by love. The Church of the Holy Cross, recalling in its structure one of the oldest basilicas of Rome, was built upon the spot where Irish forces had scattered the last attacks of Paganism on Christianity, and was symbolical of the golden link—a link of love between Rome and Ireland.

He had taken as his text, 'He shall purify the sons of Levi, and shall refine them as gold and silver, and they shall

offer sacrifice to the Lord of Justice;' and he concluded by applying those words to the students of the College.

Fr. Burke revered the memory of Dr. Doyle and loved the Augustinians for his sake and their own. A fund was being raised for the erection, in their handsome new church, of Stations of the Cross. On January 21, 1877, he preached at John Street—contrasting the creed of Catholics, who contemplate and sympathise in the sufferings of our Lord, with the religion of some other Christians, who rejoice in those sufferings from the gain to themselves. Suffering was the test of love, and the contemplation of the *Via Dolorosa* was the countersign and privilege of the elect.

Facing Hogan's fine statue of Dr. Doyle, at Carlow, with its arm upraised to heaven, Fr. Burke, in similar pose, preached at the Cathedral there, in aid of the charities guarded by the Presentation Nuns. The same Order had nestled, during penal times, in a back lane, known as George's Hill, Dublin. The good Sisters now applied their energies to building a new chapel in connection with the old foundation; and Fr. Burke made an appeal for them worthy of his fame. That day he dined at Braganza House, Carlow, and gave the Bishop a laughable account of how his vocation had been brought about by a beating he got when a boy.

In February 1877 a famous trial took place in Dublin, when the chaplain of a Protestant Cemetery brought an action against its Committee for wrongful dismissal. The chaplain had a reputation for buffoonery, which they deemed unseemly in one who had grave duties to discharge. The trial lasted many days. At last testimony was tendered to show the chaplain's consistent coquetry towards a married lady; and among other documents put in evidence were some absurd lines beginning,

> Oh, had I a lumpty-tum-tumpty-tum-too,
> In the land of the olive and fig;
> I'd sing on my lumpty-tum-tumpty to you,
> And play on a thingemy-jig.

The entire song was copied by the London Press, and became the subject of a week's laughter. On the day that it at first appeared, a dinner of a social and semi-private kind, attended by several Bishops, was given by the Lord Mayor of Dublin. This functionary was the same old Galway man who had been a guest at San Clemente, and Fr. Tom accepted his invitation with 'a heart and a half.' Fr. Burke was asked to sing. He whispered Mr. Farrell, R.H.A., who sat next him, 'I suppose a man must do something for his dinner,' and then in a louder tone informed the Lord Mayor that he had but one song. After repeated calls and with preliminary gestures indicative that something very sentimental was coming, he struck up to the air of 'I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls,' the full text of the chaplain's strain.

His sermon preached in Cork Cathedral, February 4, 1877, for St. Mary Magdalene's Asylum, under the care of the Sisters of Charity, produced good fruit.

I have (he said) come a long distance to speak to you, children of the Church of God—to speak under the sanction and blessing of the prelate whom years of association have only taught you to esteem and love more every day in which you know him better.

Adverting to the fallen angel who not only relinquished the light by the Divine punishment, but abjured that light by his own perversity and will, he proceeded :

When this arch-enemy of men sought the utter destruction of the whole race and entered the Garden of Paradise, he did not dare approach the splendid manhood of our first parent, but addressed himself to the weaker vessel, the woman. He spoke to our mother Eve, he corrupted her, he tainted her mind with false doctrine, he appealed to her appetite with a false sense of pleasure, and through the woman the whole race of man was for ever destroyed.

Speaking of the Church, he said that—

To stem the tide of corruption—to purify the fountains of life like the Prophet of old, who cast salt into the waters of Jericho, that

there might be no more corruption or death in them—is the first care of the Church of God, and therefore first amongst her charities, first amongst her eager efforts, first amongst the burning desires that influence her heart is the very charity for which I appeal to you to-day—the charity that takes the child of night by the hand and brings her once more into the daylight of God's sanctuary, the charity that says to the agents of hell, 'Thou shalt cease to be the ministress of darkness; thou shalt be an angel of repentance and light.'

Having regarded the question from the point of faith, he then went on to view it from the point of charity:

I lay down this principle first of all: that nothing could come before us having so urgent a demand on your charity as the case of the poor penitent woman. Why? Because there is no form of human misery so utterly destitute, so utterly helpless, so utterly miserable in every sense, as that of the poor Magdalen. An orphan finds a home, but who will take *her* in? The child who weeps the first tears of sorrow over a father's and mother's grave may find a pious Christian who, without difficulty or shame, may adopt that child and take it into her family. But who will take the fallen one? Where is she to go? Point out a refuge for *her*. Oh, there is no refuge! There is no hand to touch her without being defiled, no voice to save her, no house to shelter her. By the mere elements of human society she is driven back into the streets again, back into the hell from which she has struggled. Everything is passing away from her; she is there, the last miserable creature in the shipwreck, with not even a spar or a plank to cling to, with nothing to save her from the great wave coming over her. God alone can save her. She must go down, unless the hand that is highest and holiest be stretched out to her. No human ear can listen to her, so sinful is she. Only the highest can condescend to her, only the purest can raise her; and it is on behalf of the highest and purest that I appeal to you to-day. Give to Mary her due in order that she may be able to take Mary the Magdalen by the hand.

The 'Freeman's Journal' records on March 31, 1877:

For the last fortnight Fr. Burke's eloquent words have fallen nightly upon the ears of overflowing congregations. From six o'clock to ten, hundreds who could find no seats were content to stand in the passage, where there was not even room to kneel. When Tenebræ

had been chanted, Fr. Burke commenced a sermon, which was listened to with an emotion that several times burst into sobs and tears.

His Good Friday sermons travelled outside the beaten path to Calvary, and incidentally threw light on points hitherto misunderstood by Protestants. The discourse now before us begins:

Dear brethren,—I suppose that in every family among you there is a copy of the Bible. The Catholic Church loves that her children should read and meditate on the Holy Scriptures. It is a calumny to say that she is opposed to the reading and the meditating upon the Word of God. I therefore take it for granted that you have all in your houses a copy of the Bible. And now I ask you when you go home this evening, whilst the thing is still fresh in your memory, to read the fourth chapter of the Fourth Book of Kings.

He then went on to describe the miracle wrought by the Prophet Eliseus in restoring to life the son of the Sunamitess. It will be remembered that, having prayed, he stretched himself out upon the corse, placing his hands upon the child's hands, his mouth upon the boy's mouth, his eyes upon his eyes, and his heart upon the heart of the dead one. By degrees he warmed the cold flesh, but the child did not yet rise to life. Then the man of God, still praying, walked through every room in the house, and when he came back once more he stretched himself out upon the child; then the dead boy opened his eyes—presently he called out with a voice. The mother at once prostrated herself before the Prophet. Fr. Burke went on to say that on that Good Friday night no sign of life or of joy was there. The lamp had been extinguished before the Blessed Sacrament; the doors of the Tabernacle were thrown open to show the empty place where He who usually dwelt, dwelt no more. No lights or flowers adorned the altar; all seemed as if the abomination of desolation had fallen on His holiest places. He parenthetically referred to the death on the Cross, and

Mary going down the hill of Calvary leaning on her newly-found son John, her hand thrown round the neck of the loving Magdalene who supported her. The combat and the triumph which seemed to be of hell was noticed, the fall of Adam, in whose death we all died. A fine picture was drawn of the Life Eternal coming down from heaven, looking with eyes of pity upon the face of the dead; and in His Incarnation stretching Himself out in all His Divinity to warm our humanity—with hands and eyes like ours, mouth to mouth, heart to heart; for His were human hands that loved the labour of man. But Fr. Burke explained that though there was a man-God on earth, our humanity had not as yet begun to live. It was only warmed into a preparation for life. Man did not begin to live in Bethlehem or Nazareth—not even in Jerusalem—our life must be postponed. For Jesus Christ went through the house, making Himself familiar with human need; at last He returned to stretch Himself out once more upon the dead, and this time to give him back life and raise him up and give joy to the world. This, he said, was the mystery contemplated on that evening. Fr. Burke, addressing his brethren, went on to say that he would use bold and adventurous language when he told them that, as the Prophet had found it needful to act in regard to the dead child, so it was necessary that Christ should go through the house of our humanity, examining us in every detail of our weakness, until He came a second time to stretch Himself out on man and give him life. The preacher expatiated on the fact that the first outstretching of the Son of God was an act of Divine love, condescension, and mercy; but it was not a mercy fulfilling in itself alone the act of redemption. The sermon that followed was one of the ablest pourtrayals of the Passion of our Lord ever yet given to the world. He at last ended, after two hours, by calling upon all to see the Lord and Saviour, the true Man and Brother of men conforming to our misery on the Cross. He told

them to see those glorious arms stretched out, the open heart pouring itself out for love of man. He urged everybody present to come, like the Roman centurion, and kneel down and confess Christ saying, as Longinus said: 'Oh, Thou art surely the Son of God.' He called upon them to open their arms and hearts, that they might be conformed to the outstretched arms and the rent Heart of Christ; let them open their lips to the confession of faith with the Roman soldier; let them open their hands, that the God of Glory who died for them might be impressed upon them in every action of their lives. 'And so, dearly beloved, you shall rise from death unto the life of grace before the dying figure of Jesus Christ your Saviour.'

Some critics may regard as a little strained the very original application of the passage from the Book of Kings to the mystery of the Redemption:

But (writes Fr. Kenny, O.P.) nothing seemed strained coming from Fr. Tom's lips. He had a wonderful power of adaptation. He would read a dry chapter from the Summa of St. Thomas and build up from its deep thoughts a most eloquent and picturesque discourse. His power of using abstract knowledge and adapting it to present concrete wants and circumstances was simply marvellous. In '65 he was my Professor of Moral Theology at San Clemente, Rome. The treatise was the *Prima Secundæ* of the Summa of St. Thomas. Nothing can be dryer or more recondite, and therefore to most readers more uninteresting, than this treatise; yet in his hands it was as entertaining and interesting as the story of 'Waverley,' whilst at the same time he showed most impressively how it could be made useful and practical in the every-day life of a priest.[1]

The Cistercian Prior at Roscrea tells us that, 'a neighbouring priest learning from Fr. Tom that he was engaged to give several retreats and preach a number of sermons in close succession, expressed a fear that he might shorten his days by such heavy labours. "Oh, no; the life of an old hat is to cock it," was his reply.'

[1] Letter of the Very Rev. P. V. Kenny. O.P., Tallaght, June 7, 1885.

The newspapers of the day announce that 'Father Burke, O.P., had been invited to dine on March 6, this year, with the Duke of Marlborough, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.' Fr. Burke wrote to the press that he could not be the person meant, as the invitation had not reached him, and intimating that it was not likely he could have accepted it even if it had. 'I don't know any great personages in the world, and I should certainly be out of place in their society, as my duties and state of life are quite in another sphere.' This reply greatly pleased Mr. T. D. Sullivan, M.P., who wrote some twenty triplets in commemoration of it:

Yes, Father Tom, your words are true,
Are wise, and brave, and timely too;
The Castle is no place for you.

And therefore 'tis, that whosoe'er
Beside their board may take a chair,
You, Father Tom, will not be there.

Your Irish wit, so quick and bright,
Your genius from its starry height,
For them will never make delight.

The company included, among others, Lords Drogheda, Waterford, Londonderry, Listowel, Cork, and Powerscourt, with their wives, and Lady Bellew, and Mr. Thomas H. Burke, who has since been murdered. Fr. Tom was amused to find that the Chamberlain had addressed the card in error to his namesake—and one not undistinguished as a preacher—the Rev. Sylvester Burke. Between Fr. Tom Burke and Mr. Thomas Burke, late Under Secretary for Ireland, there had been a 'clannish' friendship. Mr. Burke was quite as much the Government of Ireland as the Viceroy, and regarded Fr. Tom's letter with something of personal pique. Of this fact we have been assured by the sister of Fr. Burke. It was from humility he repudiated the assertion, she adds, that he had been a guest at Dublin Castle. But some persons regarded

the letter from the great Dominican as a snub, and it was felt that his example might prevent others from attending the Duke's Court. Six years previously Fr. Burke had quoted the following lines in his lecture on 'The National Music of Ireland:'

When pure yet, ere Courts began
With horrors to enslave him,
The noblest honours worn by man
Were those which virtue gave him.

Fr. Burke's refusal gave offence at the Castle; but when the reader hears that the season was Lent, and how Fr. Burke was nightly preaching on the duty of rigidly observing it, the course he took will hardly surprise. However, when he afterwards learned that Cardinal Cullen—for the first time in his life—had dined at the Castle, and that an invitation in such cases is regarded as a command, Fr. Burke was disposed to regret his letter.

April 1877 found Fr. Burke in Glasgow. Archbishop Eyre said that the cordiality of the cheers by which Fr. Burke was hailed showed how Scotland loved him. The great Dominican, with singular charity, had come there to assist an Irish priest whose zeal had not accurately measured the means of meeting the expenses of raising a church and schools.

The Rev. R. F. Clarke, S.J., has put on record an incident said to have occurred at this time:

At Holyhead Fr. Burke happened to be alone in a second-class carriage with a small dark man, who somewhat resembled the portrait of Marwood. Presently, to the disgust of his fellow-traveller, a number of labouring men came up to the carriage, deposited their bundles, and ran off for a 'drop' before the train started. 'What a nuisance!' said Burke's fellow-traveller; 'I thought we should have the carriage to ourselves. You are a priest; cannot you make your fellow-countrymen go elsewhere?' 'Certainly,' said Fr. Burke, 'if you will leave me free to use what means I like.' The man consented, and when the Irishmen returned and

greeted him respectfully, Fr. Burke made a significant grimace, and pointing over his shoulder into the carriage, whispered to them 'Marwood.' Then turning to his fellow-traveller he said aloud, 'Well, sir, did it all go off well at Kilmainham?' (meaning the gaol.) The man looked astonished, and answered doubtfully, 'Yes, very well.' This was quite enough. The Irishmen seized their bundles and left the carriage with hot haste, as though the very devil were there.

When the man heard of the trick he was not a little wroth with Fr. Tom, who had the satisfaction, after he had left the carriage at Chester, of seeing a crowd of inquisitive faces gather round it in order to catch a glimpse of the supposed hangman.

We now find Fr. Burke more strictly reserving for the amusement of his brethren and their friends such social qualities as he possessed. At no time did he unloose his spirits more freely than at the pleasant dinner commemorative of the Feast of St. Dominic annually given by his Order in Dublin. At meal times, ordinarily, by the strict Dominican rule, silence is observed, which neither the Provincial nor even the General has power to relax. The Holy Scriptures are usually read at that time. But a Bishop, if present, can always give leave for conversation at dinner. Rarely was Cardinal Cullen absent from the Dominic's Day banquet, and it was on one of these occasions that he encouraged Fr. Burke to give a mimicry of his style of preaching. There were, indeed, few orators whom Fr. Burke could not imitate. For these performances he was often called upon; but who can forget the surprise and enjoyment produced by his caricature of himself, or rather of the distinctive mannerisms of his own style of preaching? Sometimes he would be Fr. Mullooly, taper in hand, describing in loud monotone the old paintings in the crypt of San Clemente, uttering laughable anachronisms, or answering with attempted majesty the cavils of some flippant tourist. Sometimes came imitations of the bench and bar. Mr. Romney Foley, Q.C., who was present at the dinner in question, assures us that he could have sworn it was Ball and Blackburn, two famous

judges, whose voices he heard that day. Fr. Tom's mimicry of Ball came about in this way. Our Dominican, when at Cork, had dropped into the court-house during a trial. A sailor, he said, occupying a seat in the gallery, having been called as a witness, slid down by the pillar on to the table, to the horror of Ball, who threatened to commit him for contempt of court. Fr. Burke described the sailor as 'flabbergasted,' and addressing his angry judge as 'Commodore!' Other stories followed. Some prisoners were charged with assaulting men who had been sent to draw turf home from a bog; and the former were described as fencing along the road. 'Do you mean with foils?' asked Judge Ball. 'No, my lord—spades,' was the reply. Judge Ball stared; but counsel explained that the prisoners were employed in making a ditch or fence. All this was given with twenty faces and voices.

CHAPTER VIII.

STIRRING SCENES.

THE occasion of laying the foundation-stone of a new Dominican Church at Drogheda elicited some telling references to the records of that historic town. Fr. Burke rejoiced to see a Dominican Church rear its spires once more by the Boyne, and that every day the shadow of the cross would be flung across its breast of water. Equally glad was he to assist at the restoration of a new Dominican Church to Waterford, where so far back as 1226 the Order of Preachers flourished.

Never was Fr. Burke more effective than when appealing to Christians to assist the poor blind. It would indeed, he said, be a glorious privilege if any man amongst his audience were able to lay his hand on sightless eyes and say, 'Be thou healed,' and thereupon open them to the light of God's sunshine. But he asked them to do more, and say, 'Open those eyes to God, that the Holy Spirit may flood you with interior light.' What was the darkness of the body as compared with the darkness of the soul? On May 20, 1877, Fr. Burke preached in the Church of St. Teresa, Dublin, in aid of St. Joseph's Blind Asylum, Glasnevin:

> I want to rob you if I can to-day—to put my hand into the purse of every man amongst you—to take out as much as can be reached and hide it in the hands of Jesus Christ. The gold and silver will come back again in the form of that unfading crown that rests only on the brows of the blessed.

Truly our Friar Preacher was, like holy Job, 'an eye to the blind,' pouring the light of faith into the darkened soul.

An old prerogative of the see of Cashel—which once gave Munster a king as well as a Metropolitan—was to gather the best men of the province on great public occasions. Following Archbishop Croke's lead, 38,000 requisitionists, including seven Suffragan Bishops, two Lords-Lieutenant of counties, thirteen M.Ps, with Catholic D.Ls, magistrates, and land-owners, called a meeting in St. Mary's Cathedral, Cork. The object was twofold: to congratulate Pius IX. on his episcopal jubilee, and to urge upon the Government the claims of Catholics to such a system of acceptable University education in Ireland as would place them in harmony with the advancing civilisation of the age. The Archbishop, attended by his suffragans, and Fr. Burke, were promptly at their posts. 'The entrance of Fr. Tom,' states the reporter, 'was the signal for a tremendous ovation. The enthusiasm throughout was almost unparalleled.'

The resolution which was handed to him to propose expressed sympathy with the Pope in being robbed of his dominions.

His temporal power (he said) was a very nice thing, a very fine thing, but really when he had said it was a nice thing and a very fine thing he said nearly all he could say about it. The Pope had obtained his temporal sovereignty most legitimately, exercised it most beneficially, and was deprived of it most shamefully. He did not go back to the fifth century, but he went to the principles before which the present century bowed down, the *plébiscite,* popular election, *vox populi, vox dei,* but which was often *vox et præterea nihil;* that when Ireland thought there was a hope in striking a brave blow and that it might help in keeping Pius on his throne, Irish hands so struck; and amid the chorus of death that went up from the purple plains of Castelfidardo, an Irish cheer, thanks be to God, was not wanting. To-day that hope has passed away—it may be only for a time—it is bad for a man to live without hope; and I am not without hope on many subjects on which it is better, perhaps, not to talk too much.

That evening Bishop Delany entertained Dr. Croke and

his suffragans. 'A chiel' got among the diners and took a note of Fr. Tom's words in acknowledgment of his health:

I did not expect to be called upon to speak to any toast this evening, especially such a dry toast as that of an old friar. I beg to thank the Bishop of Cork for his kindness in giving me the opportunity of being present, and seeing what the catholicity of Munster meant when it came forth in all the strength of its mind and manhood. Although a Connaughtman, I have a right to be with them, because there is a tradition that St. Finbarre himself came from the very country in which I first saw the light; and, consequently, there is between the opulent, intellectual Queen of the South and the poor, hungry, despised Connaught a certain ancient link, or bond of love. They had gathered to-day to speak a language the most powerful in the world—that of a people who had preserved their faith, who had marched above the boasted civilisation of their age, and kept on the very crest of the wave of modern progress, speaking the language of men who, disunited upon a thousand points of detail, were unanimous upon the essential question of belief.

The date of these proceedings was May 29, 1877. Fr. Russell, O.P., on meeting old Mrs. Burke in Galway the week after, was glad to be able to say that her son had surpassed himself. Her reply simply was: 'But did he speak well of the Church?'

During the same May we find Fr. Burke at Kilbeggan—welcomed as its flowers. Here he preached in presence of the Bishop and priests of Meath in aid of a valuable white marble altar which had just been raised. In front was represented Christ falling under the Cross. Above the tabernacle rose a canopy resting on small pillars of polished Connemara marble; a screen of carved oak extended on either side of the altar. Fr. Burke said that the more God humbled Himself beneath the sacramental veil, the more they should endeavour to do honour to Him, to beautify and decorate the temple in which He dwelt: 300*l.* was at once laid upon the plate.

The discourse at Mountrath on July 8 brought out his powers on a favourite theme—the opening of a new organ.

The new pastor of Sandymount, where Fr. Burke in 1859 had preached the discourse which made his name, found a beautiful church, a large incumbrance of debt, but no schools. Partly inspired by old associations, Fr. Burke was at his best in a sermon preached on the occasion of blessing the foundation stone of a school for one thousand children. 'God,' he said, 'had given us three great powers—a mind to know, a heart to love, and a will to decide.'

The new church at Courtwood, Queen's Co., had been commenced by the people without suggestion from any source. The parishioners agreed to tax themselves at the rate of ten shillings in the pound by way of contribution, and thus a large sum was raised. Fr. Burke on blessing the foundation stone said that, though material edifices must in time decay and perish, the faith which raised them would flourish so long as human intellect remained.

From no place did Fr. Burke receive more constant or more flattering invitations to preach than the dioceses of Munster. One bishop, it will be remembered, bore the most thorough love and admiration for him. A grand church function was advertised about this time, and rumour said that the post of honour would be awarded to Fr. Burke. In reply to the congratulations of a Dublin friend, Fr. Tom, as usual, made little of his own prestige, saying, 'It is not to preach the Bishop wants me, but to sing for him "Ned Flaherty's Drake."'

Cork was once noted for men of culture—Maginn, Croker, Maclise, Callanan, Madden, Mahony, Millikin, Maguire, Mathew, England, Buckley and Barry, amongst others. Denny Lane, almost the last of them, followed Burke during his visits with the zeal of a disciple.

His tone of reverence in speaking of sacred things (he writes), the compassion with which he yearned to help the needy, the fond entreaty with which he strove to win back the erring, the authority

with which he pronounced the doctrines of the Church, were as various as the stops of a grand organ whose keys quivered beneath the touch of a master-hand. Every gesture was dramatic, in the higher sense, while not alone the tongue and lips spoke, but the eyes, the limbs, the frame itself, became so many translators of thought and ministers of language. So wonderful was his power in this way that I believe those who did not understand the language he spoke could almost follow the colour of his thoughts, as we can trace out the tint of the seaweed beneath the sheen of the wave. I have often spoken of the way in which he read a song of Moore's native music, and now there comes back to my ear the reality which he gave the lines. When he spoke of the gale that sighs along the banks of Oriental flowers, I could almost hear its whisper in my ear, and feel its perfumed breath upon my cheek. One image of Burke constantly recurs to me. It was when he was pleading the cause of those noble women who have devoted their lives to the reclamation of their erring sisters by the alchemy of holiness, converting into perfect purity gross impurity. He described the prayer of the holy for the unholy ascending to heaven, and, as he lifted up his hands and eyes aloft, you knew that he saw the white-winged prayer soaring upward to the sapphire footstool of God's throne, and saw it returning again bearing a double freight beneath its dovelike wings —the message of peace for the penitent and for the merciful mercy. But that voice is now silent; the lips on whose accents we hung are cold clay; the hand that warned from danger and pointed to the right path lies folded and lifeless.

One of the appeals above alluded to was (in July 1877) for the charities guarded by the Sisters of Mercy.

Within the next few days he preached on St. Vincent de Paul in the church of that Order, Cork. He showed that among the many wonderful works of God the greatest of all is His saints, and that there was not one on the roll whose charity went forth so powerfully and universally, and embraced in distinct action every corporal and spiritual work of mercy, as Vincent de Paul. In his day, children used to be abandoned in the streets by their unnatural mothers. Vincent took these little creatures in his arms, and proved himself their father. He founded Magdalen asylums; the fever-stricken,

the paralysed, the leper, found in him one who, like Christ, was able to take in hand all wants. The Church, too, needed devout priests, and our great Reformer laboured to purify the sanctuary. Fr. Burke's admiration of holy women naturally led him to wander into praise of the Sister of Vincent de Paul, who bound up the wounds while she poured balm into the ear of the dying soldier.

It was a great treat to Fr. Burke, when able to avail himself of a quiet day, which rarely came, to spend it at the Dominican convent, Newbridge. This pulpit of the Friars Preachers has long stood in a picturesque spot, whose carpet of wild flowers, dyed in every tint, stretches through trees for miles. So brightly clear is the River Liffey at this point, that he who has just quitted the walls, dust, smells, and din of Dublin, cannot fail being struck by its contrast in primitive purity to the same turbid flood when touched by the corruption of a great city. The gently rising sward whereon the convent rests is studded with great gnarled hawthorns, which bear rich blossoms of pink and white, and load the air with perfume, while lordly elms and kingly oaks raise their heads around. True to traditional instincts, the old Fathers who are gone selected a site which impels the heart to worship Nature's God.

Long after the Dominican friary at Naas—dating from 1355—had fallen before the persecutor, an attempt was made to revive it in the spot just described. Their new convent was a mud cabin, their chapel one of the humblest of those rural structures described in an early chapter. Now a fine Gothic edifice, light and lofty, with carved oak ceiling and windows of stained glass, rises on the site of the old. However, there was much yet to be done, and Fr. Burke undertook to appeal for help. Among the congregation he was glad to see several local Protestants, headed by General Herbert. Though humble, Fr. Tom was no blind admirer of every phase of humility. Preaching on the Gospel of the day he mentioned that, when Peter for the first time

recognised the greatness of God in Jesus, he was overcome and confessed that his bark was unworthy to contain the Lord, whom he begged to depart. But later on, when Peter had lived in intimate communion with Christ, and learned that the master passion of the Lord was love, his conduct was changed. Many amongst the disciples understood not the meaning of the glorious institution of the Eucharist, and they left Jesus, and walked with Him no more. But Peter stood forth and said, 'Though all should desert you, I at least will never desert you.' As it was with Peter, so it was with the Church—divided between humility and love; but our Lord desired more the love that wished Him to remain than the humility that implored Him to depart. He was willing to abide with His Church in poverty and suffering, and to be poor like her; but they who composed that Church should never forget that while He abased Himself for the love of them, He was still their God, and worthy of deep adoration. Fr. Burke exhorted the congregation to make their church as worthy as might be of the God who dwelt there, and he promised all who helped to build for God a temple on earth that God would Himself erect an everlasting mansion in the kingdom of His glory.

During the same week he preached on the occasion of opening the new chapel of the Siena Convent, Drogheda. Here the historic head of Archbishop Plunkett, in wonderful preservation, frowns from a shrine.[1] But Fr. Burke, in his great sermon—which fills four columns of the report—seems to have derived a higher inspiration from 'St. Catharine in a vision surrounded by Angels,' as they smiled upon him from the canvas of Correggio.

A dinner attended by twenty priests and one layman

[1] It is stated by C. J. Fox in his *History of James II.* that Charles 'did not think it worth while to save the life of Plunkett, the popish Archbishop of Armagh, of whose innocence no doubt could be entertained.' Plunkett was executed at Tyburn in 1681.

followed the solemn pomp of consecration. Fr. Burke was, as usual, most pleasant, and when going in to dinner mentioned that, having knelt down at the knee of the Primate to ask his blessing previous to the sermon, the ready answer came, 'God bless you, Father Tom! God bless you, my son! Don't make the sermon too long; for, remember, we dine at four.'

It was at this Drogheda dinner that a priest engaged in chapel building was introduced to Burke. 'Where will you get the money to complete so ambitious a spire?' asked Burke. The priest replied that he hoped for succour. '*Dum spiro, spero*' (Whilst I breathe, I hope), was the happy rejoinder. Fr. Tom sat on the right of an archbishop at dinner, and told endless stories. His Grace, enchained by deep interest, and next minute in roars at some comic climax, owned afterwards that, though very hungry, the 'feast of reason and flow of soul' comprised all the dinner he was able to eat.

A lecture at Newry, an appeal for the blind at Glasnevin, and for Stanhope Street Training Schools, Dublin, with a panegyric on St. Dominic, all brought out his powers well. Then came an appeal for St. Vincent's Orphanage, where in a few years 580 girls had been rescued from penury and its temptations. No wonder that the 'Freeman' of June 2, 1877, should have said:

> One of the most astonishing facts of our time is the limitless fe-tility with which the great Dominican pours out his eloquence wherever a good cause wants an advocate. Only equalled by his wondrous endurance, is the avidity with which audiences hang upon his words.

When Fr. Burke declared that he was going to 'kill Cullen' (Kilcullen—he preached a charity sermon here this year), he little thought that the Cardinal's death was so close. His discourse at the consecration of Dr. MacCabe as Assistant Prelate for Dublin, on July 25, was made still more pleasing by a graceful reference to the Cardinal. He prayed that he might long be spared to his flock, and his crown be denied to him until all the heads around had turned

white. Fr. Burke felt that this change was not very likely in his own case. Disease, with its gnawing pain, continued to burrow his frame. 'I was in such agony the whole time that I could have thrown myself from the pulpit,' he said to a lady. 'I felt as though I stood upon a bucket, and that the Angel of Death was about to kick it aside,' he said to another; and then, with an effort to be pleasant, he added: 'This reminds me of a tiny preacher who always stood upon something of that sort to enable his flock to see him. He was just giving his text, "In a little time you shall see me, and in a little time you shall not see me," when, lo! the bottom fell out and the preacher was lost to sight.'

His martyrdom continued, but he bore up boldly. He derived from spiritual association with the saints that strength which enabled him to carry his great cross. He studied their lives and system. 'Oh, what a tremendous power of free will do we behold in these saints!' he said. 'No dangers overpowered them, no temptations overcame them. Their way lay through the thorny paths of martyrdom, through painful labours faithfully and lovingly performed to the last. Did they ever flinch, these magnificent servants of God?'[1]

Though constantly praying for others, he rarely breathed a prayer that the paroxysm of his own pain might be relieved; and at a time when pilgrimages thronged to favoured shrines, in full faith he always held aloof. He cared nothing for self. When obeying the calls that pursued him, even when spending a day with his brother Dominicans in Cork, he would start to catch a train, leaving his breakfast or dinner behind him.

In urging his friends to cease their prayers that the pangs of disease should fail to prey upon him, he followed St. Ignatius of Antioch, who implored the faithful not to beg God that torture might spare his frame and thus deprive him of his crown. Father Burke secretly welcomed martyrdom,

[1] 'Sin of Contempt or Neglect of God,' *Cork Examiner*, June 20, 1874.

and at last yearned to be dissolved. This thoroughly spiritualised submission to the stake and despisal of the world presented a pleasing contrast to the end of another distinguished preacher and wit, who, when told by his confessor that he had a long journey before him, replied, 'I wish they would give a return ticket.'[1]

Fr. Burke when prostrated was equally pleasant, but his humour took a different tone. One day the local physician, Dr. Lalor, arrived at Tallaght for the purpose of performing an operation. Fr. Burke began to tell him stories; one led to another, time flew rapidly. At last he sang for him 'Finnigan's Wake.' Nothing beyond this was done, and in the end Dr. Lalor packed up all his instruments and bandages and returned to Templeogue.

It is well known that from his boyhood Fr. Burke was a smoker, and the example of his own father strengthened the habit. He did not attempt to conceal a practice which rigourists sometimes criticised, and when Visitor-General to America he gave it a general sanction. Ireland has been from time immemorial a nation of smokers. The monument of Donogh O'Brien, King of Thomond (obiit 1267), in the Abbey of Corcumroe, represents him recumbent with the pipe in his mouth.[2] Dr. Everard, writing in 1659, says that the practice of smoking was, like Elias's cloud, at first no bigger than a man's hand, but which had at last covered the face of the earth. Lilly the astrologer describes in his 'History' a Buckinghamshire parson who became so addicted to his pipe that, 'when he had no tobacco he would cut the bell-ropes of his church and smoke them.' No similar case has transpired in Ireland, nor should it disedify even if it had.

[1] An able biographer and genial priest of the diocese of Cork.

[2] This seems strange when we hear that Sir W. Raleigh was the first to introduce tobacco to the Irish. But smoking was clearly known to them long before the period when tobacco is said to have been discovered. In the *Antho-logia Hibernica* there is a print of a pipe found between the teeth of a human skull which had been exhumed from a Danish fort in Kildare.

Its diocesan statutes for the last three hundred years, though often mentioning alcohol, are silent as regards smoking.

However, it is an axiom in the Church that many things lawful are not expedient. 'For five years before his death,' observes his late Prior, 'Fr. Burke did not smoke.' How much it cost him to relinquish this indulgence may be guessed from a homely illustration which he introduced into one of his moral lectures addressed in 1874 to the Young Men's Society. Suiting his style to his audience, he said:

And as to parting with a sinful habit, with a determination never to return to it, they knew how difficult, almost impossible, it became, to give up the most ordinary habit long indulged, though innocent in itself. For instance, let an habitual smoker suddenly lay aside his pipe, and they heard him complaining in tones of great distress, 'The teeth are falling out of my head for a smoke.'

'Is there any recorded instance of a saint having smoked?' we once asked. 'I know of only one saint who smoked, and that was St. Anthony on the gridiron,' was the dry rejoinder. It is at least certain that St. Vincent de Paul and St. Alfonso Liguori were both confirmed snuff-takers, and the life of St. Rosa of Lilta may be consulted for a curious pronouncement on smoking.

Fr. Pius Cavanagh, an eminent English Dominican preacher, in the MS. he has sent us, states:

I have seen him wielding power, when with the action of a Demosthenes, and outstretched arms and countenance glowing with evangelical flame, he pressed irresistibly the Gospel of his Divine Master. But you saw his deepest character best when addressing in Retreat; he spoke calmly, deeply, to a refined multitude palpitating around him, when no agitation reigned in his own contemplative breast but his passionate love of souls.

And, recurring to the same subject, Fr. Cavanagh, who had been a novice under Fr. Burke, goes on to say:

A man's public life gets known, but his real character—with central governing principle—his inner life, is very difficult to grasp. In Retreats to nuns, the clergy, or monks, the best opportunity came

for some insight into the inner life of a man who was deeply religious, exceedingly sensitive in conscience, who had to be entirely devoted to find rest, who was evidently called to a spiritual life, whose soul and longings had to be (if peace must reign) for a spirit true to God, and was yet run after and looked up to as a most popular, story-telling, clever, witty priest.[1]

Probably the most satisfactory course is to exhibit both sides of this marvellous idiosyncrasy.

We next find Father Burke conducting a retreat for the clergy of the archdiocese of Cashel. His nervous eloquence, masterly use of the Scriptures, command of the Fathers, and brilliant wit, won cordial praise. And the happy hours which on a subsequent occasion his pleasant stories produced at the Palace are well remembered by those who had the privilege of *entrée*. It is to be regretted that an estrangement, on political grounds, divided soon after the two great priests who once went hand in hand. Mr. Coppinger, of Thurles, was an old friend of Fr. Burke. Several acquaintances—mostly Protestants—were lunching with him one day, when the tall and austere-looking figure of the great Dominican, wrapped in his mediæval robe, was seen stalking across the street from the cathedral, and evidently 'making' for Mr. Coppinger's house. The guests, awe-stricken by the impending visitation, peered intently from the window. How Fr. Burke put them at ease was characteristic. He advanced whistling an air from a popular opera, and pirouetted into the room with the light fantastic toe of Taglioni.

He told the following to the Archbishop's chaplain. A Yankee boasted that he had shot 999 snipe, and was met by the reply, 'You may as well make it a thousand.' 'Stranger,' said the Yankee, 'do you suppose that I am the man to imperil the interests of my immortal soul for one contemptible snipe?'

To relieve the solemnity of a long Retreat in a southern diocese he told a queer tale after the services had ended.

[1] Letter of Fr. Pius Cavanagh, O.P., to the Author, January 27, 1885.

His Bishop tried to cure a primitive priest of much worth but who had acquired a habit of using unduly strong expressions. Swearing was unhappily too much the fashion, and he got instructions to lecture his flock on that vice. They were entirely of the peasant class, and the pastor ended his homily by administering to them a promise that they would not again swear. Next Sunday he resumed his sermon and asked all who had kept their good resolutions to hold up their hands. Not one was raised. 'All who have broken their promise, let them put up their hands.' Immediately 'a forest of palms' was raised. The pastor, quite forgetting himself, muttered, 'May the dickens cut the hands off of ye!'

Apropos to this other stories followed. A novice once asked the meaning of the Scriptural passage 'He was clothed with curses as with a garment.' 'It implies that he had got a *habit* of swearing,' was the ready rejoinder.

Fr. Burke had been long a venerated conductor of Retreats for ladies who chose to leave the world for a time and enter seriously into their lives. No detail of these Retreats has ever transpired; no 'chiel' dare penetrate that privileged enclosure. We were, therefore, disposed to welcome a very careful *résumé* made on each successive day, and since placed in our hands by the convert daughter of the Rector of Morchard Bishop.

It is not easy to condense into a small space notes which if printed in extenso would fill a book. But in justice to Fr. Burke we must convey some idea of them. The Retreat lasted ten days, and he preached three times each day. The opening address on July 27, 1877, dwelt on the great mercy of God in calling them to another Retreat—to be alone with Him, to speak to Him, to come for a period into closer union with Him. What He asked of them in that Retreat, how they should enter on it and what they might expect from Him, was pointed out.

If they did not go on that Retreat in a spirit of generosity towards Him, they had better not enter on it at all. All

might hope to profit by it; none need despair, Christ came on earth for all—but chiefly for sinners.

The second lecture showed how man's end had been known from all eternity. For this he had been created: the talents committed to him should all be spent in God's service; and there was no higher happiness than to serve God.

The third lecture spoke of the subversion of the eternal decrees, and showed the awful evil of mortal sin. 'But why speak to you of this evil?' The highest grace was to be preserved from it.

A fourth instruction dwelt on personal sins. He considered that the sins of Catholic ladies resembled the sins of the rebel angels. How many graces and favours had they not received from God, and yet they ungratefully sinned.

A fifth was devoted to a consideration of the means whereby they might save their souls. They should avoid *venial* sins. The least sin offends and alienates God. There were two ways to serve Him—by fear and love. Fear is good to begin with—but we must go on to love and serve Him through love. Venial sin is as much opposed to the love of God as mortal sin is to the fear of God. Small as venial sin was, he deemed it grave enough to claim continued consideration in a sixth lecture. He described the venial sins of ladies by words of Scripture. Such sin wounded His sacred heart. Remedies against its commission were prescribed—including regularity of life and exactness in what they do, doing all for God and standing in perpetual remembrance of His presence. Among the evils which followed venial sin he demonstrated how and why it led to mortal sin. It was a saying of St. Teresa, 'Ask the damned why they are in hell—they will say venial sin brought them there.' They should do all things well—their confessions, communions, prayers, and the duties of their state. 'Be faithful in *small* things,' etc.

The seventh lecture was on death—the best antidote against sin. He spoke of its certainty and uncertainty; some

examples of sudden death were given. The subtlety of temptation was exposed, and how the devil is as often a serpent as a roaring lion.

God's 'judgment' was then considered. On what that judgment will be they should reflect. The accused—the shame, the sorrow, the sentence—all constituted a great picture.

A ninth lecture described, at great length, 'the three ways'—purgative, illuminative, unitive.[1] The importance of mental prayer was urged; and how they should dig deeper into God's revelation of Himself and learn His blessed will. It was in this spirit that St. Jerome counselled his spiritual daughters. Woman's earnest prayer was always answered by God. Scriptural examples were given, including the earnest prayer of Hannah. Why we do not always receive what we ask was then made clear.

The Incarnation and the Hidden Life at Nazareth formed the subject of another lecture. This life should be their model. The domestic or home life; the woman's or mother's life. They were not called to the public life of Jesus Christ.

A lecture on sloth or sluggishness in the spiritual life followed, and in this was included want of charity to the poor. Christ would say on the last day, 'As long as you have not done so and so to the least of my brethren, you have not done it to me!'

In what 'the unitive way' consisted was explained; confession and its object; and how to make it well. He expounded every part of the Mass, and passed to the Holy Communion. They should be zealous in hearing Mass daily. It was most pleasing to God. 'Do this in memory of me.'

[1] 'The purgative way' consists in removing the impediments between us and God. Fr. Burke explained how the habitual tendencies of venial sins were to be removed. The saints now in heaven were ever checking their imperfections by self-examination, and self-revenges. 'The illuminative way' embraces the imitation of Christ and His saints. 'The unitive' or highest phase was when the soul, freed from all impediments by a close imitation of our Lord, finds herself rising to Him.

Fr. Burke then lectured on our relations towards each other and towards our neighbours—how these should be regulated by charity, and how charity invites us to God. Tertullian, remarking the charity of the early Christians, said, 'See how they love each other.' Let the Retreatants examine and see whether they possessed this virtue. If not, everything else was useless. Fr. Burke then pointed out the marks and characteristics of true charity. He dwelt on the dignity, graces, and holiness of Mary—who was the second Eve. She was the mother of all the living, and held an important place in the work of Redemption.

By the tenth day, the resolutions made by the Retreatants as to their future good conduct had acquired an intense fervour. But let them not despair if they should sometimes fail; they should rise if they fell, be of good heart, and put their confidence in God. Perseverance—God's last and crowning grace—was most essential. Among the means of securing it was fidelity to each grace as it comes. They should seize each silver link of that chain until the last and golden link of final perseverance came round. He urged prayer, the use of the Sacraments, watchfulness, and constancy. This might be their last Retreat. 'Every Retreat I give here I miss some familiar face. Which of us shall be called before the Great White Throne within the next twelve months? To whom shall it be said: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant"? Verily, to her who shall persevere to the end in the resolutions now made.'

One or two touches of humour remain in the memory of another lady who made a long Retreat under Fr. Burke.

He reminded his hearers that it was not for change of air that they came to spend ten days at Rathfarnham. He urged punctuality at the early exercises and not to give so much time to the arrangement of their hair.

Let them concern themselves solely with the amendment of their own lives and not say, in reference to some portrait

of a worldly woman drawn by the preacher, 'I am sure he meant Mrs. So-and-so: it was easy to see that he had her in his eye.' Where was their charity?

This Retreat began on July 27, 1877. How he employed the hours of relaxation the reader may care to see.

When conducting these Retreats he was allotted for lodging a cottage in the Convent grounds. One of the oldest of their labouring staff was deputed to attend to his wants, and sleep under the same roof. This man was present at his first mission at Crumlin in 1856, and proved at all times a faithful disciple. He describes Fr. Burke as refreshing his energies, after the labours of the day, by singing 'Moore's Melodies,' mimicking the bark and growl of dogs, and sometimes trumpeting forth a bray.

On one occasion, when the pupils of the Loretto school were treated to a small *fête*, Fr. Tom brought for their amusement the nimble puppet that had made its *début* behind the scenes of the Sheffield Mission. During the more solemn period when Retreats were on, and that Fr. Burke occupied the cottage in the garden, the attendant could hear him reciting his prayers as he paced the room for an hour before retiring to rest, and Fr. Tom told him that he slept better there than in some palaces within his experience. It reminded him of the rustic chamber which hermits like St. Paul or St. Anthony used—the sort romantically described by Goldsmith and Milton. One night, however, a rat fixed its bright black eyes upon him. He lost faith in his mossy cell and henceforth slept in a friend's house on the banks of the Dodder. The walk across Lord Ely's demesne next morning braced him for the day's work.

A convert lady expected that he would write letters to her as full and as eloquent as his sermons. She asked him what she was to do in order to become a true religious. The reply was pithy: 'Be as humble as a door-mat, and as pliable as a plate of porridge.'

It will be remembered that Fr. Burke for twenty years had been the spiritual adviser and confessor of the nuns at Loretto Abbey. Fr. Murphy, O.P., informs us that he has known Fr. Burke, in order to keep an appointment with them, and when late for the ordinary train, to travel from Galway in the cattle van.

When he gave Retreats at Tallaght to the novices and Fathers he sometimes began by warning them not to come to criticise. In addressing laymen he took a different tone. His text at the opening of one was, 'I have said you are gods, all of you sons of the Most High.'

My Brothers,—If it were given to you or to me to hear those words from some Divine messenger, as we knelt at our morning or evening prayer, or stood alone in the office or study; if an archangel dashed into our presence as Gabriel did, oh, with what gladness and gratitude would we not kneel to acknowledge the glory thus proclaimed to our ears!

The preacher asked 'the glorious assemblage of manhood' before him what had brought them there.

It is to hear what you are, what your destinies are, what are the designs of the God who made you, and by what means you are to fulfil the grand purpose for which you have been created. It is to resolve, with the blessing of God, to rise in thought, in hope, in desire, aye, and in the very practice of life, to all that God intends you to be.

He bade his brothers reflect that all the insults and injuries that the Son of God suffered from the day that He was born at Bethlehem to His burial at Gethsemane He received from the hands of men.

It was a man who betrayed Him, a man who denied Him, men that scorned Him; it was the hand of a man that planted the thorns upon His brow, the hand of a man that struck the nails into His sacred flesh, a man that pierced His dead heart with a lance; it was men that maligned Him in life, that mocked Him in death, and that sought to dishonour Him even when He was laid in the tomb. Therefore, I conclude, my brothers, that to us pre-eminently belongs

the work of making some reparation, some satisfaction to the Man-God, Jesus Christ.

Fr. Burke would then proceed to show how the work of reparation was to be accomplished; and in conclusion hoped that the hardest heart among them would be smote by the word of God as when Moses struck the rock and water poured forth from its flinty bosom.

These are but a few points culled from the voluminous notes of his Retreat to the young men of Cork. The preacher on such occasions never failed to refer to the deep sense of his own unworthiness.

His discourse on the four loves of St. Dominic, preached on the saint's feast day this year, is well remembered.

The first passion of Christ's heart he showed was love for God, for the atonement to whose justice He came on earth to die; the second was love for His Virgin Mother; the third was the love He bore the Church, His anxiety for the purity of her moral law, the zeal and holiness of her priests, and that she should be beautified amongst men as the spouse of God; while His fourth love was for human souls. Fr. Burke then went on to show that the heart of Dominic was modelled on the heart of Jesus.

This year he again pleaded for the orphans sheltered by the Dominican Fathers. He was their true and loving friend, not in the pulpit only, but on the playground.

He loves children and never tires in striving to amuse them (writes Mr. Sherlock at this time). When the boys of the Dominican Orphanage have secured Fr. Tom for a day, those poor fatherless creatures are certain of having for a few hours the genuine sunshine of mirth poured lavishly upon them, and the day is one the memory of which will be treasured by them for the rest of their lives. Indeed, Fr. Tom delights in communicating his own cheerfulness to all, and few men have scattered so much of harmless enjoyment among their fellow-mortals.

His own innocent soul reflected their innocence, revelled in their childish fun (writes Fr. Clarke). Fr. Tom had something childlike

about him. He had that childlike faculty of being easily amused that God often gives to the pure of heart, and that makes them full of simple merriment over the merest trifle, lighting it up with the joy of their own happy hearts.

It will be seen that his last appeal—when, like Christ, he gave up his life for his flock—was on behalf of four thousand starving children.

'I know by experience,' writes Lacordaire, 'the prostration of strength which is occasioned by a single discourse.'[1] When the greatest orator of his time, who, unlike Burke, suffered from no seated disease, experienced this result of his efforts, one can appreciate the vast exertions made by the Irish Dominican. But 'Terar dum prosim' ('May I be wasted so that I be of use') continued his secret motto.

It was not until he got to the dear old City of the Tribes that Fr. Tom felt himself a new man. When dining with the local clergy his elation was not diminished by finding opposite to him the companion of his childhood, John Brady. Old associations crowded to both minds, and their early intimacy was soon re-cemented.[2] Mr. Brady at this time was not married. 'I must now leave Galway,' Fr. Burke at last said, 'and it is hard to say to what end of the globe I may be called. But were I half way to Kamtschatka, and got word from you that you wished me to marry you, I would make the captain reverse the helm and allow me to return for the discharge of that duty.' Mr. Brady took the hint. Some time after, he addressed a letter to Fr. Burke, reminding him of his promise. He replied: 'Though not going to Kamtschatka, I shall not fail to be with you.' Fr. Tom, Mr. Brady adds, had celebrated only two marriages in the course of his ministry, and this friendly assistance was specially valued. Fr. Burke had been in England preaching, and the lady was beginning to feel very uneasy lest he should forget his promise,

[1] *The Inner Life of Lacordaire*, p. 179.

[2] The conversation reported in vol. i. 52, now took place.

when, late on the eve of the wedding, without getting himself announced, he suddenly peeped in at the parlour door, putting on one of his fantastic faces. The hours which precede marriage are not always the pleasantest, and the presence of Fr. Burke, previous to the ceremony, proved a welcome alterative.

It had been the wish of the contracting parties that Fr. Burke should marry them in the Dominican Church, Dublin; but the administrator of the cathedral said that the ceremony should take place at the parochial altar and no other.

Tralee: November 7, '77.

My dear Mrs. Glyn,—I shall be with you without fail, please God, on the 15th. Of course I will go to Marlborough Street; it makes no difference whatever. I met the Bishop of Galway on Monday, and he told me he had given John Brady Holy Communion on Sunday morning. I thought you would like to know this. God bless you.

The circumstance which brought him to Kerry at this time was to preach the panegyric on Bishop Moriarty, 'who had just been called to his reward.' 'This,' says the Rev. Reginald Walsh, O.P., 'we always regarded as one of Fr. Burke's ablest efforts.' A sample appears at p. 159.

The Vincentian Fathers from Cork, with most of the diocesan clergy, thronged to Killarney to hear the oration. One of the former was told by Fr. Burke that he had never suffered more intense agony than during its delivery. 'We walked down together from the cathedral to the Franciscan friary,' he adds; 'but we had no sooner got among the sons of Assisi than his stories began, and what was my surprise to find him, next minute, standing on the refectory table and convulsing his audience with marvellously comic business.'

These features struck Fr. Russell, S.J., so forcibly, that he noticed them in a poem specially devoted to Fr. Burke:

Years on years of wasting torture killed the strong man day by day,
But he bore his cross unshrinking, with a patience brave and gay.

E'en the glow of inspiration scarcely could his pangs restrain,
And the hearers thrill'd with rapture while the preacher writh'd with pain.

His discourse on the centenary of the Presentation Order, preached November 22, 1877, at the Mother House in Cork, elaborately traced the life of Nano Nagle, who, abandoning the brightest *salons* of Paris, and renouncing the suit of ardent swains, came to labour for the poor of Cork. She found a desolation of ignorance spread before her, and converted it into a fruitful vineyard.

During the earlier visits of Fr. Burke to Cork he lodged at the Dominican Convent. Afterwards he generally stopped with his attached friend, Dean Neville. 'I had no preparation for Nano Nagle,' he said, 'beyond a few points of doctrine on Jubilees, which Neville gave me in the car which brought us down to the church.'

The Sisters of Charity at Cork inform us that Fr. Burke preached on three occasions for them. During his last visit the Rev. Mother brought into their private chapel the inmates of a penitentiary which had been committed to their charge. He asked her on what subject she would wish him to preach to them. She replied 'Perseverance.' He had received but a minute's notice, yet the address was a masterpiece. Breakfasting at the Convent after a religious function, he was in great form. 'His features seemed to change with their varying expressions, so that it sometimes seemed as if a stage full of characters stood before us.'

Fr. Burke was entertained in Cork by the late Canon Foley, the architect of an ambitious spire known as 'Foley's Folly.' His health having been proposed, followed by the chorus 'For he's a right gay fellow,' the friar winced, and, while thanking them for their good wishes, remarked that he was 'no right gay fellow,' and in point of fact had no right to be there.

The death of the Right Rev. Dr. O'Hea this year left the

neighbouring diocese of Ross widowed. At last Dr. Fitzgerald accepted the trust, and Fr. Burke preached the consecration sermon. Fr. Burke was never more effective than when expatiating on the Divine power and mercy with which God was able to send out from Himself a transfusion of the Eternal Priesthood that was in Him. He had been very intimate with Dr. O'Hea during the Vatican Council, and caused much amusement one night that his Lordship was pressing him to sing by lilting forth 'Barney O'Hea.'

Fr. Burke came back buoyant to his cloister. One day he happened to be walking with his attached friend, the present Provincial, when the latter turned into the rooms of a well-known optician with whom he had business. Fr. Tom quietly sat down in a corner, but was soon accosted by the optician. 'Sir, may I ask if there is anything wrong with your vision?' 'Merely that I cannot see well at long distances.' 'Try these, sir. Look yonder and tell me what you see.' 'Railings.' The latter object was very close. 'Here is another pair, sir. What do you see now?' 'Railings, railings!' Innumerable pebbles, some described as cooling, comforting, and invigorating, were applied, but with no better result. This went on until fifty were tried, and found wanting. 'This is most extraordinary,' said the optician, 'I never met such a case before. To what do you ascribe the obliquity of your vision?' 'Oh, probably sitting in a damp cell with my feet on cold tiles.' 'Just so, sir, but the mischief is not irreparable. I had a patient much worse than you who can now read the Fathers. You'll call again, sir?' 'I cannot quite promise.' 'But, sir, you had better; I am sending to England for another supply, from which you cannot fail to suit yourself.' Fr. Burke was about leaving when the optician said, 'Sir, you have not favoured me with your name.' 'Fr. ——,' said Fr. Burke, giving the name of his Prior, who when told of the joke by no means enjoyed it. For years after, this Prior lived in dread of the optician, and

Fr. Burke when he happened to be walking with him in Dublin would sometimes say, 'Here's the optician!' and the Prior would cross the street abruptly or enter the refugium of some sheltering shop. It may be said that Fr. Burke ought not to have given the name of the Prior, but the Prior is in point of fact the only responsible man in a Community of friars.

On November 25, Fr. Burke preached at St. Saviour's, Dublin, in aid of the charities under the superintendence of the Dominican Sisters in Leicester. 'They had incurred a heavy load of debt, and in their difficulty turned to the ever-flowing fount of Irish charity.' On the same day he preached on the 'General Judgment.' And then began his Advent sermons at St. Saviour's—of which that on the 'Mystery of the Incarnation' was perhaps the grandest. In language simple, yet eloquent, this mystery—but ill-understood by many professing Christians—was unfolded for their consolation.

When it is added that on December 2, 1877, Fr. Burke preached in Waterford, and on the following day in the Jesuits' Church, Dublin, to celebrate the Feast of St. Francis Xavier, a glimpse of his active life will be obtained.

Fr. Burke's love for Pius IX. was greatly strengthened by the Pontiff's sense of humour, of which he remembered many samples. For instance, after the Infallibility had been defined the Pope said: *Facendomi infallibile mi faranno fallire.* 'In making me infallible they will make me make a mistake.' Great was Fr. Burke's sorrow when he heard that the casket from whence so many gems came was broken for ever. His death, in February 1878, was promptly solemnised in Dublin. Those who joined in the magnificent homage paid to the Pontiff's memory will remember the impressive scene disclosed. Although noon, not a ray of daylight entered the Cathedral. Funereal lights shed a shadowy gleam through the long nave and crowded aisles. A catafalque, draped in black, surrounded by wax lights, rose in solemn state, while a deep black pall hung from the sides whereon were scrolls

recalling some great incident in the life of Pius. On a cushion of purple velvet lay the triple crown and keys. In mournful pose there stood several motionless figures clad in quaint military garb. These were the survivors of that regiment of Papal Zouaves of which Pius was so fond, and to whose ranks Ireland gave many brave hearts. But they bore no swords in their scabbards, having parted with them on the day that Pius bid them back from the useless sacrifice of their lives when they would fain have died fighting to defend Rome. Cardinal Cullen presided. Three hundred priests and many monastic clergy sonorously intoned the Office for the Dead.

Of Fr. Burke's sermon (observes the *Freeman*,) we shall only say that, strikingly grand as it appears in the reading, it was only the hearing of it could reveal its wondrous beauties and impressiveness.

The warm-hearted people of Cork seem to have felt the death of the Pope more poignantly than in other places. Elaborate means were employed to show the extent of their grief. Fr. Burke in Cork Cathedral said that he came to change their sorrow into joy. Out of the grave of Pius IX. his successor, the Vicar of Christ, had already risen. 'The Pope cannot die—the Church cannot die.' Fr. Burke said that he had a personal knowledge of Leo, and he hoped and believed that a pious, a tender, and a true love of Ireland and her people would be fulfilled in him. He added that all other offices ever conferred upon man shrink into nought compared with the dignity and jurisdiction of the Vicar of Christ.

Fr. Burke's charity was as large-hearted, and the objects of it as widely spread, as the breadth of his own brain. On February 24 he preached for the Industrial Schools, Tasmania —supervised by Sisters of Charity. Taking as his text the Gospel of the day—the Parable of the Sower in the 8th chapter of Luke—he explained that the seed referred to was the Word of God, and that the fruit was threefold—divine and living faith, confident hope, and ardent and active charity.

Would they answer the voice which this nun sent across the ocean—would they answer it for the faith without which it was impossible to be saved—would they answer it for the hope which was in them—and, above all, would they answer it for charity, for that love of Christ which ought to be the first passion in every heart?

We also remember Fr. Burke preaching for the Sisters of Mercy, Perth, Swan River, Western Australia, but at a later date.

Among other exhortations this year was one in Clonmel for its Orphanage (Feb. 11); at Farm Street, Mayfair, for the poor schools of Westminster (March 3). At the Consecration of Rathfarnham Church (March 25)—a fine discourse on Christian Æsthetics; on the Passion, at St. Saviour's, Dublin; and at a Dedication by Bishop MacEvilly at Kinvarra, Galway (April 28). 'The great preacher having riveted the attention of the vast multitude for nearly an hour,' records a local print, 'returned in the steamer to Galway.'

There were a few incidents in connection with Fr. Burke's visit to England in March which may be noted. He was travelling on an omnibus with an English Dominican Father who afterwards became Provincial, when they observed a pugilistic encounter in progress below. Fr. Burke got quite excited, and would fain have stopped the 'bus to see it out.

A story is told of Fr. Burke which in Galway at least has received full credence: that he turned into a debating club in London, previously buttoning his coat over the Roman collar, quietly listened until two orators had delivered themselves, and then 'crushed them in reply.' Mr. Brady's impression is that Fr. Tom told this himself; but oral stories are apt to enlarge. We have found in the esteemed County Court Judge of Cavan, the man who asked Fr. Burke to go with him to this club; but though the Dominican seemed to enter into the spirit of the thing, and half promised to be there, he failed to put in an appearance.

He visited Woodchester—*en route* to Bristol—from whence he went to Waterford to grasp new work.

At Woodchester there is a Franciscan Convent of nuns who manage an orphan school. Fr. Dominic took him to visit this institution. Great trepidation prevailed when the distinguished visitor was announced. He entered personating a silly country girl, his finger in his mouth, and bobbing a curtsey. The loose habit he wore strengthened the resemblance. A joyous ring of laughter at once gave place to awe.

Before leaving London he was seen to study some monumental griffins, including the monstrosity at Temple Bar. That evening, with the aid of a stick, he produced, at Woodchester, a most perfect imitation of their pose and expression.

During tea a peculiar-looking friar—also a visitor—sat opposite to him. The rule of silence as usual reigned. The stranger lingered a little after tea. Fr. Burke did not know who he was, but seemed evidently amused by studying him. At last unable to restrain all ebullition, he stood erect before him—and placing his hand at the back of his head—performed a grotesque obeisance and stalked out of the room. He afterwards discovered that this was no other than the Provincial of Holland.

There is another instance told in which Fr. Burke during the period technically known as 'simple silence' resorted to the least bit of pantomime. The Fathers of a certain Dominican Convent had resolved that through Lent the voluntary mortification of innocent curiosity should be added to its rigours. Fr. Burke quietly determined that he would make all the Fathers break their resolution. The dinner-bell had rung, and he was leading the van of a line of Fathers when happening to pass a door which was ajar, he peered in for a moment, and with a dazed look resumed his course. All the fathers in succession rapidly peered in too, but without observing aught amiss.

On May 5 Fr. Burke opened the new pulpit of the

Dominican Church, Limerick. Within a few days he is back in Galway preaching on behalf of the Ladies' Association of St. Vincent de Paul. The attendance was swelled by the families of the officers quartered at Galway. Fr. Burke afterwards inaugurated a movement to embalm the memory of his old master, Brother Paul O'Connor. Within forty-eight hours he was at Newry, where for three successive days he lectured on 'The Pontificate,' 'Four Phases of Ireland's Catholicity,' and 'The Future of the Irish Race.' How tolerant he was is shown in this lecture.

> We do not ask one iota of privilege beyond any other men in the land in which we dwell. We are only too anxious to take the hand of our Protestant and Presbyterian fellow-Irishmen, and to shake it with a right good heart. We should be the last to forget that amongst the many faithful hearts that have throbbed in life, and languished in death, for pure, honest, disinterested love for Ireland, many and many have throbbed in the bosoms of our grand Protestant and Presbyterian countrymen.

He also preached at Clonliffe College, Dublin, on the Feast of the Holy Cross. Again the voice of charity called him to Cork, and like Mary he answered, 'I come.'

The Rev. J. B. Wilberforce, O.P., informs us that Fr. Burke, when going to Cork, met in a crowded railway carriage a passenger who was observed putting his hand frequently into an inside pocket of his coat, drawing out a bottle, holding it to his mouth and drinking drams. Fr. Burke saw that if the man went on in this way he would soon become a very disagreeable companion, and therefore the next time the bottle appeared, he said, 'Your mother must have died very early, sir?' The man looked at him in astonishment, and he continued, 'It is quite plain that you were brought up by the bottle!' Everyone in the carriage laughed, the man felt ashamed, and the bottle was produced no more. When the train reached the station he came up to Fr. Burke, and thanked

him, saying that it was the 'first time for a long period that he had arrived at that station without being drunk.'

The duty which now specially brought Fr. Burke to Cork was to plead once more the cause of the penitent woman who rises from her iniquity and casts off the slough of sin. This sermon was delivered in May for the Magdalen Asylum, under the auspices of the nuns of the Good Shepherd. Depicting Mary in all her dignity, he drew a picture of 'the perfect woman nobly planned,' and showed that the history of mankind both in the Old Law and in the Gospel reveals how, despite of Eve's fall, God was warranted in saying, 'Let us make woman a helper to the man.' He showed with infinite beauty of language that at moments of great national peril and ruin God saved His people at the hands of a woman. The great mission of woman was to be the saviour of society, spreading round with the air she breathes the blessings of purity and sweetness; but there was a philosophical axiom that that which is purest and best in itself becomes when corrupted most dangerous and deadly. And then he drew the dark side of the picture, and there can be little doubt that in using so heavy a brush he aimed to spoil the fatal sentimentality with which the 'Traviata,' then in the full glow of its fame, had become invested.

He preached, too, for the Cork branch of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, who visit with Samaritan kindness the sick and dying. He also called as an old friend on a fine Community of nuns who live quite close to the cathedral. These guileless creatures he took pleasure in amusing by such anecdotes as the following. He told them of an old priest famous for sometimes thinking aloud, who having visited a convent in Meath, remained wrapped in a sort of reverie. The Rev. Mother at last said 'A penny for your thoughts.' 'They are not worth a penny, for I was thinking of *you*.' 'And what were you thinking?' 'What a quantity of relics you will cut up into when you die.' The Superioress weighed sixteen stone.

Fr. Burke was visiting a well-known college, when a very tall and rather bumptious young cleric attempted to draw him into argument. Some amusement was caused by Fr. Burke gravely replying to him as 'Your Highness!'

Dr. O'Connor, a leading physician of Cork, who saw a great deal of Fr. Burke, has been good enough to commit to writing his recollections:

His words and thoughts and the expression of his countenance were all directed to and absorbed in the love of his fellow-men. This feeling enkindled his eloquence in the pulpit, and in an humbler sphere gave point to the graceful humour which adorned his social intercourse. To contribute to the happiness of others was not less a pleasure to him than a necessity of his nature. This explains the lighter shades in his character which otherwise might be misunderstood. That his profound humility continued unruffled by almost universal praise was visible in all his actions. One came specially under my notice. Speaking to him about his health, I advised him to give up for some time the effort of preaching, which I thought could not fail to prove very distressing in the then state of his health. He answered that the half-hour in the pulpit was the only one in the day when he was generally free from suffering. I said the preparation must engross time and attention which ought to be occupied in seeking the restoration of his health. He burst into an immoderate fit of laughter and said, 'Is it preparation for such poor stuff as I produce? You can't be serious.' I then mentioned what I knew to be a fact, that several persons, both here and in Dublin, were ready to subscribe any sum that would enable him to remain at some continental watering-place till his health was restored. He met this suggestion with an equally hearty laugh, saying, 'What a pretty thing to see a poor Dominican associated with all the grand health-seekers! If I cannot get my health in Ireland, I am sure to get a grave there.' When he preached in Cork there were always full churches, and he said that he never addressed a congregation that interested him more than the men of apparently a middle class with their upturned faces and their eyes riveted on the preacher.

When he preached there was something to see as well as to hear. A distinguished friend of mine, coming out of the church after one of his sermons, said, 'If I were deaf I would still come to his sermons.' It is this sympathy between the preacher and the listeners

which gives so much power to Irish pulpit oratory and to the oratory of popular leaders on very different subjects.

His manner of addressing the people of Cork differed somewhat from his style elsewhere.

He would seize upon one leading idea and dwell upon it and work it out with the utmost deliberation, until it might be said to burn itself in on the minds of his auditors (writes Mr. Crosbie, an able local critic and journalist). In so doing he would pour out a flood of illustration, of beautiful images and graceful fancies, that invested his orations with the very spirit of poetry.

The member for Cork in a public speech said that 'Fr. Burke dwarfed all that came within his ken.' But no jealousy enters the domain of St. Finbar. One of its lights, Mgr. Sheehan, V.G. Cork, says:

During my time, and my memory carries me back to a considerable distance in the past, there did not live any ecclesiastic who could compare with Fr. Burke as a pulpit orator. There was a rapture about him simply irresistible. Men felt when they listened as if some spell had been cast over them.

This testimony comes from the brother of the late Remigius Sheehan, of the *Mail*—the sharpest critic of 'Pope and Popery' that ever wielded pen in Ireland.

Like the sun on an otherwise perfect landscape (observes his friend, Mr. Justice O'Hagan), the holiness of his soul brought out, made effective, and glorified those wondrous natural talents with which God had gifted him.

In the true spirit of the humble religious Fr. Burke stood pre-eminent. We venture to assert, after a careful study of the lives of Lacordaire and Burke, that saint as the former was, Burke beat him in humility. Fancy Fr. Burke, after delivering one of his great sermons, sitting down and writing to a friend the following account of it. The words are Lacordaire's, and may be found in that charmingly honest book, his 'Inner life,' by Père Chocarne, O.P. (p. 150):

I soon felt at home with my subject and my audience, and as my breast swelled under the necessity of grasping that vast assembly

of men, and the calm of the first opening sentences began to give place to the inspiration of the orator, one of those exclamations escaped from me which, when deep and heartfelt, never fail to move. The Archbishop was visibly moved. I watched his countenance change as he raised his head and cast on me a glance of astonishment. I saw that the battle was gained in his mind, and it was so already in that of the audience. Having returned home, he announced that he was going to appoint me Honorary Canon of the Cathedral, and they had some difficulty in inducing him to wait until the end of the Station.

Fr. Burke always spoke contemptuously of his own sermons. In lightening the cares of his brethren, too, by a cheerful manner, how much had he not the advantage of Lacordaire? No one who reads the preface by the late Prior-Provincial of England, prefixed to the Life of Lacordaire, can doubt the painfully chilling effect which his manner produced on men who did their best to be civil.

Before leaving Cork, some old friends entertained Fr. Burke at dinner, and he was full of fun. He enjoyed giving surprises to two spinsters who sat opposite. One, in alluding to a lady of the genus known in Ireland as a voteen, and whose religious zeal made her run after the Dominicans at home and abroad, said, 'She is reported to have died; pray, Fr. Burke, can you give me any distinct clue on the point?' 'Would you know her from that?' exclaimed Fr. Burke, affecting to take a small bone out of his waistcoat pocket, to the horror of the lady.

There was one layman in Cork for whom he had the utmost veneration, and said that if it should prove his lucky lot to meet him in the next life, he hoped he might be allowed to blacken his shoes.

Nowhere did he receive more adulation than at Cork, and nowhere was he more conspicuously humble. One small reason added to the many that had now made him, if possible, approach more closely to the ideal of spiritual perfection, was that he bore the perpetual pressure of the Cross.

On June 9 he preached for the Bishop of Clonfert at the Dedication of the new church of Kilrickle, and on the 16th at Ennis in aid of a new presbytery, when he passed an eloquent eulogium on the historic struggle whereby the priests and people of Clare won the election of 1828. His hurried peeps at Galway added the torments of Tantalus to other pangs, but the calls of prior duty must needs be obeyed. On June 23 he appealed in St. Saviour's, Dublin, for the orphanage under the care of the French Sisters of Charity. At Ardcath—the scene not only of the ministrations, but of the endless practical jokes of Fr. Tom Langan—Burke was completely at home. Here within the next few days he preached on the occasion of blessing a bell for a new church which had sprung up in the richest of the Meath plains.

'Many a message would it send forth on the wings of the air,' he said. It would proclaim that God in heaven was coming down on earth. The note of the bell, like the voice of the angel, goes before the Lord. The great mystery of the Incarnation would be thrice daily commemorated by the Angelus: the bell once blessed would be like the angel guardian, not only of the church, but of the parish: it would announce joyous festivals; and ring out marriage chimes. On one day only would it hang silent in its high tower and refuse to gladden the air—on Good Friday when Christ hung dying on the Cross. The people around would be summoned to prayer by its tongue. But it was also the voice of the Church, which would mingle itself with all the joys and Christian sorrows of their life.

That evening jokes fell thick and fast. A Mormon prophet once asked a rough-looking adherent if the tolling of the bell did not remind him of his latter end? 'No,' was the reply, 'but the rope puts me in mind of yours.'

Fr. Burke's improved health did not last long. The answers to letters of inquiry from his niece display, instead of his signature, a few flourishes to indicate a counterpane, above which a grotesque face, meant for himself, peeps.

One most severe winter's day, his medical adviser, Sir George Porter, met Fr. Burke on an outside car. He stopped his carriage, and the following conversation ensued: 'I will go straight to Dr. Banks to join me in a certificate to put you in a lunatic asylum.' 'Why so?' 'You are mad to drive this weather from Tallaght on an open car.' 'I could not help it.' 'How is that?' 'Because I received a letter from the Cardinal, saying that he had asked an English priest to dinner, and I must go to amuse him.'

On July 7 he preached at Youghal, in sight of the house of Sir Walter Raleigh, who himself wrote a fine sermon in verse the night before he died. Its lines strengthened our preacher's text. The Youghal nuns had brought Fr. Tom down to help in upraising their chapel. Some days after he preached at Bray for its poor schools. In this discourse a glimpse of his personal qualities is found:

> Some of the greatest philosophers of antiquity were the most degraded and the most vicious of men. Even in our own day it is not mere knowledge of which the world stands in need. We have abundance of intellectual light, but what we want is the power to make a man chaste, the power that makes a man honest, the power that makes a man dutiful and kind to his aged parents, the grace which makes a man a faithful friend, a reliable servant, a trustworthy companion. These are the faculties that we demand. It is upon these that we live in our communion with each other; these are the things that make life pleasant and sweet, that lighten its burdens and enhance its joys, and which knowledge alone can never supply.

He dined that evening with the Bray priests, who had assembled several friends to meet him. Fr. Conolly describes him as far from well, but making an effort to amuse the company which, to a vigilant observer, was simply painful.

Moore records an idea of Kirk, the sculptor, that large ears were a sign of eloquence, and that 'he thought the ears in the busts of Demosthenes out of nature till he saw the ears of Burton.' From the portraits of Burke it may be seen that his ears stood out with ugly prominence. One day,

accompanied by a reverend friend, he took his seat in the train for Bray. A fellow-passenger entered and said that he also was going to Bray. 'How did he know you were going *to Bray*?' whispered Fr. Burke's companion. 'From the length of my ears, of course,' was the reply. It will be remembered that Fr. Burke ascribed their length to the habit his mother had of pulling them as a punishment.

During penal days when nuns were glad to find shelter even in the slums of Dublin, they settled at George's Hill, off Mary's Lane; and for the schools of this foundation Fr. Burke preached in July. He also made an appeal for the North William Street Orphanage. On August 6 he preached at the Siena Convent, Drogheda, when a young lady was received as a Dominican nun; and the 11th found him at Ballibay. This quaint place had rather an unpleasant history in relation to sectarian affairs, and many traditions tell of the fierce intensity with which, until recently, Catholic progress had been opposed. The MS. diary of the Bishop of Clogher notes that 'Fr. Tom preached splendidly, immense crowds attended, and great enthusiasm prevailed. Some Protestants were present. The collection amounted to 1,200*l.* Fr. Tom was in fine spirits, full of fun and anecdote.'

Canon O'Neil, pastor of Ballibay, writes:

Our Bishop has informed you that Fr. Burke preached here on August 11, 1878, and that we got 1,200*l.* on the occasion. I had expended 2,200*l.* on finishing the church, and after levying a heavy cess off our poor people, nearly 1,300*l.* remained to be raised. I saw no earthly way of getting the amount except by a sermon from Fr. Burke. Our Bishop and I called on him in June, and on looking over his engagements he had just one vacant Sunday (August 11) between that and November 1, and he at once promised to come. Special trains ran from Dundalk, Armagh, and Clones, and a vast crowd of people attended from these and all the neighbouring parishes, so that our church could not hold all that came. About a week before the appointed day, I wrote to him reminding him of the sermon, and asking how he would travel, and when we might expect

him. On Friday the 9th, I got just two lines from some Convent where he was conducting a Retreat, saying he would be with me on next day at 5.15 P.M. He was very much fatigued, dined very sparingly, and retired early.

No wonder he should have seemed very much fatigued, for in addition to his unreported labours he conducted, from July 25 to July 31, another Retreat at Loretto Abbey, Rathfarnham. Truly his strength was poured out like wine for the refreshment of the weak.

Sir C. G. Duffy in his 'Recollections' writes:

'Once I discerned the least dash of satire in his pleasantry. 'Do you know,' he asked, 'the idea my country friends have of a holiday? One of them said to me lately, "You're killing yourself, Fr. Tom, preaching for ever and ever. Come down towards the end of the month and take a holiday with me for a few days. It won't be wasted time; before you leave we'll open the new church with a rousing sermon!"'[1]

'I have just returned from a little trip in Wales,' a short letter begins addressed to Mr. Haverty. It was a pleasant surprise to the author to find the overworked priest taking a holiday at last; but further inquiry showed that his "*Holi*day" bore a more literal significance than the phrase usually conveys.

'Fr. Burke was very anxious to go through a Retreat conducted on Jesuit principles,' observes Fr. Gallwey, S.J., 'and had begged of me to let him know when such an opportunity was likely to arise.' This good Father soon after conducted a Retreat at St. Beuno's College, North Wales, and during the week that it lasted he observed Fr. Burke going through it with edifying piety, and in his modesty of demeanour resembling more a pious novice than a great ecclesiastic who had himself so often swayed the hearts of his hearers.

When the Retreat was over, Fr. Burke derived much interest from a visit to the adjacent Cathedral of St. Asaph; and found his old grudge against Cromwell not diminished

[1] Letter of Sir C. Gavan Duffy: Nice, September 23, 1884.

on hearing from the verger that Noll stabled his horses in the Canons' stalls, and made a drinking-trough of the Baptismal Font.

The house in which Felicia Hemans poured forth her soul in poesy before bequeathing her body to Ireland claimed a lingering look, if not the tribute of a tear.[1] The blind harper as he sadly played 'Morfa Rhuddlan,' in memory of the defeat of the Welsh by the Saxons, recalled the portraits of Carolan; the language of the people, and the picturesque beauty of the place, all reminded Fr. Burke of his own loved land; and he got quite excited in trying to make his Irish intelligible to 'Taffy.'

On August 18, 1878, he preached at the Parish Chapel, Fermoy, on the occasion of replacing the old wooden altar by one of marble. The traces of primitive and penal times to which he referred were found in many other parts of Ireland. Fr. Burke mentioned that 'according to the rules and practices of the Catholic Church the Altar should be made of stone, for from the beginning when sacrifice was offered to God the blood of the sacrifice was shed on stone.'

The new Dominican Church, Drogheda, whose first stone he had helped to lay, was now completed; and Fr. Burke charmed the Primate and the Bishop of Dromore by his sermon at its dedication. This grand pile recalled some of the most crucial experiences in Irish history. Seven hundred years ago the Dominicans settled in Drogheda; their church and tower were consecrated to St. Mary Magdalene. Nearly every armed host which entered the field north of Dublin—from Cromwell's troopers to William's conquering legions—has fired a hostile shot near Drogheda; and the Dominican Church suffered most in the general wreck. It was in fact battered to bits; but its tower, still known by the title to which it was

[1] Some lines from one of her own dirges are cut upon her tomb in St. Anne's Church, Dublin, and begin:

'Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit! rest thee now!'

dedicated, survived; and as it rose before the lustrous eye of Fr. Tom served to fire his sermon. He drew a picture of the Church as possessing the Divine attributes of Mary and the human characteristics of the penitential Magdalene. Referring to penal days he told how 'no Altar was lifted in the land, save perhaps some hastily turned sod by the bog or the bleak mountain-side, where the rain fell pitilessly while Mass was hastily celebrated.' And on another occasion he spoke of the 'rocks for Altars and the clouds for a canopy.' These were no flights of fancy. Readers of the life of Dr. Doyle will remember that Dr. McGettigan described from personal recollection a scene almost identical. After the function of the day the Primate and the preacher were entertained at dinner by Dr. Carbery, now Bishop of Hamilton. Fr. Meadth, observing that Fr. Burke needed a little change, took him out in a trawler to fish on Clogher Head. They landed, Burke got up what he called 'a gipsy tea,' lit a fire of brambles, and showed them how he used to cook herrings at Galway. Fr. Tom when in high humour used to give laughable accounts of this piscatorial trip.

The See of Galway now threatened to become vacant by the translation of Dr. MacEvilly to Tuam in the event of Archbishop MacHale's death. Priests and people were anxious that Fr. Burke should be their Bishop, and were prepared to subscribe liberal sums to defray the expenses which such an elevation would entail. One solemn cleric pooh-poohed and said that a man of such comic tendencies would fail to support episcopal instincts. But it was stated by a Parish Priest in reply that when Fr. Burke held the office of Master of Novices he was most rigid, and had rejected thirty candidates for priesthood.

Fr. Burke, on being made acquainted with the idea, implored the Parish Priests not only not to vote for him but to ask their colleagues to vote for another. Finding that in a few cases the *nolo episcopari* was not taken literally, he waxed

warm and threatened anger if they should persevere. 'But,' he pleasantly added, alluding to his features, 'in any case I will be always the Ordinary of the Diocese.' To his sisters he would sometimes say, 'I know you are praying that I may be a Bishop. Rather pray that I may never know that burden which the Council of Trent says should be dreaded by the shoulders of an angel.'

Fr. Burke told his brother Dominican, Fr. Dwyer, at this time, that the highest ecclesiastical authority in the diocese having sounded him on the point, he replied, 'If as a Friar I am not able to discharge my duties, how much more unfit would I be to perform the duties of a Bishop?'

It has been said that 'Fr. Burke had *no* administrative capacity.' The fact that he was kept almost continuously in office either as Novice-master, Prior, Visitor, or Definitor since his ordination as Subdeacon, seems good proof to the contrary. A fact quite unknown outside the Order remains to be told, and it speaks volumes of the estimation in which Fr. Burke was held by the men who knew him best. When the office of Provincial became vacant it was the almost unanimous wish of the Dominican Fathers that Fr. Burke should be raised to that dignity. But he besought his more ardent supporters to give their votes to a Dominican whose wisdom and worth he had good opportunities of testing throughout a close intimacy which dated from the Woodchester days. The suggestion was honoured, and when the seven years expired, which form the tenure of a Provincial's reign, the Father—who still holds office—received the rare compliment of re-election. One of the elective Chapter, addressing us, writes:

I have no hesitation in saying that I believed Fr. Burke fully competent to do *any* work put before him. He had a great grasp of mind both for theory and practice, yet he naturally shrank from positions of honour or responsibility, as was evident by his running away from the mitre and from the provincialship of our province, of which you are already aware.[1]

[1] Letter of the Very Rev. C. H. Condon, O.P., July 31, 1885.

One day at this time his friends persuaded him to relieve his overwrought mind by joining a large party of pleasure on board a private steam-yacht which rode the waters of Lough Corrib. Some strange priests enjoying their holiday were present, and Fr. Burke took delight in astonishing a pompous-looking cleric whose solemnity of visage vainly sought to shed awe around. This priest, though very familiar with the great Dominican's reputation, was wholly ignorant of his appearance and presence. Fr. Burke told some of his most fantastic stories, accompanied by the strangest facial changes. The grave cleric scowled from behind a pair of 'goggles.' Presently the piper struck up 'Jig Polthogue,' and Fr. Tom, quite carried away by the inspiriting music, the memories of boyhood, and the genius of the place, began to dance, to the increased horror of his ecclesiastical censor. Suddenly Fr. Tom caught his sister by the hand—a lady much senior to himself, very like him in face, and sharing his sense of humour—and both began to foot it with the energy so often described by himself in 'Finnigan's Wake.' This the ascetic's flesh and blood could no longer brook. He was a man of full habit, with a determination of blood to the head. He started to his feet, and glancing over his spectacles into Fr. Burke's face, as though he would freeze him into stone, exclaimed: 'Sir, it shall be my duty to find out your name and report you to your Ordinary for transgressing our universal statutes in thus dancing with a female.' The Dominican bowed: 'Permit me to introduce to you my sister, Miss Bridget Burke.' All the facts at once flashed on the man of scruples. Then he knew, for the first time, that Fr. Burke stood before him. He stammered apologies, but did not suggest an encore.

'John,' said Fr. Tom, turning to his schoolfellow, Mr. Brady, 'I hope I didn't go too far. But if I had not very promptly relieved him, he might have gone off in a fit of apoplexy. That air always carries me away; and my censor would have been better pleased had it done so literally.' One

of Fr. Burke's objects in giving this performance was the hope that it might cool the ardour with which friends desired to see him wear the mitre of Galway.

A further insight into the nature of the man is obtained in his lecture on 'The Genius and Character of the Irish People,' at New York:

> One more light in the bright side of our character, and I have done. The Irish people, in their genius, in their national character, have kept up under the direst persecution. Never did a people suffer so much and still maintain their national humour, good temper, and height of spirit. If any other nation on earth had gone through three hundred years of incessant war, four hundred years of national invasion, three hundred years again of religious persecution —the heart and spirit of the people would have been broken; and no smile would have played on the face of the nation. What do we find? In spite of all he has suffered, the Irishman of to-day has as light a heart, as bright an eye, and is as nimble of heel in the dance, as any man on the face of God's earth. Give him an opportunity, and he will give you a stroke of wit such as you never heard before. There was a poor fellow down in my native Galway—he was standing in his corduroy breeches and grey stockings, and the brogues that he wore were not worth mentioning, because they had neither soles nor uppers. As he stood in the door of his little cabin, the pig was inside playing with the children. An Englishman was passing and said—'Now, my good man, why do you allow that pig in your house?' 'Hasn't the house every accommodation that any reasonable pig would require?' replied Pat. Oh! the light heart of the Irish race! If on this platform there were now an Irish piper, or an Irish fiddler, and he struck up an Irish jig, do you imagine, priest and friar as I am, that I would not feel the heels going under me?

Not long after, he was asked to preach on the occasion of a grand Church ceremonial at Galway. One of the first faces he noticed was his censor of Lough Corrib, goggles and all. By some accident the doorkeepers did not recognise old Mrs. Burke, and she failed to get a good seat. That evening Fr. Burke said: 'You deserved a better place, mother. If it were not for *you* there would have been no sermon to-day.'

CHAPTER IX.

DE OMNIBUS REBUS.

FR. BURKE had been at one time intimate with Judge Keogh, but the tone and terms of his 'Galway judgment' cramped their intercourse. It may be explained that the priests of Galway were denounced for their political activity in an election for their county; and the popular representative whom they had helped to return was unseated by the Judge in favour of the foe. Fr. Burke, in a lecture at New York, severely noticed this pronouncement, and on his return to Ireland he was met by the Judge, who, holding the paper in his hand as evidence, upbraided him in the spirit of 'Et tu, Brute!' However, when sorrow wrung Keogh's brow, the priest poured upon it the balm of consolation. His daughter, Miss Jessie Keogh, died at this time.

He was never the same after her death (Fr. Burke tells John Brady). I do not remember to have witnessed anything more painful than the emotions by which that man was torn when the corpse of his daughter was consigned to the vault. His paroxysms of grief could hardly be realised by anyone who had previously known him, and never had I a more difficult task to discharge than in trying to bring him away.

Poor Jessie had formed a great friendship for Fr. Burke. The Judge himself soon after passed from judging to be judged.

One Irish dignitary, though an able administrator, was found to be but a poor preacher. The slightest noise

disconcerted him and made him lose the thread of his discourse. Fr. Burke in social hours not only travestied him preaching, but introduced the squalling of a baby, which ever and anon would tease his tympanum. More than once this preacher ordered the child to be put out, even more literally than he had been himself. Fr. Burke had no difficulty in producing most accurately the infantine noises; for it had been his own lot at times to find a baby master of the situation. Among other mimicries, we remember that of Fr. Peter Daly and the Franciscan Prior of Galway singing in antiphon together in choir.

A man so irrepressible in this line could not expect to be held sacred from similar liberties, and the same Franciscan often drew down plaudits loud and long by his imitations of the great Dominican. These Fr. Burke took well; but he hated to be nicknamed. An English priest once called him 'Sam Slick,' and as Fr. O'Connor, formerly of Tallaght, remembers, the sobriquet annoyed him very much.

Fr. Burke's ministrations are next traced among the former haunts of the Lancashire witches, ending on August 25 with two sermons at St. Walburga's, Preston, in aid of local charities, when 300*l.* was collected.

He was again within a short run of dear old Galway. On September 1, 1878, he preached in Athlone, but once more was obliged to tear himself away to meet engagements which allowed of no postponement. It was always necessary to secure Fr. Burke's promise nearly six months before the occasion that required his help. His presence at Athlone was to open a new pulpit and altar, the work of Leonardi of Rome. That day 220*l.* was contributed.

Pleasing memories of the Cavan Mission in 1861 had been awakened when, during the previous spring, he received an earnest appeal to preach at Kingscourt, at the dedication, on September 8, of its fine new church. He said 'Yes,' and when the day came it found him in good strength and

spirits. Nowhere in Ireland had the arm of persecution fallen more heavily than on the district he had now entered. He felt that the church represented the life of Christ, and in his sermon that day he described the broken body—laid in the arms of His Virgin Mother; how she removed thorn after thorn from His brow, her tears washing His furrowed checks; how He was laid in the tomb, but on Easter morning rose with the sun transfigured, every wound absorbed in the glory of His immortality. 'Does not the ruined church without remind of the Man of Sorrows? Behold Him in His risen glory! Behold the Church that can never die!'

This seems to have been the only instance in which the dinner usually attendant on such functions was reported. The Pastor, Fr. Peter O'Reilly, presided; the Bishop of Meath on his right hand, Fr. Burke on his left. In proposing the preacher's health, Fr. Peter said that if he had a hundred tongues he would not be able to do justice to Fr. Burke. Priests and bishops and nuns commenced to build, and, like the fool in the Gospel, were not able to finish; but, thanks be to God! they had their own countryman beside them able to put the crowning stone on every work of the kind. Fr. Burke replied amid frequent bursts of laughter:

I am very much obliged to you all for having had the courage to stand up and drink my health after the extraordinary caricature that Fr. Peter has given of me. Gentlemen, I have seen myself photographed in many places; some of them were flattering; some of them, I must say (poor as nature is in me), did not hold the mirror exactly up to nature. But I never saw so extravagant a likeness of myself as Fr. Peter put before you, and yet you had the kindness to stand up and to acknowledge it as far as you were willing to subscribe to a certain moiety of what he said. I wish I was all that Fr. Peter said of me, and I wish I was twice as much as Fr. Peter wishes me to be in order that I might devote all for the service of the Church of God and Ireland—the noblest purpose to which ever human genius was consecrated. The grandest career that ever man, the most ambitious, proposed to himself was to serve the Church of God, and next to that—and this I am proud to say in the presence of

Mr. Biggar—the noblest career that earth could offer to a man is to serve his native land. There is nothing here below that can compare to the Catholic Church, and after her there is nothing that the sun of God shines upon that can compare with old Ireland. I come from a part of the country where it rains every day in the week and twice on a Sunday. I have lived in many lands, and say that in spite of all the rain there is no climate so fine as Ireland. A man has never to put on furs either in winter, nor has he to go almost *in puris naturalibus* in summer; more or less, with a very slight variation, the same suit of clothes will serve a man all the year round—and what higher thing can you say of any country's climate than that?

Bossuet wrote a book on the variations of Protestantism; and as it is in religion, so it is in climate, the fewer the variations the better. But when we pass from her climate to her generous fruitful soil; when we see that the bosom of the old motherland is ready to feed our millions to-day as she was thousands of years ago; when we see a richness that cannot be exceeded—a fertile soil over which the hand of the desolator has swept again and again in vain—the hand that made desolate some of the fairest provinces in the globe, the hand which turned Asia Minor, the Garden of the World, into a desert, has in vain sought to exhaust and destroy this old prolific bosom of Ireland. She is still able and willing—and with the blessing of God we shall behold her doing it—to feed her eight millions of children.

At a time when other States and peoples upraised their arms against the Jesuits, impoverished Galway, already well stocked with the convents of various religious Orders, admitted to its bosom the sons of Ignatius. Despising all jealous considerations, and regarding them only in the light of great soldiers of Christ, the Bishop and parochial clergy folded them in their embrace. On Sunday, September 22, 1878, a splendid new altar for the Jesuit Church was consecrated by Bishop MacEvilly, after which Fr. Burke delivered a fine discourse on the past struggles and triumphs of the Order.

Dearly beloved (he concluded), even to-day, whilst they are preaching in a strange tongue in Cochin-China, whilst they are preaching in North America, in Central and Southern Africa,

expounding the Gospel in all languages, and in the remotest parts of the globe, we have them here in the midst of us—you have the happiness of having the genius and energy of the sons of St. Ignatius in your ancient Catholic city. All true Catholics bless the hands that have blessed their coming here, they bless the noble and generous heart and hand that led them to this city, and that to-day put forth that consecrated power to bless and consecrate this altar.

A large audience flocked to hear Fr. Burke preach in Dublin on the feast of St. Francis this year, including Lady Londonderry, daughter of Lord Roden, Grand Master of the Orangemen of Ireland. A few days later he appealed for the Denmark Street Schools, and on October 17 he inaugurated the session of the French College Debating Society, near Dublin. He characterised such societies as productive either of great good or of great evil—a great evil when it serves but to make a pert boy more impudent, or to produce verbose rhetoricians—men whom the Chelsea philosopher called 'windbags.' On the contrary, it is a great good when it is the offspring of a well-regulated college, when it adds nerve and self-possession to the native modesty that ever accompanies true genius. Their debating society had a great work to perform, and he hoped and felt sure that it would not fail to do it. And when in days yet to come, when the Parliament of Westminster, perhaps, is entranced by the words of some young Irish member; when the Four Courts ring and re-echo with the applause that greets a rising barrister, who ably expounds noble principles of equity and jurisprudence; when, on the mountain-side or on the hustings, a future Liberator pleads for Ireland as a nation or Ireland as a province, some bystander shall point to the orator and recall the days when he spoke in a debating society.

Once more he is back in Lancashire, but thinking rather of hagiology than of its witches, lecturing on temperance—chiefly in Preston—and assisting the Bishop of Salford

(October 19 to 21) in various functions. 'Fr. Burke on arrival,' observes the newspaper report, 'was met by a large concourse of people with a brass band, which accompanied the carriage of the great Dominican, cheering loudly along the route.' On October 22, Fr. Burke preached at St. Joseph's, Higher Audley, and next day lectured at Bolton in aid of the Home for Factory Girls. When the lecture concluded, the Recorder of Liverpool said that in all his life, though accustomed to hear the great orators of every nation, he had never found such a treat as that night presented. A handsome address to Fr. Burke was then read, in which a hundred thousand welcomes were offered, accompanied by a prayer that God might give him renewed health, strength, and courage, to continue the good work in which he had engaged.

'Let him who thinks he stands take heed lest he fall.' Kirwan, the Franciscan preacher, fell, and became a dignitary in another Church. The case of Father Hyacinthe taught another moral lesson. Fr. Burke, in acknowledging this address, said that 'if at any time, which he hoped would be never, he should forget the creed of his fathers or the land of his birth, the sight of that address would, he hoped, be sufficient to keep him in the ways of rectitude and of honour.'

Fr. Burke was true to his word. Though many other addresses much more handsomely illuminated are nowhere to be discovered among his scanty effects, we found at Tallaght the Bolton address which he promised to preserve.

He is next found in Liverpool. Here the great preacher visited a community of nuns, who felt quite awe-stricken in his presence. But he put them at ease by telling how his mother had a short time previous said to him, 'I have my eye on you, my boy,' and 'You take after your father's family, because you've got no sinse.' The English nuns believe to this day that Mrs. Burke pronounced her words illiterately, which in point of fact she did not, though she certainly had a brogue. This, like the account he gave of her

in America, was part of the humbling system which he loved to cultivate. The object of his visit to Liverpool was in aid of missions to the heathen. Cardinal Manning opened the proceedings with a fine oration. The local papers state that Fr. Burke on rising was received with a *furore* of applause, the entire audience rising to their feet. Peals of laughter hailed every sentence of the following :

The reason why he appeared before them in that old habit was threefold—first, because he had the honour to speak in presence of a prince of the Church, and, according to received court etiquette, it was not lawful for such as he to appear before a prince except in court dress. He had put on his religious garb because he had tried to speak in other garments and failed. It was as natural for a friar to look for his habit when he wished to get on swimmingly as for ducks to go to the water. When he went to America some years ago, he was encouraged by its bishops and priests to speak to the Irish people, and indeed to a large proportion of non-Catholic people, in buildings which were not churches but theatres, and he thought that perhaps the appearance of the religious habit would be incongruous outside the church. He therefore attempted to lecture first in the ordinary dress of a gentleman, but he found that the thing did not succeed. No matter how grand the truths, how profound the philosophical sentiments, he—Thomas Burke of the Order of Preachers—was not able to satisfy himself or his audiences when he was disguised in any other dress. He accordingly adopted the wise plan of putting on his habit wherever he appeared. At the time that the fermentation of the popular mind was beginning to be distinctly felt in New York, he remembered one evening, after quietly lecturing in the Cooper Institute to about 4,000 Irishmen, coming out of the place, having taken off his habit and got on a black coat, when, as he was elbowing his way among the crowd, he heard two Irishmen speaking who did not think he was listening to them. The subject of their discourse was himself. 'Begorra, Jerry,' said one, 'when he first came to this country he used to spake in his clothes, and I lost a dollar goin' over to Brooklyn to listen to him; Faix he wasn't worth crossing the street to listen to; but since the villian put himself into that blanket of his there's no standin' him.' Now never was his Dominican habit in a holier place than in the hall of Liverpool, mainly supported and frequented by Catholics and vowed to the sacred cause of temperance.

Later on he referred to Cardinal Manning's discourses as put forth in a way in which *he* could not deliver them if he were to live a thousand years.

The evening terminated with feelings presenting a sad contrast to the fun just described. Cardinal Manning rose to say that there would be no votes of thanks and no further expression of any sort, for it was with real grief of heart that he was compelled to make an announcement of great gravity. He had received a telegram that Cardinal Cullen had suddenly died! The news produced on the audience a deep impression; loud sobs were heard. All knelt down while the Bishop of Liverpool recited the *De Profundis.*

Fr. Burke hurried to the bier of his lost friend. In a funeral sermon he said:

> Thou hast gone to thy eternal joy, but thou hast left great sorrow to us thy children. Prelates lament their head and guide, the clergy their mild, loving, and merciful bishop, the Regular Orders their large-minded, great-hearted protector and friend, the poor their consoler and benefactor, the Church her wise and learned counsellor and ruler, the nation her defender.

Doctors more than once said to Fr. Burke that as the bow which is never unbent loses its power, so the brain which is ever on the stretch would fail before its time. Seneca whispered, 'Detur aliquando otium quiesque fessis.' But really it sometimes seemed that Fr. Burke, like the ballet-dancer's leg or the blacksmith's arm, gathered strength by exertion. We speak of his mind, not the body, which he despised. Disease all this time was preying on his very vitals.

The interest he took in his poorest penitents reached far beyond the confessional. One day at this time he arrived at the Hospice, Harold's Cross, and entrusted to the good Sisters a poor consumptive woman who for twenty years had been under his spiritual guidance. He continued to visit her constantly, and when at last the Angel of Death came, it was painful to see his emotion.

Accepting the invitation of the Bishop of Waterford to preach in his cathedral on October 27, 1878, the Feast of St. Otteran, patron of the diocese, Fr. Burke zealously co-operated in making the day one of jubilee.

Not the less should they rejoice (he said) because they were under the shadow of a great grief. God had visited this island and taken to Himself and to the Church triumphant in Heaven its great prince, Cardinal Cullen. In view of this sorrow we cannot but mourn; but as our loss is his gain, we have still reason for rejoicing on this festival.

In the evening Fr. Burke delivered a second sermon.

A lecture, chiefly on Ireland, at the Catholic University, Dublin, on November 6, was marked by some touching allusions to the same incident. To obey another man, he said, might be a point of duty; to obey Cardinal Cullen was a luxury of love. To obey another man might be a task; *his* behests always carried pleasure because the grace of God was in him and the Spirit of God animated him.

This lecture rose in parts to the dignity of an oration, and had for an audience some of the most cultured persons in Ireland. Mr. P. J. Smyth, moved to one of his eloquent orations by the sight of Fr. Burke, proposed a vote of thanks to him. They greeted in Fr. Burke the man in whose hands the shamrock typifies, not alone the Divine mystery, but an undying patriotism, which, though trodden under foot and crushed in the dust, would never be uprooted. The vote of thanks having been passed by acclamation, Fr. Burke acknowledged it by simply saying that he feared to make a speech then, lest it should resemble one of the 'Amens' they sometimes heard at a High Mass, and which was almost as long as the Mass itself.

The greatness which the world thrust upon him (writes Fr. Murphy), the splendour and triumphs of his career, never banished the memories of the Galway fireside, or swept away the hallowed lesson which his mother had written on his young heart. With the

same tenacious love he came back to his solitary monastic room. The world forgot that after his brilliant orations he retired to that quiet spot whose only ornaments were a crucifix, a few sacred pictures, and a few books; and that the routine of the secluded life was made up of meditation, psalmody, and prayer.

And at times—though it may spoil the climax—harmless fun. His former Prior tells us that he always knew the precise moment when Fr. Tom yearned for a change of audience, and withdrew accordingly. He found that he was often succeeded as a listener, sometimes by a stable-boy, or a farm-labourer. The Irishman, as a rule, has a keen sense of the ludicrous. Fr. Burke exerted himself as much to please that lowly audience as though he had before him the bishops who gave their evenings to him at San Clemente. He liked the risible roar of a rustic listener, with mouth strained from ear to ear, and our great Dominican more than once thought that if 'all the world's a stage,' Tallaght was its upper gallery.

Late or early he seemed the same joyous being. When seeing off Fr. Rush, O.P., before dawn on a winter's morning, Fr. Burke, observing a company of soldiers also going away, put his head in at the window of the railway-carriage and chaffed the sergeant.

On April 1 is commemorated the feast of St. Gobban, whose ruined church at Kilgobbin is a pleasant walk from Tallaght. But other observances claimed a thought on that day. Once when Fr. Burke was Prior, Joachim, a lay brother who acted as cook, and who pronounced his own name 'Joke him,' said, 'I want an egg-boiler, Fr. Prior.' Being the first of April, Fr. Burke sent him off to Mr. MacDonnell, a great paper manufacturer, who lived near Tallaght, requesting the loan of a 'straw boiler.' This was a cauldron weighing some tons.[1]

[1] Fr. Burke well knew that the joke would be relished by Mr. MacDonnell. They were kindred spirits, as an anecdote will show. One Sunday in Tallaght Chapel when Fr. Burke was announcing the fasts, a wrong date inadvertently

These are small matters, but the least things and the greatest are elements equally essential in forming the universe.

"One fact, though belonging to an earlier period, may perhaps, be mentioned here. It is given with hesitation. But knowing the humble nature of the man, and his love of telling before many what tended to his own humiliation, we feel that, if it were possible for him now to speak, no

slipped from him. The Prior and he had already promised to join Mr. MacDonnell's family dinner on that day, but the coincidence struck no one except the host. Oxtail soup, turkey, ham, and roast beef were put upon the table. Every one received a helping except Fr. Burke. Dominicans do not eat out of meal times, and his appetite needed no whetting. 'I think I will call upon *you*,' he at last said, and not a little puzzled by the oversight. 'Oh, there is something nice coming specially for *you*,' responded Mr. MacDonnell—whereupon the servant placed a covered dish before Fr. Burke. After a little persiflage and some slight delay the presumed delicacy was revealed to view in the shape of a kippered herring. Another thing or two remembered by this family may here be told. One day the young ladies condoled with Fr. Burke on a fatal accident which befell his revered friend, the Superioress of Loretto; it might throw a gloom over his life, they said. 'My dear children,' he replied, 'these things must be taken with philosophy—

Mrs. Ball
Got a fall,
Broke her leg,
And that's all.'

His arrival at Oldbawn, where Mr. MacDonnell lived, was always a joy to the children. Sometimes he would make his hand assume the shape of a human head—touches of a burnt cork improving the effect—a gaping mouth formed by the thumb and forefinger: mastication and vocal sounds being duly produced. A man pursued and bitten by a buzzing mosquito, with other tricks, delighted the household. He generally spent Christmas day with this family, but after the visit to Ireland of the Dominican General Jandel, the Fathers were required to dine together in their convent. Dismay reigned at Oldbawn when it appeared that Fr. Burke could not come; but after dinner, Mr. MacDonnell, anxious to amuse the young people, sent his car to Tallaght in order to fetch Fr. Burke on what is styled a 'sick call.' The good friar not suspecting a 'fib,' arrived, looking very solemn, and quite benumbed by his cold drive. But he no sooner saw how matters stood than he rubbed his hands with glee and at once led the van of mirthful movement. He took novel means to make the rustic congregation at Tallaght better Christians. One day after he had said Mass and was about to preach he observed a movement towards the door. With a twinkle of humour in his eye he called upon the janitor to turn the key in the door, for as rain was falling the people had better not expose themselves to the risk of catching cold. He often sought to persuade the MacDonnells that it was they who first taught him to preach.

objection would be made. He himself more than once quoted the words of St. Augustine, that there are but two loves—the love of God extending to the contempt of self, and the love of self extending to the contempt of God. A Dominican assures us that he has seen Fr. Burke, when in the zenith of his fame, compelled as a penance for breaking silence out of recreation hour, or for some fault still more trivial, to kiss the feet of the novices, and then to eat his dinner on his knees in the middle of the refectory, the plate resting on the seat of a chair. Fr. Burke's passion for penance was equal to his humility. 'I could feel,' says one of the novices, now a Dominican Father, 'that the first penance was no matter of form with him, but was a full and veritable kiss.' The penances thus described were no exceptional strokes of caprice on the part of his Superior. They form a disciplinary practice clearly prescribed by the constitutions of the Order. And it is equally true that when this same Superior's tenure of office expired, and Fr. Burke succeeded as Prior, he has legitimately imposed the same purgation on the ex-Prior.

Fr. Burke maintained no reserve as regards the humiliation to which he had bowed. He told all about it the first day he got among old friends, and added that from the low position in which he tried to get through his fish dinner he had been robbed of the best of it by a tom-cat.

He was of opinion that not at Corpo Sancto, Lisbon, in its best day, was the novitiate better than at Tallaght. One day he said to a friend, 'I have been revising the Constitutions, and wondering, if St. Thomas came on earth again, would he find anything at Tallaght to which he could object, and really I could find nothing.'

A dear old friend, Mrs. Hanly of Ardavon, Rathfarnham, with whose family Fr. Burke had often passed happy hours when returning from Loretto Abbey, died this year, and Fr. Burke, though prostrate from illness, lost not a moment in offering the balm of his sympathy. This letter is ad-

dressed to Miss Mary Hanly, a beautiful girl whom pulmonary disease had already marked for its own.

My dearest Child,—My heart is with you in your sorrow though I cannot move, for I have been very ill for the last week, and able to get up only for an hour or two each day. May God strengthen and comfort you all. You need not remind me to pray for your mother, although I believe that her sweet, innocent soul, sanctified by so much suffering and sorrow, is already with God. As you say, the loss is yours. I beg of you to take care of yourself now, and not to indulge in grief.

Fr. Burke throughout the trials of his own life acted up to the advice thus given. Offering them up in the spirit of a Christian pilgrim he next sought, like a sound philosopher, to drown them. Describing a previous time he said:

'Pickwick' chanced to fall into my hands. I had never before read it, and the loud laughter which it drew from me made a Father come to my cell to see what was the matter. Years after I found 'Pickwick' hid away under the bed of a novice. I was about to visit him with a severe penance when I remembered my own weakness for the book and the happiness it had afforded me.

It is told of Faber that through life he had recourse to this same fount of harmless mirth, and that even in his last illness he cast a glance at it.

People who did not know that Fr. Burke usually rose for Matins at 4 o'clock were often surprised to find him up with the lark. A genial member of the Strollers' Club, who meant to travel by the boat which leaves Kingstown at early morning, was pacing the pier at 6 A.M. when he met the Dominican, looking much depressed. Remembering how Fr. Burke had previously rallied in his society, he pulled a handful of gold from his pocket, saying, 'Come with me, and while this lasts we must not separate.' Fr. Burke looked wistfully across the sea in the spirit of the lines at p. 147, but he said that 'Chained to the Oar' was the only marine memory to which —henceforth—he was likely to look back.

CHAPTER X.

TERAR DUM PROSIM.

A GREAT duty now called ; and our Preaching Friar, though stricken by mortal disease, sprang from his couch to perform it. November 27, 1878, was fixed for the oration in memory of Cardinal Cullen. The cathedral presented a solemn spectacle. Its archiepiscopal throne, where the dead hierarch had so often presided, was draped in mourning purple. The windows were muffled with crape ; the colonnade of Ionic pillars and the altars were veiled in coils of black and white ; a catafalque crowned by a coffin rose in the centre of the choir. Seventeen bishops and many hundred priests entered in procession. A solemn Office for the Dead and a Requiem High Mass were intoned to music which long had slept ; but it was possibly one of the joys reserved for its composer, Giovanni Asola, priest of Verona, who died in 1596, to see it now rise from its tomb in immortal grandeur.

Fr. Burke's discourse on Cardinal Cullen is so well known that no need arises to press its great periods into this page. Besides, extracts from it have appeared in a previous chapter (i. 97). However, as in painting his portrait the preacher seems to have unconsciously drawn his own, a feature or two may be given :

> Amidst all the exalted duties and high honours that now surrounded him, the man of God still remained the gentle, meek, humble ecclesiastic. Learning in him, vast though it was, awoke no spirit of intellectual pride ; honours aroused no complacency nor ambition ; insults, which were not wanting, provoked no indignation nor retort ; injuries stirred up no anger nor revenge. Devoted still to constant

prayer, fasting and mortifying his senses, he not only retained the purity of his soul, the simplicity and truthfulness of his spirit, the manliness and honesty of his character; but he still continued to grow daily in the love of God, in death to self, in humility, gentleness, and meekness. Labour and toil he cheerfully accepted; honours and dignities he as carefully put away from him.

Fr. Burke's personal love for the man beams forth more than once. He said that not until increasing infirmities admonished him that the end was near would he consent to divide the burden and diminish his self-sacrificing and wasting duties by sharing them with another.

Alas, that end was nearer than we, strong in hope, and blinded by our love for him, suspected. At the sudden summons he rose with the calm intrepidity of Christian confidence and hope, and fortified with the Holy Sacraments, invoking Ireland's saints with his fast failing breath, and with dying hand covering himself with a great sign of the Cross, he passed through the gates of death to find beyond them the Lord he had served so well, and with Him to join the princes of the Church triumphant in Heaven.

'He seemed to me to throw his whole soul into his work that day,' the Bishop of Achonry writes.

A letter from a Protestant, dated November 29, styles it 'a most eloquent, loving, and moving oration,' but is not quite satisfied with Fr. Burke's quotation from the 126th Psalm of *filii excussorum*—'the children of the oppressed':

In our earlier Prayer-book version the expression is translated 'young children,' and in the Authorised Version 'children of the youth.' In the Douay Version it is rendered 'the children of them that have been shaken,' in near agreement with the Septuagint as well as with the Latin of the Vulgate of the Sixtine. The later version gives *filii juventutum*, agreeing with our Authorised rendering. The Hebrew word may bear either of the two interpretations, and the later one, *i.e.* 'of the young,' is preferred by modern scholars and seems most in line with the context.

But the critic added that 'the version chosen by Fr. Burke served his splendid rhetoric with admirable point.'

Fr. Burke promptly replied:

I beg to state that my translation of *filii excussorum* as 'sons of the oppressed' is not found in any English version of the Scriptures that I know, but is my own. The Catholic Church recognised the Vulgate as the authorised version of the Scriptures, and when a Catholic preacher quotes the Vulgate in the Latin he is not bound to translate it according to any English or other translation, but to give the sense of it in his own words. The Douay translation of *filii excussorum* as 'the sons of them that were shaken' seemed to me not to convey with sufficient force or clearness the words of the Vulgate, and therefore I used my privilege (having first quoted the words in Latin) to give my own version. Now I give you my authority for so doing. Bellarmine, in his Commentary on the Psalms, says, 'Sed cur filii isti tam fortes dicuntur filii excussorum? Quia filii sunt hominum ejectorum et expuls rum a mundo quasi quisquiliæ et rejectamenta.' ('But why are sons so strong said to be the sons of them that were shaken? Because they are the sons of men who were cast out and rejected by the world as refuse and despicable.') The French-received translation of the phrase used in the popular editions of the Psalms authorised by our Bishops is, 'les enfants des opprimés.'—I am yours, &c.

THOMAS N. BURKE, O.P.

The Bishop of Clonfert had made Fr. Burke promise to preach the dedication sermon of Kilconnell Church on All Saints' Day; and the Dominican in speeding thither passed Aughrim, famous for its fatal battle, where St. Ruth—who, however, holds no place in the Calendar—fell, torn by a cannon-ball. The thoughts aroused by this retrospect gave place at Kilconnell to still stronger emotions on viewing its ruined abbey—praised by Cæsar Otway for its picturesqueness, and described by Ferguson as 'more like a cloister in Sicily or Spain than anything in these islands.' The incident which brought about the function of the day was the presentation, by a parishioner, of a handsome new altar. Though not previously dedicated, the church had been long open for Divine service; and Fr. Burke said that, 'as the Altar is the most necessary of all the furniture of the Catholic Church, so the building they were in had renewed its youth in the beauty of its Altar.' That evening Fr. Tom was much

interested in the old mural tablet to Lord Trimblestown, 'whoe was transplanted into Conaght with others by order of the Vsvrper Cromwell.'

A few days after he is at the opposite end of Ireland.

While the air smelt of sulphur consequent on a pyrotechnic outburst in commemoration of Guy Fawkes, Fr. Burke penetrated the Orange lines by a sermon at Lurgan. The object was merely to pay off a debt due on the male and female schools. Fr. Burke preached touchingly on the Gospel of the day, where Christ raises the dead girl to life, saying, 'She is not dead, but sleepeth.' The preacher spoke of the four thousand years during which man's nature lay on its death-bed—no voice or hand could give it life—and he argued that the dead girl in the Gospel was not only a symbol, but represented their nature living again.

A great friend of Fr. Burke had accompanied him from Dublin, and afterwards brought him for a little change to Tanderagee. Here lived the friend's uncle and mother—both paragons of hospitality. This friend on his return to Dublin got a bad attack of gout. If a feather fell on him he would screech, and he was so low that nothing seemed capable of rousing him. Frs. Burke and Prendergast went to see the sufferer. The latter, taking his hand, was about to ask how he was, when Fr. Burke interposing, 'and with the most solemn face, keeping me back with one hand, and pointing to the sick man with the other, sang to the air of "Let me kiss him for his mother"—

Oh! let him out, he's got the gout,
Pray treat him like a brother,
When him and me were in Tanderagee
He saw his uncle and his mother!

There was something so comical in the great preacher singing this that the sick man, while shaking with laughter, all but shook off the gout.'

He frequently paid my family a visit (observes a gentleman who lived close to the Dominican convent in Dublin). In coming to the door he often seemed stooped, sad, and weary. His humility was so great that we never knew him to give more than a tinkle at the bell, such as indicates the approach of a mendicant. He would ask under his breath, 'Is there anyone upstairs?' (meaning any stranger-guest) in case there was, he would retire. During his visits he would sing with great feeling, my daughter accompanying him on the piano. Sometimes Fr. O'Reilly, the late Cardinal's administrator and confessor, would come and join him in a glee. His spirits rose so much while conversing, he told us so many funny stories, and he acted them with such *abandon*, that when the hour came to go he seemed as strong as a lion. An artist in London obtained fame by making one side of his face appear laughing while the other scowled frightfully. Fr. Burke told me that he watched him for successive evenings until he felt competent to perform the feat as well as himself.[1] And if any proof were wanting we had it abundantly in Fr. Burke's most marvellous performances. For the rest they baffle description.

This gentleman had a birthday-book, in which friends were asked to write something under their 'natal niches.' Fr. Burke complied as follows: 'September 8, 1830.—A fine male child showed his phiz in an old house in Galway. His mama called him a doat—the neighbours a fright. He was christened "Nick." He turned out an old friar.'

For reasons similar to those just described he would also call on two musical artistes, who had a sincere respect and regard for him. Sometimes he asked the elder lady to play 'Savourneen Deelish,' while he in the middle of the room portrayed pantomimically every phase of the story told in that touching ballad. On other occasions he would sing with suitable action the great soprano and baritone duet in 'Il Trovatore.' His power of taking high and low notes alternately was very remarkable.

An acute Protestant critic who happened to hear Fr. Burke preach in England, contributed to a Liverpool journal

[1] When doing this for Mrs. Morgan Kavanagh he improved the effect by adding a big tear to the side engaged in lachrymose labour.

a clever portrait, whose value is not diminished by the fact that, made at the time, it possesses photographic accuracy.

On Sunday, though it was known to few, one of the first of living English orators was speaking in Liverpool. Few can declaim as he can declaim—so gracefully, so calmly, so deliberately, with such noble gestures, or whose minds in suppleness and creativeness are as well able to meet the demands of such elocutionary powers. He would be a great man even if he were only reciting the thoughts of others. But his own thought provides, and seems to provide extemporaneously, the material which his voice and action so nobly employ.

In appearance Fr. Burke is essentially the Dominican friar. Most people have some notion of this type. The preaching Dominicans have stamped themselves on the graphic literature of all ages as burly men, from whose massive heads and boldly hewn faces the tonsure and fashion of their Order have abstracted everything that in appearance makes for gentleness and refinement. Open Doré's 'Drolatiques,' and in a page or two you will stumble on a likeness of a friar which, allowing for exaggeration, might be the likeness of Fr. Tom himself. In a crowd and in a common costume you might perhaps pass him by, for the grandeur of his head is very rude, and the prominent, rather rubicund nose, and the full protruding under-lip,[1] though they tell of latent power, tell of it in unattractive symbols. Standing in the pulpit in the habit of his Order, Fr. Burke's aspect needs no interpreter. He is a great Dominican preacher, and you feel it before he opens his lips. In broad deep characters there are inscribed upon his countenance unction and power.

Many people identify oratory with great speed of speech and much flourish of gesture. Yet, of the great orators of our time—perhaps of all time—there have been few who answer to this idea.

Mr. Gladstone, the Bishops of Ripon and Peterborough, the Duke of Argyle, and Lord Derby are instanced as great orators.

But not one of them, with all their greatness, has attained that combination of simplicity, majesty, and finish which is the perfection of oratory, and of which M'Neile and Burke are in their several ways examples. Burke is never in a hurry, and never imagines

[1] Charles Phillips, in his sketch of Curran, makes special reference to his protruded lip. 'Curran's eye ablaze in Burke,' has been already noticed by Fr. Lilly (see p. 41).

his audience can be. Gracefully, and without slips or trips, does he roll forth his splendid sentences—then pauses easily, and resumes at leisure his oration, which seems to need this regal calmness to do justice to its nobility of conception and expression.

Passing to the interesting border region where in all natural orators the qualities of physique and manner co-operate with those of mind, we notice in Fr. Burke as one of his most essential peculiarities a gliding sequence of connection. It were as alien from his style to exhibit a close and explicit logical scheme as to indulge in mere unconnected bursts of emotional exuberance. There is a reason for everything Fr. Burke says, and for its being said when he says it; but he trusts for the feeling of sequence somewhat to the imagination of his hearers and to his own success in feeding that imagination.

Thus in his sermon yesterday morning, which was preached to aid in freeing St. Joseph's Church from debt, the text and the leading idea were skilfully used to associate the houselessness and shelterlessness of our Saviour with the Catholic duty of building and sustaining houses for His worship. With this the preacher began; with this he ended; and the whole sermon kept alive the practical and affecting analogy, 'that our Lord may dwell in a house and on an altar that He may really call His own.' A beautiful and daring idea; and it was beautifully and daringly carried out. From many sources of Scriptural narrative and allusion were brought illustrations of the sacredness of the abodes of God, metaphor and fact being resorted to with equal confidence and impressiveness. The pricelessness of these same abodes of the Divinity as shelters and resting-places of weary and troubled human spirits was brought out with equal sweetness and beauty. And then, in a succession of eloquent, mellow word-pictures, was told the story of church-building in every age, and of how, even where faith had vanished, and civilisation had disappeared in her train, the sacred edifices erected by early Christians still remained to tell of their love and devotion.

It is impossible not to bear witness to the incidental evidence yielded by Fr. Burke's discourse of his power of using language at once to conjure up various images, to express meaning in such ripeness as only great and well-restrained oratorical power can produce, and to dignify by grace and majesty the purport of what is said.

But it is not by profundity that oratory must be judged. Oratory is great when we can attribute to it strength, grace, unction, supple accuracy of expression, chastened splendour of diction. And when to these characters are added charms of voice, power of presence,

simple majesty of delivery, and constant unconscious elegance of action, we have to admit that the orator is worthy of his oratory.

The critic had complained that he called the nineteenth 'a contemptible century,' but he must have misunderstood Fr. Burke. Four years previously we find him, in his lecture at Cork on 'The Church and the Age,' saying:

One of the commonest errors of our day is that a Catholic priest as such must make it his special business to denounce this age of ours. I myself received a curious illustration of this when I asked a poor man in the west of Ireland what he thought was the proper business of a priest. He scratched his head, thought for a few moments, and said, 'I suppose, your reverence, the proper business of a priest is to tell us we are all going to the devil.' Now, I do not denounce the age we live in. I am not such an ungrateful son of the century that bore me. Born within this nineteenth century, destined not to see its close, I, a child of this age, find much that is grand and admirable in the workings of this century. I compare it with the eighteenth and with the seventeenth, and I hold that this nineteenth age of ours is far more glorious than either of its predecessors. . . .

More than this, my friends, I see in this nineteenth century a march through the fields of scientific research the most glorious that the world ever witnessed since its creation. I see the power of the human mind asserting itself over matter in its keenest and almost its spiritual form; space annihilated by our railway system; the very element so created for our destruction coerced under scientific control to be the great and humble servant of man and of civilisation; the lightning, caught from the clouds of heaven, made the messenger of human thought, when mind speaks to mind by the trembling wire which goes round and round the earth and beneath the depths of the sea. Compare the results of the scientific research and of the inductive philosophy of our age; take the two great facts that I have mentioned—Catholic emancipation and the abolition of slavery—and if our age had nothing more than these to boast of, I hold that it may be written in letters of gold upon the annals of history.

But Fr. Burke added that, though smitten with admiration of the age of which he was a son, he loved his

fellow-men and the society to which he belonged too well—he had too keen an interest in its welfare—to allow that admiration and that love to blind him to the grave moral, social, and political faults of the age.

It will be remembered that the English critic, in his sketch of Fr. Burke, drew attention to some peculiarity in the tint of his nose. This it may be desirable to explain by an anecdote.

One severe winter, when the roads were in a sea of mud, Fr. Burke was recognised at a well-known india-rubber shop in Sackville Street. 'Buying a pair of goloshes, I suppose?' a friend said. 'No, indeed,' was the reply. 'I'm getting a gutta-percha nose to frighten Fr. Molloy.' (This was a worthy old friar who lived in the same convent.) A few years before the death of Fr. Burke some ramification of his disease inflamed and enlarged his features—a visitation which caused him not a little annoyance. The same friend having again met him almost at the same shop-door, Fr. Burke said, 'I see you're looking at my face. You once saw me searching for a red nose—our Blessed Lord has since sent me one for myself.'

The appearance of his face was due to stomachic suffering, and he playfully compared it to that produced by other causes, as in the case of Mr. Stiggins, the shepherd of 'Pickwick.' His niece reminded him of this, and received for reply:

Tallaght: St. John's Day.[1]

My darling Katey,—I only got here last evening, and found your letter awaiting me. Your red-nosed shepherd don't apply, young

[1] This was a favourite feast with Fr. Burke. The hymn sung on the feast of St. John the Baptist on June 24, written by a mediæval monk, is the foundation of all church music. We quote the following from the Breviary, and it will be seen how the Do, re, me, fa, sol, la, &c. has been taken from it:

Ut queant laxis *re*sonare fibris
*Mi*ra gestorum *fa*muli tuorum
*Sol*ve polluti *la*bii reatum,
Sancte Joannes.

woman, as my proboscis is cured. I wish you all the graces of this feast. Tell Tom to send on the donkey by rail and directed to me, and write to let me know when she will arrive. I send you a nice card. Love to Tom.—Ever thine,

T. BURKE, O.P.

In a subsequent letter, instead of 'T. Burke,' he supplies a pen-and-ink caricature of his own face.

Fr. Burke condemned the habit of frightening children, but children of a larger growth sometimes got a surprise from him. The first occasion that he gave the nerves of Fr. Molloy a shock is well remembered. The latter had served as chaplain to the British forces at Constantinople during the Crimean war, but 'he felt like a fish in a corn-field.' This priest was engaged in unfolding to his friends 'a twentieth-time-told tale' of experiences in Turkey, second only to those of Baron Munchausen, when Fr. Burke slipped unobserved out of the room. Muffling his head in a large turban, tucking up his trousers, and seizing an old scimitar, he marched menacingly towards Molloy, who seemed so scared that he took up a chair to defend himself. This in itself was an irksome effort. Fr. Molloy had now become so heavy and unwieldy that Fr. Burke nicknamed him 'Jumbo.' He was a Limerick man, and the other would sometimes chaff him by singing Boucicault's 'O Limerick is beautiful!' and 'My name it is Molloy.' Fr. Tom's efforts to rouse him seem to have been essential to his vitality, for no sooner had they ceased than Molloy collapsed and died.

Coleridge addressed lines to a young ass, declaring 'that he loved the languid patience of its face.' 'It is quite a love of a donkey' is the expression with which Fr. Burke, writing to his niece in Galway, acknowledges its arrival at Tallaght. We wish that those who in other lands tendered to Fr. Burke homage enough to turn any head could have caught a glimpse of the great orator in the quiet

enclosure of Tallaght as he employed himself at rural work with his donkey and cart. Sometimes he might have been seen humbly fetching water to the garden for the refreshment of the flowers among which the good friars lived and laboured.[1] Well indeed did they prove themselves worthy representatives of the early monastic Fathers, not only in their zeal for the salvation of souls, but in their love of the cloister, which worldlings might regard as a prison. Albinus apostrophised it as his 'all,' his 'sweet and beloved home where woods surround thee with their interlacing branches and the lily mingles with the rose,' and where 'melodious birds like ourselves sing matins, and in their own fashion celebrate the glories of their Creator.' Similar language is found in the writings of Columbkille, St. Peter Damian, St. Bernard, and Pierre de Blois.

Coming back untrammelled to his cloister (says Fr. Murphy), he could calmly survey the outside world, and with that vast knowledge which his experience had given him, together with the calmness and deliberation of his luminous mind, he could form a correct notion of the vanity of all human displays, of the fires which should become whitened ashes, of the great flame of glory which was soon to go out in the depth and darkness of the night.

The adulatory letters which constantly came he never read. Gossiping correspondents shared the same fate. A lay-brother was frequently deputed to make a holocaust of the accumulation.

Secluded and difficult of access as Tallaght is, visitors—chiefly ladies—flocked thither on Fr. Burke's feast-day, to present him with various offerings. These gifts he gave away to the poor, humbly saying that he himself did not deserve

[1] Like St. Francis, many of the Mendicant Friars whom one meets in Italy are not unfrequently found in companionship with an ass. A bishop stigmatised as drones some monks in his diocese. Happening to meet one of them leading an ass, he asked him if he knew Latin. 'A little, my lord,' was the reply. 'Give us a specimen of your Latinity,' said the bishop sarcastically. The monk, placing one hand on the donkey and the other on his lordship, replied, '"Orate, fratres."'

them. When leaving his visitors, he might have said with à Kempis, that 'One was waiting for him in his cell.'

Persons who in earlier days sat at the same board with Burke describe his boyish exuberance of spirits as accompanied by a child's fondness for sweets. One day some nuns sent him a handsomely decorated box of French plums. But he had now become a wiser man, and, while adding small mortifications to his own suffering life, he contrived to make the little sacrifice subservient to the happiness of others. A real pleasure with him was to leave the wise ones of this world and roam through playground and nursery. This day, however, duty chained him to his cell, and he was only able to send the box, with a hurried scrap of doggerel, to some children who lived near Tallaght.[1] But a father preparing his will could not consider them more carefully. Telling them to be less selfish than little 'Jack Horner,' he went on to say:

I send some plums for you to take,
Accept them for the giver's sake.
But stay! 'twould surely be a pity
Not to give a few to Kitty.
I do not say that gentle Harry
Is not the boy at times to tarry.
Nellie, do not say 'Begone!'
Unto your own dear brother John;
Nor vainly essay to dislodge
That greedy youngster Master 'Podge;'
But keep a steady eye on him
Or else there won't be one for 'Jim.'
So now long live our gracious Queen
And all the dames in Bombazine.
The nuns they gave this box to me,
With its contents I now give thee.

FIDDLE-DE-DEE.

One of the brothers at Tallaght tells us that he has known Fr. Burke sing midnight Mass and preach, and within

[1] They were the children of the gentleman noticed at page 215, vol. i.

a few hours sing the Mass of the aurora at 7 A.M., go into Dublin, give a sermon at St. Saviour's the same day and be back at 4 o'clock for dinner. 'That evening,' adds Brother Joseph, 'he kept the novices in roars till prayer-time.' Traits of his strictness this Brother also tells. He gave frequent lectures on the observance of the Rule. These were sometimes delivered after Matins at 5 A.M. 'It would fill you with terror to hear him.'

How rigorously he observed the holy poverty of his rule an anecdote will show. When he had need to visit Dublin, this man, who in one transatlantic trip raised nearly 100,000*l.* for charity, had always to ask the Prior for the tram fare from Terenure to the City; and it often happened that he had to walk the whole way back to Tallaght, a distance of six miles. Sometimes, when keeping an appointment to preach in a remote county, several days might elapse before he could conveniently return to Tallaght. A neighbouring priest, perhaps, secured his help for some extra sermon, and probably the bishop refused to let him go until he had rested. Certainly Bishop Power more than once held him fast at Killaloe. On his return the Prior, true to ascetic instincts, would receive Fr. Burke sternly and reproach him for having been too long absent from his convent. Fr. Tom always awaited this interview with the feelings of a child summoned before a strict master; but it amused him to observe how decidedly the good Prior would relax on being handed certain unlooked-for offerings that he had brought home, observing as Fr. Tom gradually unfolded them, 'Very generous indeed! Perhaps you would take something?' A great concession in a place where rigid rule reigns.

A Father who often travelled with Burke tells us that he was 'almost miserly towards himself, and though his pocket was full of money, yet, when wending homeward, he often suffered hunger and thirst rather than break a coin.'

When Fr. Burke happened to be in time for the long car

to Baltinglass, which starts daily from Sackville Street at three, he has occasionally travelled by it as far as Tallaght; and as some passing friend and pedestrian would pause to gaze at that famous figure cooped up sometimes between two evangelical-looking ladies with poky bonnets, it was amusing to note the face of desperate resignation which, thereupon, the great Dominican would humorously assume. 'I saw you laughing at me,' he said, on the next day to a friend that met him. 'Ah, it's very easy to laugh at a poor fellow when he's down in the world.'

A lady who had married a Dublin journalist and become a Catholic asked Fr. Burke to dinner on Christmas Day. 'We are to have a bit of turbot at Tallaght,' he replied, 'and I would not like to leave them on such a festival, but if you will allow me to go to you on Twelfth Day I shall be delighted.' This arrangement unfortunately escaped the lady's memory, and just as Fr. Burke was mounting the steps on Twelfth Day he met her husband leaving the house to attend a gentleman's banquet. But the good friar was not disconcerted, and heartily enjoyed the chop which the lady got cooked for him.

Fish is our diet at Tallaght every day in the year (he said).[1] But some time since I became so ill that the doctor said I must eat meat; and a nice steak arrived for my dinner. When looking out of the window I saw a big tom-cat suddenly dart past dragging away the steak, and followed by Br. Joachim, the cook, poker in hand. The cat dragged its prey across the yard, when it at last dropped it. Within the next half-hour the steak was brought in to me, smelling savoury enough, but I do not feel sure that I made much impression on it.

Fr. Burke put his hostess at ease by a stream of homely recollections. The fish diet at Tallaght attracted a number of cats, which the brothers were too kind to expel. Daily

[1] Fr. Burke, like Erasmus, disliked fish, and abstinence from meat proved a great mortification. This appears in his lecture on 'The Church in America.' See *Sermons and Lectures*, 3rd series (Kennedy, New York), p. 215.

these animals might be seen perched like roosting hens on the beam of the kitchen table. 'In Ecclesia festa, in Refectorio feria sexta' is an axiom with Dominicans. ('In the church is the feast, in the refectory the fast.')

On November 21 he lectured at St. Francis Xavier's, Dublin, on 'The Mission of the Church,' mainly to promote an apostolic enterprise which the Jesuit Fathers had carried into Africa. It was only from inability to reach several places at once that the zealous preacher was not ubiquitous. Some of his movements may be traced by a telegram to Mr. Dillon, written from the Mansion House, where the committee for the relief of Irish famine was sitting. 'I wish from my heart that I could attend your meeting' (for the Cullen Memorial Fund) 'on Thursday, and speak to the resolution; but I have to lecture in Waterford on that and Friday evenings.' The subject of these lectures was 'Ireland's Fidelity to Peter.' His object was to raise funds for the completion of the Dominican church at Waterford.

More than once we have asked his brother Dominicans to name Burke's best sermons. Those delivered in Rome are by many awarded this rank. During later years at Tallaght he himself used to say that his discourse on Cardinal Cullen would probably come first. He also liked that on Bishop Moriarty. To both men he was ardently attached, and to both efforts his whole heart was given. But his brethren are positive in their conviction that he never appeared to finer effect than when conducting a Retreat. It is told of Siddons, the queen of tragedy, that when pouring forth her wondrous declamation, tears abundantly fell. Fr. Reginald Walsh has seen him in the intervals between the various stages of his Retreats to Novices so strained by emotion that he would burst into tears.

A captious critic once remarked that Fr. Burke repeated himself. A man who preached on countless occasions identical in their character could not possibly avoid pressing

anew on the attention of his hearers great truths which dare not be overlooked. The objection made by this critic might be urged with greater force against Demosthenes, who, in his Philippics and Olynthiacs, repeats many pages word for word. Of O'Connell and Sheil the same may be said.

Fr. Burke, during his earlier career, had appealed more to the reason than to the heart. As he neared the great goal his thoughts became more and more spiritualised. We had marked for extract some words with which he moved his audience to tears on Good Friday 1879, when depicting the agony of Christ in His Passion, but the picture is too solemn for exhibition unless in the subdued light of a church draped with crape.

In 1879 (writes his Provincial, Fr. Towers) he seemed to have taken a new lease of life; but suddenly he was stricken down with a painful disease, and for three months the golden lyre of his eloquence was unstrung. But to those who visited him in his humble cell at Tallaght he preached more powerfully than ever by his submission to the Divine Will and his patience and cheerfulness under intense sufferings.

He liked to read the lives of self-reliant, uncorrupted men, but especially the lives of saints. In their society he was able to add their wisdom to his own; to gather strength from their words; to see into eternity with more clearness from the supernatural light that they shed. By studying their lives he nourished his own.

There is no study more interesting and instructive than that of the lives of the saints of God (he said). There do we find a living answer to the most important of all questions, and a solution of the mysteries of life which concern us most intimately and nearly. There we learn all that it behoves us most to know; by what practical means we shall be enabled to succeed in wrestling with our spiritual enemies; how to subdue our passions, atone for sins, practise virtues, avoid dangers, save our souls. Here we are taught the secrets of God's

dealings with man, and of man's dealings with God and with his fellow-men for God; the sources of success, the causes of failure, the means of influence, the manner of applying them—in a word, all that goes to make up the science of our own sanctity and salvation as Christians. Our interest, however, is increased tenfold when we come upon a saint who belongs to our own age.

But Fr. Burke once remarked that some of the greatest saints have never been canonised; and what the child said of him (p. 148) would be found not wide of the truth.

After he had kept his bed for some months, a friend expressed regret that his energetic nature should have had so dull a time of it. 'I do not remember to have spent a happier time,' he said. Dr. Lentaigne, then a youth of much promise, frequently visited him, and Fr. Burke more than once expressed a hope that he might yet become a great Dominican. To Fr. MacCarthy he said: 'From this up,' pointing to his heart and head, 'I'm sound, but for the rest a decayed pear.'

A consultation was held. Two physicians shook their heads. Dr. Hudson suggested an internal operation. 'I informed my mother of what passed,' said Fr. Burke to Fr. Walsh, S.J., 'and she tried to dissuade me from it. "We knew a young man here," she said; "there was something wrong with his inside. Three doctors sat on him, and decided upon the knife. They cut away, sewed him up, and retired. But in the course of an hour the senior doctor came back in a great fuss saying, 'Sorry to trouble you, but I must open you again, for I forgot my sponge.' Well, Nicholas, my son, he did open him, and the poor man died."' A case similar to the oversight described by Fr. Burke was read by Sir Spencer Wells before the College of Surgeons.

With constant thoughts of death before him, he could yet extract from that solemn subject the most bizarre ideas, and, while casting them among the novices, derive from their

mirth an anodyne for his own pain. Among these was the story of the Mount St. Bernard dog (p. 205) presenting 'St. Liguori's Preparation for Death.'

An operation was performed upon Fr. Burke at this time, and an internal exploration made with a view to discover the character of his disease. By means of the endoscope it became clear to Sir George Porter that Fr. Burke's previous advisers had erred in treating him for cancerous tumour. Fr. Burke's disease was a long sinuous ulcer, extending from the larger intestines to the gall-bladder. When the surgeon reached the seat of the ulceration, some one asked whether he would like Fr. Towers, his confessor, to be sent for. 'It is not necessary,' was the answer. 'He has known *my Interior* for years. Besides, there is an axiom in theology, "Ecclesia non judicat de internis."' ('The Church judges not of the interior.')[1]

The Rev. Michael Greene, who had made Fr. Burke's acquaintance five years before, now paid him a special visit. Fr. Tom had a great liking for this sympathetic priest.

For months (writes Fr. Greene) he had not been able to leave the convent grounds. In the course of our survey of everything notable there, I expressed my admiration of the large crucifix in the Chapter-room—a Spanish crucifix (I think)—carved in wood. I said that I now understood for the first time what Cardinal Newman somewhere wrote of his preferring a Spanish crucifix or painting to all the products of Italian art. I saw now the meaning; there was something so *real* here, so human, and at the same time so reverential and Divine. The Italian productions, in comparison, excited admiration, but did not so come home to one, did not so touch the heart. He was pleased with my expressions about the crucifix, and told me that the image of our Lord there before us was one of his greatest consolations. 'When the pain is very bad on me,' said he, 'I crawl down here, and stand before it, and look

[1] Fr. Burke and his confessor were old friends, and one might say of the other that he was 'Dimidium animæ meæ.' ('The half of my soul.') They had no secrets between them.

at it, and say to myself, "What are my sufferings compared to His?"'

In passing through the rooms and cloisters I admired the good selection of engravings, or copies of some of the best paintings, and, indeed, some admirable little originals—one in his own cell, particularly. 'Yes,' said he, 'I would like, if I could, to make this in a sort of way a little Rome; to bring all the influences of Art and Religion combined over the minds of the young fellows here.'

When I remarked on the air of peace and piety that seemed to reign over the Tallaght convent, he seemed touched. 'I am greatly pleased to hear you say so; I hope that it is true,' said he; 'what I have been quietly aiming at all along is to make this convent a place of holiness and learning.'

No one would have thought from his manner, so mild and cheerful, and his genial conversation, with its constant play of humour flashing like summer lightning over almost every subject as we walked about, that all the while he was suffering intensely. I asked him, 'Father Burke, tell me, are you suffering now at this present time?' 'Yes, indeed,' said he; 'it's my constant companion'—quietly smiling as he said so, but with a serious, half-droll expression and shake of the head.

He once happened to be in the company of some very good Catholics, who were at the same time dry and solemn, and rather wooden in their susceptibility to wit. It was at a dinner-table in London, and besides some eminent clerical converts, Lady Londonderry and Lady Georgiana Fullerton were there.

'Now,' says Fr. Tom, 'when I find myself among people who take everything seriously, I confess I'm tempted to be more extravagant than usual.' So he gave the reins to his humour (he told me) and said what seemed the most outrageous things about Purgatory and similar subjects, to the utter bewilderment of the good solemn listeners. But one of them was altogether sympathetic, and entered most heartily into the fun, and that was Lady Georgiana Fullerton. No doubt there was the electric sympathy of genius between Fr. Tom and Lady Georgiana, besides that she had a great love and appreciation of everything Irish.

We spoke of Fr. Faber, and I ventured to disparage certain features of his style. Fr. Burke saw only great *merits* in Faber's writings, and wouldn't say a word of any faults. 'What a charm,' said he, 'there is about everything he says!' Then his face lit up with enthusiasm at certain passages he remembered; he spoke

of the lark over the cornfields (in the beginning of 'Bethlehem') exulting in the sky, and rising and rising, and carolling forth, and looking down on things below; and as he quoted he acted with voice, manner, and expression the whole idea which possessed him. The joyous idea carried him away for the moment beyond his continual suffering.

One thing he told me troubled him more than anything else. His poor old mother was ill in Galway, and he was utterly unable to go and see her in what might be her last illness. He prayed that God would grant him that consolation.

Well, a week after my visit I heard to my delight that he had so far improved in his health as to go to Kingstown for a few days. Soon after, he was able to go to Galway and comfort his mother in her last illness and death, and then returned to Tallaght to suffer a fresh return of the worst symptoms of his ailment.[1]

Once more he rose miraculously. Doctors pointed out the need of rest; and one wrote a solemn letter interdicting work. But our friar treated the mandate very much as Luther did Rome's Rescript. Quoting from 'Macbeth,' he said that, if die he must, he would die with harness on his back. Throwing these appendages around him, he was soon in full gallop again.

He had some hard work in Cork this year, conducting a Retreat for the Confraternity of the Holy Family. His final sermon, addressing them as 'My dear brothers,' and urging them among their resolutions never to neglect monthly Communion, and when preparing for Confession to find the sorrow that springs from the love of Christ rather than from fear, was useful and touching. He also preached on Mary in the Mystery of the Incarnation; and again on the attributes of God.

The last time I saw Fr. Burke was in Kingstown, in the summer of 1879 (writes Canon Brownlow), when he was staying at Mr. More O'Ferrall's, Granite Hall. I was shown up to his bedroom, where I found him lying on a sofa, writhing in pain. He had explained to me on a previous visit the extraordinary complication of his malady, which

[1] Letter of Rev. Michael Greene, St. Joseph's, Hartlepool, April 13, 1885.

kept his life hanging on a thread, and he knew that any hour might be his last. As we talked he seemed to forget his suffering, and when one of the young ladies invited me to come down to luncheon, adding, 'Fr. Burke must not come, as he is not well enough,' he said: 'Oh! I'll come,' and he got up, shook himself together, and came down; and though he dared not touch any food, he kept us in a roar of laughter all through the meal with the drollest anecdotes, told with such inimitable humour that it was almost impossible to believe that he was the same man whom I had seen a few minutes before tortured with pain. Then he went into the drawing-room and wrote a short letter that I was to show to any Bishop that I might meet during my stay in Ireland, and which I found of greater value to me than any other testimonial that I could produce. Then I asked him to hear my confession, and found him still the same severely ascetic, but tender and loving man of God that I had known him twelve years ago, but with his spirituality deepened by wider experience, and chastened by the consciousness of his own impending death. I have tried to recall the general impression that he made upon me. I never saw him out of his religious habit, and to me he was always the Dominican friar first of all. His wit, his varied information, his marvellous powers as a linguist, his exquisite taste and tact, his intense delight in music and poetry, all these things seemed to me to be in him perfectly subordinated to his character as a priest and a monk. Without any way detracting from the general feeling about the excellence of his great sermons, I myself preferred his quiet Retreat addresses. He used to speak contemptuously of his own great pulpit efforts and say they were all 'thunder and turf.'[1]

Another family, with whom Fr. Burke got leave to remain a few days, finding him very prostrate, insisted on a valet occupying a couch in the same room. That night Fr. Burke began his stories, during which the attendant fell asleep. The man of Matins was up betimes, leaving undisturbed the valet, who wore the same seraphic smile with which he had sunk to rest. Fr. Burke met one of the household in the hall. How had he slept—did the valet take good care of him? The interlocutor was well up in the Irish Melodies and appreciated Fr. Tom's reply:

[1] Letter of Very Rev. Canon Brownlow, Torquay, June 21, 1884.

'The *valley* lay smiling before me
Where so lately I left *him* behind,
Yet I *grumbled*, for something hung o'er me
That saddened the joy of my mind.'

alluding to 'a portrait of Fr. Burke' in a gorgeous frame, which the hostess, not knowing his utter contempt of self, had hung over his bed to compliment him!

This—a favourite lyric with him—he quotes at length in his lecture on the 'National Music of Ireland.'

Dr. Brady happening to be in Galway at this time *en route* for Ballyvaughan, and hearing that Fr. Burke was there sojourning with his mother and sister, waited upon the great Dominican. 'I am dying,' was Burke's first remark. The physician, trying to rally him, replied, 'You don't look very much like a dying man. I am going to cross Galway Bay in the boat which leaves at two, and I would strongly urge you to take that short trip and return in the evening.' 'Do you want to kill me?' was the blunt rejoinder. 'No, but I want to cure you,' said Dr. Brady. He arrived at the steamboat with very little expectation of seeing Fr. Burke. To his surprise, he found him already on the deck, accompanied by his sister. In half an hour he became quite brisk from the bracing air. His lively sallies charmed the group which surrounded him. When nearing Ballyvaughan the captain said, 'There's a great swell coming in from Blackhead. Perhaps your reverence had better retire to the cabin.' 'There's another great swell coming in from Galway,' replied Fr. Tom, and in a moment he was the lisping dandy with glass in eye, and superciliously viewing the Clare coast. 'We're rather late,' continued the captain; 'we won't have five minutes on shore, and I'd advise you not to leave the boat.' Fr. Burke returned to Galway, while the doctor landed, congratulating himself on the great success of his prescription.

Several months afterwards the good physician called at Tallaght, and on being shown into the reception-room he

recognised Fr. Burke at the lower end conversing with some ladies. As soon as they retired Fr. Tom exclaimed, 'Oh, the back of my hand to you! You nearly cost me my life.' The scared physician asked him to explain. 'That trip taught me to like the water, and next day nothing would do me but to go to the islands of Arran. Suddenly a great storm came on which obliged me to go below, and there I lay all the day, more dead than alive. I was finally washed ashore, but I allude merely to the precaution of bathing my feet on getting home.' 'Well, *I've* a crow to pluck with *you*,' said the doctor. 'I wrote to you three times, but without reply, in reference to that little book by my daughter the nun.' 'Everybody knows that I never answer letters,' said Fr. Burke; 'but tell your good daughter that her book has been constantly before my thoughts, and to use my name in every way.'

If Wat Burke had been about the best singer in Galway, his wife was the best domestic card-player; but Fr. Burke used to say most truly that while his father didn't know a card his mother didn't know a note. 'Five and ten' was her favourite game, but her stakes never went higher than the pence which she carried in a bag for beggars. Pious to an extreme, she has been often on her knees telling her beads until the very moment she began to play. 'Do you always bless yourself before dealing the cards?' asked Mr. Lynch one evening that he dropped in for a game. 'No,' she replied, 'but I am just finishing the Rosary.' For some years before her death, and when partially bed-ridden, she occasionally turned a trump on the counterpane. In the year 1879, when she seemed very low, Fr. Burke one night carried to her bedside a table on which he spread a card cloth. He then whispered to her, 'I have brought up Andy Lynch' (a genial old soul). The old woman shook her head, and Fr. Burke said that she must be near her end when his nice new pack of cards failed to rouse her.

Long previously the family and friends, with the object

of cheering Mrs. Burke, would make what seemed blunders when playing, so as to throw the game into her hands. Fr. Burke was the kind concoctor of this ruse, and it proved a more effective elixir than all the ether in Galway. But favourite medicines often fail in the end.

The Archbishop of Toronto entertained strong sentiments of love and admiration for Fr. Burke, and the effort he made to get him to be Bishop of Kingston will be remembered. His Grace, observing that the great preacher looked ill, had a novena offered up in every chapel in Galway praying that he might be made whole. Fr. Burke, to compliment the Archbishop, gave a splendid dinner to him in his mother's house. But festivity soon gave place to mourning. Next day Mrs. Burke died. Her niece had been sitting with her and was unprepared for so sudden a dissolution. It occurred in November 1879. Wat Burke died in November 1872. One foggy November, when George III. was king, the worthy pair had been married. Before taking leave of Margaret Burke we may mention one trifling fact about her hitherto untold :

An English lady (writes Fr. Greene) noticed Fr. Burke's brogue. 'My poor old mother has never been out of Ireland in her life, and yet, if you can believe it, there was a time when she spoke without the slightest brogue at all. It was only after a while she acquired it.' The lady expressed surprise. 'At one time she couldn't speak a word of English,' continued Fr. Burke. 'She spoke only in her native tongue. But when she began to speak English, she got a little of the brogue along with it.'

Fr. Burke was now so busy conducting Retreats that he had not much time for pulpit appeals. A Superioress who asked him to preach for a charity which he had previously befriended received the following reply :

Thursday.

My dear Child,—I cannot. I am labouring to make the nuns turn up the whites of their eyes and to turn down the tips of their noses.

His niece is next greeted:

Tallaght: December 23, 1879.

Dearest Kit,—One line to say happy Xmas to Tom and yourself and May, and may God bless you all! I am much better and stronger than when in Galway. Good-bye.—Ever thine,

T. BURKE, O.P.

This spell was of short duration. On the first Sunday of the New Year, 1880, he preached in St. James's, Dublin, but its pastor describes him as suffering keenly.

It often happened (says Fr. Daly) that I left him at night so exceedingly ill I almost feared in the morning to ask how he was; but his recuperative power was so great he invariably joined in the choral recitation of the Divine office at 5 A.M., and afterwards celebrated Mass at 7.

The 'Freeman' of May 1, 1880, in reporting a sermon of Fr. Burke on the previous day, said:

He looks as strong and as capable of unlimited endurance as ever. His fine manly voice is as powerful and flexible as ever, his tall muscular figure every whit as commanding, and his incomparable style of delivery as forcible and impressive.

'I felt a little queer after so long a silence,' he writes to Miss Rowe; but he was all the better for a present she sent him and which reached his hand just before going to preach. It was a painting on glass of SS. Dominic and Francis meeting and embracing, from a picture at Rome.[1] 'The dear Father was so fond of pictures,' writes the fair limner, 'that any little attempt at art elated him.' This effort to make it appear that the overworked sufferer was a

[1] Dominic had a dream in which Christ appeared angry with the increasing sin of man. Dominic recognised himself and a corded stranger advancing to stem it. Next day, when praying in church, he observed this same stranger enter dressed as a mendicant. Dominic—a great hidalgo by birth—folded him in his arms, exclaiming, 'My brother, let us unite our powers, and nothing shall prevail against us.' How the Albigensian heresy melted before them is an oft-told tale.

victim to indolence is consistent with many other remarks of a similar spirit and aim.

Tallaght: May 2, 1880.

My dear Child,—I am ashamed of myself for never writing to you, but in addition to my laziness and horror of writing you know how sick I have been. I am much better, thank God, and able to do a little work again. I got on St. Catharine's day your beautiful present, and assure you that I am more grateful than I can express. It is really lovely. May God bless you! I preached on Friday for St. Catharine in our church in Dublin. I felt a little queer after so long a silence. Mrs. Seagrave is in town; I am happy to say very well. Do you think of running over to see your Irish friends in the summer? Please to remember me to Val and the babbo,[1] and don't forget to pray for me, as I still suffer a good deal. I never forget you. The Stone nuns have brought out a very fine life of St. Catharine of Sienna. Good-bye, my dear child, and believe me ever

Yours most sincerely and gratefully,

THOMAS BURKE, O.P.

Fr. Burke was always glad to see any new memoir of a Dominican, and the fact that sixty-four lives of Catharine had already appeared seemed to him no reason why the sixty-fifth should not also be written.

Fr. Burke showed that a Christian has time for all things, one perhaps excepted. To keep an appointment to preach near Clonmacnoise he travelled by the night mail from Cashel, and at an hour which permitted but a short rest before the sermon. 'Have you such a thing as a razor?' was one of his first colloquial remarks; and on Canon Sheridan supplying the article with an expression of regret that it was not as sharp as could be desired, Fr. Burke, accosting a Capuchin friar who assisted at the church, exclaimed, 'O felice Cappuccino!' The Capuchins wear flowing beards.

An English Colonel passing through Dublin was very anxious to meet the now unrivalled preacher, and a mutual friend repaired to St. Saviour's to secure him that day for

[1] The Rev. J. J. Rowe, M.A., father of his correspondent.

lunch. 'He is in the confessional, and the penitent now with him is already more than an hour there,' the brother said. This was the daughter of a judge who wished to become a nun, and Fr. Burke was probably instructing her in the duties she thought of embracing. Fr. Burke left his 'box' for a moment to appear to his visitor; but on hearing the request pointed sadly to what he styled his 'stubble' as a bar to the proffered pleasure. The objection, however, was overruled. Rising before light at Tallaght for Matins and the choral recitation of the Divine office, it was indeed not easy to shave, and the rest of the day was so packed with work that he had not a moment to correct the omission. Fr. Burke returned to his penitent, and within an hour was with his host, although feeling that his neglected appearance would probably disenchant the English gentleman, who had regarded him at a distance with something of hero-worship. Never had he appeared 'in greater form,' and the English visitor was full of gratitude to his host for having given him such a treat.

The world heard a good deal about 'Peter's pence' this year, and Fr. Burke, on July 3, 1880, gave an account of its origin. There was one among the twelve Apostles, he said, whom Christ raised above the others and commanded them to obey and follow as sheep— Simon, called Peter, or Rock. From the eighth to the sixteenth century the Pope was at the head of Christendom. The nations of the earth forming themselves into a confederation, of which they made him the head and arbiter, paid him a voluntary tribute. In Ireland there was no vestige of a law which exacted the payment of Peter's pence. But Fr. Burke took it that there was no need for such enactment. Since the day St. Patrick waved his last blessing over this land the Irish people did what their own love and Catholicity dictated. Fr. Burke spoke of the Pope despoiled of his possessions and of means for the government of the Church. He asked their love and faith that day to take the place of ingratitude and infidelity. The people,

though famishing, were willing to suffer more in order to contribute in the fulness of their fealty and faith to the maintenance of the Holy See. But this was not a charity sermon. The Pope was not begging; it would be a strange perversion for the father to beg of the child. Fr. Burke, in conclusion, said that history would bear him out when he was cold in his grave that man never sat in Peter's chair who displayed finer qualities as a ruler of the Church than the Pontiff who in our days had been deprived of his throne. It hardly needs to add that the collection was a large one.

The remark made by a car-driver in respect to the crowds who flocked to the chapel on such occasions, 'Bedad, it's full inside and outside,' is expressive.

There is a prevalent idea, which finds an echo even in some Catholic minds, that monastic training, however admirable for an ascetic life, unfits a man for active usefulness and influence, that it contracts his mind, fetters his will and liberty, dwarfs the sympathies and affections of the heart, and destroys his individual personality. The two Irishmen who have most set their mark on this century for liberal breadth of views and aims, energy in social reforms, and unbounded charity, are Bishop Doyle and Fr. Mathew, both of whom received monastic training. Fr. Burke adds another example of the manner in which great natural gifts were not destroyed, but developed by religious training. Hear what he himself says in his sermon on the 'Feast of St. Ignatius,' 1880:

So complete was the formation of Christ through Ignatius in the first founders of the society, that the saint was accused, as his children are sometimes accused to-day, of destroying the individuality or personality of a man in order to make him a Jesuit. In what does this individuality of man consist? Is it the result of vulgar appetites and passions which are common to all, and which form the inferior and basest portion of our nature? or is it not rather those personal and distinctive gifts of will, mind, and character wherein we differ from others, and which are especially our

own, and I may say ourselves? To purge out all that is base in man, to give him entire dominion over his senses and appetites, to raise his mind to loftiest thoughts and fill his soul with highest aspirations, to form his will in accordance with the noblest motives and purposes—all this is not to destroy his individual character or personality, but to develop and elevate it. And if in this process of development and elevation a number of men conform themselves to some high type of excellence and so become like each other in their common likeness to their type or model, this is not destroying that individuality which is sacred and must be respected, but rather directing its powers and shaping it to the highest and fairest purposes.

Fr. Burke, though embarrassed by engagements which required almost ubiquity to meet, yet on being asked to preach the panegyric of St. Ignatius, answered, 'With great pleasure; to do so will gratify an unsatisfied desire of my heart.' This discourse was delivered in the church of the Jesuit Fathers, Farm Street, London, on July 31, 1880. It is one of the best of Fr. Burke's orations, and it gave such pleasure to the sons of Loyola that they reprinted it as a separate *brochure*.

It was not so much the graceful rhetoric adorning it that held spellbound the listeners (writes Fr. Clarke) as the new aspect of St. Ignatius' character it presented, and the fresh beauties the master painter drew forth in his portrait of the saint.

I heard a distinguished ecclesiastic, who listened under circumstances of ill-health and personal discomfort sufficient to render tedious the most beautiful discourse, declare that the hour and a quarter passed like a few minutes.

Fr. Burke, alluding to the suppression of the Jesuits by Clement XIV. and their final restoration, threw out a warning to those who now sought to persecute the Jesuits, that they measured swords with the dead—with the risen from the grave. Orby Shipley, who for twenty-three years worked as an Anglican clergyman and is highly esteemed for his ascetic works, was present, and highly praised Fr. Burke

as a Christian orator. Fr. Pius Cavanagh dilates on the rapt attention with which Mr. Shipley listened and looked up and drank in from the lips of this great Dominican preacher words and thoughts that set his whole being aglow.

That day sixty guests, including Lord Emly, assembled to meet the preacher at luncheon. Fr. Gallwey, in a short speech, said that they had been often charmed with Fr. Burke's eloquence. 'I will now ask him to give you by way of contrast a sample of a sermon in the olden time.'

Whereupon Fr. Tom gave with most comic effect Fr. Roche's address to his flock, described in a previous chapter.

Fr. Burke returned to Dublin with Lord Emly and Sir Patrick Keenan. They gave an amusing account of the preacher's humour along the route, especially in the mail boat.

A second eulogy on St. Ignatius followed at the Jesuits' Church, Dublin. These Fathers felt justly grateful for his embalmment of their founder; and one, when thanking Fr. Burke, was archly told, 'Oh, come down to Dominick Street some night, and then you will find St. Ignatius all in the gutter.' Meaning that the Dominican saints received such praise at St. Saviour's, that Ignatius would be simply nowhere.

Another spice of humour marked his reply to a very saintly Jesuit who asked, 'Since you are so fond of us, why did you not join our company?' 'If I had done so I would have lost my soul through pride.'

His spells of health were short, and he illustrated the proverb, 'Make hay while the sun shines.' During the hot months of 1880 he worked hard. The Liverpool 'Times' records that his presence there was made the occasion of wonderful jubilee, and that several streets were decorated with flags in token of welcome. His discourse 'flowed for the greater part like a gentle stream, but in passages by which he wished to excite the sympathies more vividly, the

current of his language increased in swiftness, until at times it attained the force and rapidity of a mountain torrent.'

His zeal in the cause of charity is shown in the fact that on September 5 he preached at St. Joseph's, Liverpool, soon after in Naas, in behalf of the building fund of the Convent of Mercy, and on October 5 he is back again in Liverpool, lecturing for All Saints' Schools. At Naas he spoke of the crucial test not far distant, whether they who were sons of the Church militant could be admitted as princes of the Church triumphant in heaven, to reign for eternity. A man should be able to stand up at the last summons, before his Judge and say: 'I have preached in Thy Name, I have worked miracles in Thy Name;' but if God sees not the brand of the attribute of mercy upon that man, in spite of his preaching and miracles, he will be cast forth, the words ringing in his ear, 'Amen I say to you; I know you not, depart from Me.'

One day Fr. Burke compared himself to a tree placed in the vineyard. If it bore not fruit it deserved to be cut down.

On October 17, 1880, he returned to the great town by the Mersey, and preached at St. Francis Xavier's[1] on the Education Question, and the expulsion of the French Jesuits. His text was, 'Give to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's,' &c. He showed how others 'assert that Cæsar must get everything and God nothing.' The Christian world was grieved to see illustrious bodies of the best citizens of the State ignominiously cast forth because they professed to be

[1] This church was supposed by some persons to have been the scene of a story which with circumstantial detail first appeared in America, and was reprinted by the *Cork Examiner* of August 20, 1883. On inquiry, however, the story is declared to be untrue. It describes Fr. Burke as invited by the Jesuit Fathers to preach an evening sermon and previously dining with them: that he feigned to become suddenly affected by wine, and to their dismay at last rushed to the pulpit. A vivid picture is drawn of the Fathers with agonised faces remonstrating, and of the horror produced by his first words, 'To Hell with the Jesuits!' Fr. Burke is represented after a pause adding, 'Such, my brethren, is the language,' &c., &c., and then pronouncing a fine vindication and panegyric of the Order: but this is the only part of the business in which an act of faith can be made.

servants of God. Next day he solemnly blessed the new infant schools in connection with St. Xavier's Church. A grand concert was given, conducted by Fr. Welsby. During an interval in the performance Fr. Burke ascended the stage amidst cheers and said:

My dear friends,—I have first of all to apologise for appearing before you at all, or presuming to raise my voice or speak here this evening, for in truth the voice should be far sweeter than mine that would dare to fill up the gap between two such splendid parts of a concert as that which you have heard and are about to hear. The assemblage is calculated to inspire every Catholic present with emotion, and to offer an instructive lesson to those who may not be of the same heart and mind with us. I feel that I must be a trifle serious, and yet I would not wish to be serious. This is a musical festival—a feast of music that these Jesuit Fathers have provided for us, and they have put me up here, a red-hot Irishman, all brogue, to amuse you, while the singers are resting their sweet voices that have charmed us, and perhaps some of them wetting their whistles. Still I do not feel out of place here, for two reasons: first, on account of that tolerable fund of impudence belonging to my race and which, thanks be to God, my mother gave me; and secondly, because I hail from pre-eminently a musical clime. Ireland alone among all nations had for her banner a musical instrument—a harp of gold upon a field of green.

Fr. Burke then spoke of the ancient Irish bards and of the pagan princes of the court of Tara, who, after Patrick preached, lifted up their harps of gold, exclaiming that they adored Patrick's God, and henceforth their harps would never sound but in His praise. In Ireland not only the men and women are musical, but the animals also are musical. 'How do you like America?' said I to a returned emigrant. 'Oh, bedad! it's a quare country,' said he. 'Nothing struck me more than that there's hardly any donkeys at all in it; and when *they* brayed it wasn't like the Irish jackass—there was no music in it.'

The occasion was a joyous one, and Fr. Burke proved himself worthy of it. Referring to the Jesuits, he asked who

was the man who provided day after day for a thousand little ones, and gave them every element of human and Divine knowledge?

Go to the furthest ends of the earth and you will find him evangelising the savage in a language which no other civilised man in the world has spoken; go to the northern snows of America, and there, amid the rugged ice, where the foot of a civilised being has rarely trod, the child of the desert, the savage Indian wrapped in his buffalo robe and with his savage paint upon him, will take you to a mound of snow with a cross over it, and will tell you that there lies the great 'Black Robe,' the Jesuit who lived and died in the midst of his savage children, and raised them up to civilisation, to society, and to God.

One of the Munster bishops tells the following:

Previous to a great synodical meeting at Maynooth College prelates and priests were thickly clustered in one of its halls. Fr. Burke's physician had recently urged him, in consequence of the state of his health, never to travel any great distance without a flask of brandy. This was to serve the double purpose of a lotion, and also as a stimulant in case of sudden prostration. On the present occasion he carried a coat under his arm. Suddenly a bottle fell crashing on the flags, diffusing around a more pungent aroma than the odour of sanctity. Another man would have been disconcerted, but with ready tact Burke remarked to their lordships, 'Dr. Leahy will kill me for having broken his bottle of brandy.' To enjoy this joke one should know something of the mortified life of the saintly Bishop of Dromore.

It may be asked what business Fr. Burke would have had at a synod. He attended it as theologian to the prelate just named.

The Provincial, in proceeding as visitor to a convent of Irish Dominican nuns at Lisbon, brought with him, as socius, the genial Burke. This house had been founded in the seventeenth century by Dominick O'Daly, an Irish friar-preacher and writer, so distinguished that, to quote the words of Cardinal Baronius, 'he became the admiration of Louvain, Madrid, France, and almost all Europe.' To O'Daly we also

owe the college of Corpo Santo, Lisbon. This house was deeply interesting to Burke, for here the Irish Dominicans had made in penal times their novitiate and vows. The 'Edinburgh Gazetteer' records that there are seventy-five convents in Lisbon, and it gratified Fr. Burke to see it stated by Murray that Corpo Santo was 'the only convent in Lisbon where the monks continue to live according to rule.' Even in this remote place his loving interest in a young lady who had been under his spiritual guidance in Ireland continued unceasing.

Corpo Santo, Lisbon: November 17, 1880.

Although I have not written to you (nor indeed to anyone), I have let no day pass without praying for my child. I hope you are keeping up well. Remember you will be coming with your accounts to me in a few days, for we are on the point of leaving Lisbon after a pleasant sojourn of three weeks. We go back through Spain and France, and I hope to be at home in a fortnight. With the exception of a sharp attack of four days last week, my health has been wonderfully good, thank God. Try and keep to the meditation, and keep up courage and confidence in God, whatever you do. I shall be so glad to see you all again. Good-bye, and may God bless you, my dear child!

Sister Aloysius, an esteemed Daughter of Charity in Cork, and now a Superioress in Dublin, wrote to remind Fr. Burke of his promised mission to Munster.

50 Rutland Square, Dublin: December 25, 1880.

My dear Sister,—I cannot conveniently come to you on Sexagesima Sunday: unless you have already issued your circulars, I would ask you to put your sermon on Quinquagesima Sunday. If you can conveniently do this you will oblige me; if not I will be with you on Sexagesima. Write me one line, as other arrangements depend on your decision. Mind, I don't want to put you out. Love to all.—Ever yours,

T. BURKE, O.P.

Some of these letters are so trifling that it may be well to remind the reader of another reason for their insertion besides the charity that dictates them. 'I often heard him say,'

writes Fr. Kenny, O.P., 'that there was nothing he hated more, sin excepted, than to pen a letter.' 'He would rather preach a Retreat than write a letter,' observes Fr. Eustace Murphy, O.P. 'He lived in such a whirl,' remarks his late Provincial, 'that there was no time for correspondence.'

For twenty-five years he was the devoted spiritual adviser of a great community of nuns, and many persons assume that Loretto would prove an El Dorado of material; but the Superioress assures us he never wrote, and if during unavoidable absence he was obliged to communicate, it was by telegram. Whenever Dean Neville, at whose picturesque retreat by the banks of the Lee Fr. Burke often spent days, wrote to invite him, eight or nine weeks might elapse without a reply, until at last Fr. Tom would end the suspense by presenting himself in person. At this time Fr. Burke received about fifteen letters a day, the bare perusal of which he declared it was often impossible to accomplish. These letters were not on official business. Many came from America asking every imaginable question, and not a few were attempts to draw him into controversy. At last it was said that the best chance to make Fr. Burke reply was to enclose a ready directed envelope stamped. But this ruse also failed to work. He duly posted the envelope without a letter.

Maynooth had pleasant memories for Fr. Burke. He gladly accepted an invitation from its pastor to preach for him on January 16, 1881. One week later he is found with his old friend the Bishop of Cork, and preaching in its cathedral in aid of the hospitals of that city. Founding his discourse on the gospel of the day, he spoke of the miracles performed by Christ in healing the sick.

On his return to Dublin he preached at Marlborough Street for the schools of that densely populated parish. He remarked that 'not in the jungles of India or in the snake tangles of America did the savage nature develop itself

more cruelly than in the heart of a civilised country where the moral and intellectual education of youth were neglected.'

Some years ago a warm difference of opinion prevailed as to the propriety of substituting Gregorian music for the florid masses of Mozart and Haydn. Fr. Burke took part in the celebration of the Irish Society of St. Cecilia on January 27, 1881, at Westland Row. Canon Donnelly, now assistant prelate for Dublin, then a working priest, led that day a choir of two hundred voices in tones severely Gregorian, though grandly harmonious. Fr. Burke was seriously ill, but revived under the influence of his subject. 'Music,' he said, 'as one of the best exponents of the devotional emotions, formed an appropriate part of Divine worship, and had been so used by the Jews and in early Christian Churches.' Having referred to the simple character of the sacred music formerly in vogue, and the elaborate arrangement upon which religious effect was at present so often made to depend, he urged the advantage of the plain severity of the Gregorian. In conclusion, he quoted the words of Thomas Aquinas as descriptive of the true conditions of Church music: 'sit laus plena, sit sonora, sit jucunda, sit decora' (full, swelling, beautiful, and suitable); and these requirements he considered had been fulfilled in the principles of reform urged by the Society of St. Cecilia. He arrived at Westland Row Church that day, humbly carrying the bundle which he said contained his 'duds.' The habit of a Dominican is no light load. It includes several garments of white cloth, finishing with a cloak. One of the priests observing how heated Fr. Burke was after preaching in his habit, remarked that it must be risky to throw it off and drive on an open car, as he was constantly obliged to do. 'Fr. Thomas,' replied Fr. Burke, 'took good care of his children. By right it should be worn always.'

England once more welcomed the genial Irish priest. On February 20, 1881, he preached at St. Anthony's, Liver-

pool, on behalf of its schools, and was presented with an address by the priests and people of that mission.

Although (says the Liverpool *Times*) Fr. Burke has been seriously ailing, his appearance would indicate the enjoyment of vigorous health. His spirit is certainly far from being depressed, for not only does he display in ordinary intercourse of life his wonted vivacity and humour, but his public utterances lack nought of that energy, nerve, and vivid colouring which are some of the essentials of oratorical masterpieces.

The editor adds, speaking of his 'flexible voice that can thrill us to its inmost core, the expressions of that mobile face and the gestures which impart so much emphasis to argument, that in any newspaper report he is Samson shorn of his locks.' A brass band struck up inspiriting Irish airs as he arrived, and the music was followed by ringing cheers and the waving of hats and handkerchiefs.

Flags varied in their colours, and arranged most effectively (records the local organ), were hung in great numbers in the vicinity of the church. The address, in album form and handsomely illuminated, was of a most laudatory character, and expressed all that they owed him as the greatest of pulpit orators and the most distinguished of living Irishmen.

I feel honoured to be in the midst of you (Fr. Burke replied), for, next to the approbation of my superiors and their blessing, next to the approval of a conscience telling me that my line of action is good, the very highest honour that could be conferred upon me is the applause of my fellow-countrymen. Whenever an Irish hand is lifted in endorsement of the conclusions I draw, I feel that it is a new link added to that golden chain which for centuries has bound together the priests and people of Ireland. It is a golden bond that has withstood the strain of persecution. It has remained insoluble, and though the very flames of hell were laid upon it, yet never has it been dissolved. Its first link was wrought on the day the Ard Righ of Tara put his hand into Patrick's palm, and that bond shall remain till the last Irishman bends his knee to receive benediction.

He then referred to the past history of the Dominicans as told by De Burgo. 'Tom Burke was his name,' a remark

which, we learn, elicited laughter and applause. All this proved infectious and exhilarating. A hundred black and scowling faces of which he got a glimpse at Wigan, seemed like a vision of lost souls and set him thinking; but the retrospect on the whole was pleasant.

On his return to Dublin he greatly amused Mr. Woodlock by singing 'The Cruise of the "Bugaboo,"' a very comic account of the passage of a canal boat from Preston to Wigan.

The name of Fr. Thomas Burke as a biographer appeared in some columns of literary gossip at this time. The Bishop of Dromore feeling that the more serious poems of Miss Ellen Downing, better known as 'Mary of the Nation,' should be collected and published, Fr. Burke was asked to preface it with a memoir, but his ill-health caused the matter to fall into abeyance, and Fr. Bridgett at last supplied the 'copy.' This explanation seems most necessary, because the name of Fr. Burke as the writer remains prominently on record in a fly-leaf attached to 'Meditations and Prayers,' issued some years since by a well-known publishing house.

If biography may be regarded as 'the history of the life and character of a particular person,' no one should complain that Burke failed to appear as a stereotyped biographer. His best efforts in the pulpit may perhaps be viewed as biographies, especially when we know that, as in the case of Paul Cullen, David Moriarty, and others, these panegyrics were written. At no time was Burke stronger than when at St. Saviour's this year he preached the life of St. Thomas Aquinas, and dealt with his temptations and triumphs. Though Thomas lived but forty-eight years, he left intellectual aliment for the three hundred which have since elapsed. This discourse on St. Thomas was followed ten days later by another on St. Patrick.

A member of the Strollers' Club was one day conversing with Fr. Burke in the garden of a genial Canon when a

well-known amateur vocalist came between them, saying, 'Did you hear my last song?' 'I hope so,' replied Fr. Burke. Our informant was struck by the wit of it; but the idea is not quite new.

'Eighteen eighty-one' was a year aglow with political passion. Time was when he loved to preach in the spirit of a Christian patriot the panegyric of Ireland's apostle, St. Patrick. The very thought of 'Patrick's Day' was at one time a joy to Thomas Burke. He now approached his theme with conflicting emotions. He had fears for the future.

> There is not on this earth, thanks be to God, and I know them well, a people so devoted to prayer. I know not what they may become, I know not what there may be in the future for them; I love to think upon their glorious past, and I love to think upon the things that I myself have seen and heard, and the scenes in the midst of which I was reared. Oh! my beloved, up to this at least our people were a people of prayer—prayer resounding from the open doors of the little cabins as you walk through the village far away from city or railroad. There, in the evening, when the sun has gone down—oh! I have heard it over and over again from every cabin in the village,—those on one side of the little street intoning 'Hail, Mary,' and the others responding from the other side; and as in the evening of a summer's day the bees return with honey and buzz around the hive, so there was that murmur of prayer.[1]

His conscience, at all times sensitive, now gave him some slight uneasiness. During his American tour he had been carried away on two occasions by the sympathy of his audience. Certain lectures were reprinted in this country without his leave, and he would sometimes reproach himself with having undesignedly helped to bring the popular mind to that glow which stronger breaths at last blew into flame.

His Lenten sermons in 1881 were, as usual, largely attended by Protestants.

> Now, my dear brethren, we live in a time when the Catholic Church is obliged not only to lay down the law to her children, but

[1] Sermon at St. Saviour's, Dublin, on St. Patrick's Day, 1881.

also to explain to them her reasons for laying down that particular law. There was a time in the ages gone by, when men questioned less, and obeyed more, and when the ordinary Catholic only required to know what the Church's law was in order to obey it. In our less happy age men are inclined to question far more and to obey far less, and the Catholic Church esteems herself happy if she can induce her children to obey her laws even when she has given them the most ample reasons and convincing proofs for their obedience. Now, among these laws is one most prominent—the Lenten Fasts.

In some succeeding remarks a glimpse is found of the severe discipline he himself practised, and which at last sent him into the world a tower of strength, if it did not finally help to send him out of it. He then proceeded to implore, as a fellow-sinner, any man whose soul might be stained in mortal sin to wash that dear soul white again.

Some thought that he spoke too strongly, but St. Vincent Ferrer, O.P., went much further. That saint passed from town to town preaching that the Last Judgment was at hand, and urging repentance. He even announced himself as the Angel of the Apocalypse, sent by God to warn men of its near approach. People felt that Fr. Burke spoke with authority as 'one having power.'

As Lent advanced he explained that when Easter came the Church no longer beseeches or counsels, but rises up and in all the awful magnitude of a Divine power which she, like its founder, has established, commands, under pain of mortal sin and the threat of excommunication, that every son of hers is to prepare himself and make a good confession and a Holy Communion. On March 20 he took as his text Christ casting out the dumb devil, and incidentally suggested that the dumb devil within was that which whispers, 'Don't mind going to confession for a few months.'

Now, listen to me. Every single week, every month, that the Catholic stays away from confession makes it more difficult, and the validity of the sacrament more doubtful. Believe me, it is very hard

to make even a month's confession as it ought to be made. What about a year's confession? I go every week and find it hard enough to remember what I have been saying and doing last Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday. The task is indeed very difficult; and if I put it off for a month, I own I would give it up as an impossibility, and fling myself on the mercy of God. Considering the weakness of memory, the will re-coiled around and around with sin, the more one stays away from confession the harder he finds it to prepare himself.

Fr. Burke added that the penitent thief on the cross certainly made no confession, but he had this advantage, the Son of God was his confessor. These sermons carried weight because everybody knew that Fr. Burke was in private a thoroughly practical Christian priest. He felt so strong in honesty that it was a luxury to deliver the Divine messages with which he was charged. Thus, on March 17, 1881:

How shall they preach, says St. Paul, unless they be sent? He must come from the fountain of all authority; he must have a clear evidence of his mission; as he goes to preach the light, his soul, his intellect must be full of light; he must be full of Divine knowledge; he must have the entire message of Divine faith which he is to preach; he must be ready and able to solve every difficulty, to unravel every knot of the human soul, and to follow the heart through every devious and dark path of internal wanderings. Thirdly —and perhaps above all—he must be so holy as to illustrate in his own life and in his own conduct the Gospel which he preaches. Oh, my beloved, all the preaching that ever yet was spoken, never convinced a single man—never converted a single soul—never made one Christian, unless the man who spoke was a living illustrator of the word. That is the reason why the Son of God Himself came down from heaven to preach the Gospel to man and to spread the light vouchsafed in His infinite goodness, to remain for thirty-three years amongst us in order that we may see in His example how the precepts which He preached were to be observed. These three, therefore, are the first great requirements of an apostle: he must have his mission and his credentials from the supreme authority of the Church; he must have light and knowledge so as to preach the truth, and the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; and thirdly, he must have holiness of life to illustrate the

Gospel, and teach by his example those whom he has converted by his word.

His Lenten sermons at St. Saviour's culminated on Good Friday with a grand outburst on the Passion. His audience, spiritualised by fasting and prayer, assembled in vast numbers and presented susceptible matter on which to work. Never did he preach more powerfully than after Tenebræ on this dark Good Friday night. The subject, however, is too solemn to retouch. The newspapers repeat the almost stereotyped description of the vast crowds which blocked every approach to the church.

All my efforts go to bring men to confession (he told Miss Daly). Women take sufficient care of themselves. I was in the vestry the other day, when a gentlemanly-looking young fellow entered and politely bowed. 'I am sure I don't well know what brings me here,' he said; 'but my mother and sisters have been wishing that I should talk to you a bit.' I at once saw there was something on his mind. I placed my two hands on both his shoulders, saying, 'Down with you this moment.' Half amused and half terrified, that young man knelt down and made his confession. We remained no strangers after, and he has thanked me for the good-humoured vigour with which I conquered a reluctance that had seemed to him insuperable.

In spite of his residence at Tallaght, and his frequent absence as a preacher, and the worse interruptions of illness, many persons made strenuous efforts to secure him as their spiritual director. For they knew how thoroughly he gave heed to St. Bernard's warning to preachers: 'Concha esto, non canalis'—not a mere channel conveying the waters on to others, but a reservoir feeding the thirsty fields from its own overflow.[1]

Amongst those who sought Fr. Burke's assistance was

[1] But Fr. Burke had experience of other classes—1. Those who have a great repugnance to confess; 2. Those who feel no sort of difficulty; 3. Those who are too much in earnest, and over-scrupulous and fanciful; 4. Those not in earnest at all, and who go merely from habit and obligation.—Miss Rowe's notes.

Miss K——, who has preserved many short notes from him, and others fixing the time when he could be seen at the confessional of St. Saviour's, Dublin. Among them are the following:

The pains are at me full swing, thanks be to God, and the morning looks so threatening that I cannot go in to-day. Let us say to-morrow same hour.

Tallaght.

Your letter has arrived, after taking its own time on the way. It found me in bed, where I have to spend most of my time now, and I could not write sooner. I made a tremendous effort on Sunday to get through forty minutes of a sermon for the orphans, and in consequence I spent the afternoon and all yesterday in bed, and in very great suffering. Your account of yourself did not surprise me, as I made every allowance for the dissipation of travelling; but doing it leisurely as you do, you ought to be far more faithful to your resolutions and practices of devotion. Remember, my child, that habits of piety are easily lost and most difficult to regain, and I beg of you to have a better account to give me when next you write. My health is getting worse every day. I don't fail to pray for you. I am not able to do anything else.

His correspondent, together with a companion whose name was also Mary, made a pilgrimage to Rome.

Tallaght: January, 1882.

I am glad you settled the question of choosing a confessor without my interference, as really I could not advise you on that point; only, I am always of opinion that you ought to go to Holy Communion every second day as long as you are attending to your meditation and prayers and trying to be good. I was more than pleased, my child, to find by your last letter that you are doing this, and I have prayed, and shall continue to pray, that you may be faithful to the resolutions formed with me. Try and make the meditation always in the morning, and make a great point of getting through it so well as to satisfy your conscience. Enjoy yourself by all means, but first do this duty carefully. I hope you are enjoying yourself as well as a Catholic can enjoy Rome just now. How is the other Mary? My health continues to improve, thank God, and we are having lovely weather—like summer. Don't forget to pray for me. I preached in Dominick Street on New Year's Day. It did not

hurt me a bit. Good-bye to both of you. Take care of one another, and may God bless you both.

On one occasion, when Miss K—— had urged Fr. Burke to spare himself more, he replied: 'My dear child, it comes as natural to a friar to preach as for a woman to dress.'

The popular preacher, like others of his craft, suffered from the inconveniences of pursuit and adulation. If he thought that any lady for a moment forgot to keep the distance which ought to be maintained, Fr. Burke at once showed his displeasure. There was a religious and highly respectable spinster who belonged to a family well known to him. She constantly attended his sermons, followed him with devotion, and persuaded herself that she had found favour in his sight. One day when Fr. Burke was travelling on the top of the tram, this lady said to the conductor as soon as most of the passengers had got out, 'Tell Fr. Burke I am here, and to come down.' He did come down, but it was only to hail a car, mount it, and drive away.

The happiness which Fr. Burke at all times felt in presence of the Blessed Sacrament was strong and abiding. It remained, he said, in the tabernacle during the dark hours of night for the rising of the sun, that it might bring some loving heart to speak; there it waited the livelong day in silence and solitude for some heart-broken sinner to cross the threshold of the Church, to lay down his burden of sin and receive consolation. Fr. Burke's faith in the Real Presence was so strong that the veil which covered it seemed like glass; and he felt so happy on these visits—during which he seemed lost in an ecstasy of contemplation—that he once asked himself what Christian would not be satisfied to remain for ever on earth and make it his heaven.

Part of the above transpires in his sermon at Glasthule, May 9, 1881. When Cardinal MacCabe was pastor of Kingstown another Fr. MacCabe officiated in the same church. Endless mistakes were the result. Both wore glasses; both

became canons; in age, height, sanctity, and dress they seemed identical. At last Canon P. MacCabe took charge of another church in Kingstown—that of Glasthule—where he died. It was decided that the offering due to his memory should take the form of a high altar to be raised in the new church of St. Joseph, which his energy had carried to completion. On the date above given this altar was solemnly blessed for the service of the Mass. It was the Feast of St. Joseph, and probably no other man but Fr. Burke would have been able to present, from the materials disclosed by his text, a parallel between St. Joseph and Canon P. MacCabe; but he attributed to him with tact and terseness a beautiful share in the virtues that shone forth in Joseph, and which were really, he said, the essential characteristics of the priesthood. A higher memory, however, claimed his fervent eulogy. There, in that church, the memory of the Saviour was ever kept alive, for His presence was ever before them. The wounds that were opened upon the Man stretched out upon the Cross are never closed; they still flow; and the Church continues to draw from these fountains the waters of salvation.

Behind the memorial altar rose the reredos, carved out of Caen stone, and containing representations of the flight into Egypt and the house at Nazareth. Mr. Sullivan who attended to chronicle the function, when conversing with one of the Confraternity, spoke of the reredos. The man, thinking he called the ceremonial 'a rare dose,' replied, 'True, but it wasn't the fault of the choir.' This, on being told to Fr. Tom, tickled his fancy.

An appeal by Fr. Burke for St. Michael's Hospital, Kingstown, strengthened, soon after, his hold on the locality. The parochial clergy say that 'the crush was so great, numbers had to be admitted to the sanctuary. Protestants largely mustered, and even Quakers and Jews hung on his words.'

The corner-stone of the two new Dominican convents at

Newry and Drogheda were laid this summer; and on both occasions Fr. Burke led a trump card which carried all before it. He left Tallaght in high spirits, regarding this move as good earnest of the resurrection of hope and spirit which, during his generation, had put a new soul into the Catholics of the North. An offering of 400*l.* greeted his sermon at Newry; and not much less at Drogheda. In West Street a triumphal arch with flags and banners was raised to welcome him. The procession through the convent grounds was picturesque—the golden vestments of the deacons glittering under the summer sun; the white-robed Dominicans contrasting with the sombre hermits of St. Augustine.

In a conversation with Mr. Hodgens at this time Fr. Burke compared himself to the goose that laid the golden eggs. But, in point of fact, to preach was his passion, and to forbid him to do so would be like telling the storm to be still.

The Fathers at Tallaght had often remarked that one month spent in the confinement of his convent operated more injuriously on his constitution than six months given to the pulpit. He became dyspeptic and depressed. Preaching was the passion and the natural mission of his life. The Rev. Reginald Walsh tells us that on one occasion, when he seemed too ill for work, another Father was deputed to celebrate a great feast by a sermon. Fr. Burke could not brook the idea of a *locum tenens*, and, though previously prostrate, he started up, exclaiming, 'Give me the cloak;' and with rapid strides got ahead of the Father just as he was about to ascend the pulpit. 'Never,' says an eye-witness, 'did he appear to finer effect; on no previous occasion did he preach more powerfully.' The cloak, it may be explained, is the black robe which is worn over the white habit of a Dominican.

How he prepared for a sermon another anecdote curiously shows, while affording renewed illustration of his great

humility. This reminiscence we owe, with others, to the Rev. Dr. O'Mulloy. One day it was observed that the reception room was full of dust. Fr. Burke quietly got a brush and gave it a cleansing so complete that his habit got soiled, and he had to borrow another before he could appear in the pulpit.

The Venerable Fr. Russell, addressing the present writer, said of Fr. Burke that his mind teemed with such irrepressible fertility, that it seemed ready to open with the growth of its enormous fruit. He often used the pulpit as a safety-valve. His dramatic exuberance in the social circle, of which he was equally monarch, had the same relieving effect. He had read so deeply and with such retentiveness that in the end a moment's preparation sufficed. He had at command every passage penned by St. Thomas, while his mind seemed saturated in scriptural unction.

Nothing gratified Fr. Burke more than to see the faith and zeal with which the people raised new churches on every side. They rose with the silent rapidity of mushrooms, yet possessed the strength and grandeur of oaks. He had accepted with pleasure the invitation of Bishop Power to preach the consecration sermon of a handsome new church by Ashlin at Carrick ; but for almost the first time in his life he was now obliged to disappoint. To announce this fact cost him a struggle second only in severity to what would have attended an attempt to reach that place. The Prior of Tallaght shared his distress.

The date of this disappointment is August 21, 1881. Fr. Wheeler, on short notice, took his place.

Fr. Burke has been very unwell for the last two months (he writes). Still he lived in the hope that he would be able to keep his engagement with you. This morning, however, a sudden and serious aggravation both of sickness and of pain has compelled him, however reluctantly, to give up the idea of travelling ; in fact it would be just now for him a physical impossibility.

Count Moore, M.P., had purchased for 15,000*l.* Mount Eaton near Roscrea, which he presented to the Cistercian Order. Another engagement which Fr. Burke failed to fulfil at this time was to preach the dedication sermon of their church. Again the apothegm, 'Man proposes but God disposes,' asserted its stern decree. The occasion was so interesting, and he bore so strong an affection for Arthur Moore, that his incapacity to move filled him with great pain. The Rev. Dr. Egan, now Fellow of the Royal University, took his place.

The free air of Galway and the elixir of its memories were once more prescribed, and now his last visit there was paid.

Tuam had always agreeable associations for Fr. Burke. Its physician appealed to him for help in relation to a project which is best explained by the reply:

Tallaght: September 29, 1881.

I heard with very great pleasure that you were thinking of coming up to Dublin, and that you were looking for a post in the North Dublin Union. I need not say that you have my best wishes, and I regret that my illness will prevent me, else I should certainly help you in your canvass; as I know that if you get the appointment, whatever it may be for *you*, it will be a great boon and blessing for the poor of whom you will have charge.

Wishing you from my heart success in your undertaking—I am &c.

THOMAS N. BURKE, O.P.

Fr. Burke spoke to Cardinal MacCabe, who wrote a strong letter in support of the doctor's candidature.

He had not long returned to Tallaght when the news reached him of the demise, at the patriarchal age of ninety, of Archbishop MacHale. Fr. Burke was complimented by an invitation to preach the panegyric of that wonderful life; but he was urged not to attempt in his state of health, at that inclement season, another journey to Connaught. The task would have been in any case not without awkwardness, for

so completely did the policy of Dr. MacHale differ from that of the coadjutor archbishop *cum jure successionis*, that to praise the one might seem to dispraise the other. After Fr. Burke's apology had been received, successive applications were made to Archbishop Croke, Bishop Nulty (the only prelate who had attended Dr. MacHale's golden jubilee), and Fr. Banon, S.J.; but owing to the shortness of the notice and for other reasons they found it impossible to comply. The result was that the grand function known as the 'Month's Memory' took place at St. Jarlath's without the oration naturally expected, and which ought to have proved its grandest feature. The great assemblage dissolved, if not in tears, with somewhat of a feeling of depression, and more than one deemed it fortunate for the posthumous fame of the dead lion that the colossal statue which now stands in front of St. Jarlath's should have been raised in his lifetime.[1]

The death, in the harsh winter of 1881, of Dean Meagher, whose peculiarities Fr. Burke in playful mood had often portrayed, furnished a fine opportunity for making the *amende* to his memory in a speech at Rathmines Church, urging the erection of a memorial to perpetuate the remembrance of his name and virtues. Fr. Burke said that intellectually he was an ornament to the priesthood; and the beauty of his private life raised him high in the order of sacerdotal sanctity. His surroundings, more than simple, breathed an evangelical poverty that might edify the most zealous son of St. Francis. He concluded by saying, 'Ask

[1] There were many minor points of disagreement between Dr. MacEvilly and Dr. MacHale. When the former, as Bishop of Galway, suspended the Vicar-General, Fr. Peter Daly, Dr. MacHale, as Metropolitan, removed the suspension; but, on appeal to Rome, the inhibition by Dr. MacEvilly was confirmed, and Dr. MacHale's act declared null and void. His Grace, anxious to exclude Dr. MacEvilly from the archbishopric of Tuam when vacant, evinced a strong desire that his nephew, a distinguished priest, should be elected coadjutor archbishop with right of succession; but Dr. MacEvilly—the type of a new order of prelate—became *dignissimus*. He who had been at one time the Pope of Ireland and received gifts of personal affection from Gregory XVI. now found himself powerless, and he sank silently into his grave.

the man whose spirit is now at the foot of God's throne what on this earth he loved most—what he most desired—and he would answer, "The completion of that temple to which in life my energies were devoted."'[1] Can we doubt but that, if the spirit of Burke were asked the same question, he would, were it possible, give a similar reply as regards the new church at Tallaght, on which he had set his heart?

Two years previously, when preaching at Fermoy, after having adduced a great array of Scriptural authorities urging the decorum and beauty of the House of God, he said:

Oh! my beloved, if we believe in Jesus Christ at all—if we are Christians—if we believe the Gospel, we are forced to conclude that a burning, ardent zeal, a great love for the beauty and fitness of God's house, was one of the leading traits of that Divine spirit of the Saviour which we must have, or else we are not His.

[1] The temple thus alluded to is Rathmines Church, of which Dr. Meagher was the amateur architect. One unlucky oversight, however, was the want of sufficient height inside. This Dr. Meagher tried to correct by an excavation; through this persons sometimes fell on entering, and the original flooring has since been restored. Thinking that it conduced to imposing effect, Dr. Meagher had furnished the church with numberless doors, 'thus carrying out,' said Fr. Burke, 'the Doric order.' Stories satiric of this peculiarity had reached Dr. Meagher, and the subject became a sore one. One described an old crone making the round of 'the Stations,' and, while counting the decades, also counting the doors. Familiar prayers beginning with 'Hail' and 'Holy' were interspersed with oral computation, until, having mastered the better half of her pilgrimage, she is said to have exclaimed, 'Glory be to the Father, there's a power of doors in it.' Soon after, an Italian Passionist preached a charity sermon in this church. It was midwinter, and the audience mustered scantily. The Italian directed attention to the doors, and to the draughts they occasioned. They formed a source of distraction too. He had observed that when a door opened heads were at once raised from prayer in order to view the latest arrival. Instead of being impressed by the close of a sermon they were thinking more of the 'clothes' of the congregation. 'At last,' said Fr. Burke, 'a door opened admitting a draught of more than usual severity and also the shrill notes of a hurdy-gurdy which had begun to play outside. The Italian exclaimed, "Stop that air!" utterly bewildering the audience as to which disturbance was meant. The saintly architect well-nigh fainted, and had to be assisted to the vestry, where kind hands bathed his temples in vinegar.' He had been justly proud of this grand structure, which, outwardly at least, is one of the sights of Dublin; and an exclamation attributed to him was, 'Would to heaven I were as great a theologian as I am an architect!'

These words were uttered merely on the occasion of raising a new altar at Fermoy, but it is easy to see in this and other exordiums how a project he had now formed of upraising a church at Tallaght dominated. At Fermoy he spoke of the spire rising into mid-air crowned with the symbol of redemption, so that the first rays of orient light, which awaken the linnet in the grove and send the lark aloft to sing the praises of the Lord, may glorify the cross as its saving smile extends around. And then the church bell: high in air it watches through the night, until with the morning sun it lifts its harmonious voice to tell the faithful that the hour of sacrifice draws nigh. The message of mercy which announced to Mary the mystery of the Incarnation was eloquently touched. 'This message would the bell send forth in the early morning air; again when the orb of day is in its meridian splendour, and at eve, when the shadows of night are gathering. And at its sound the thresher on the threshing-floor would pause to think and pray; the smith in the forge would raise his cap and breathe a prayer; the ploughman in the fields, the nun in her cloister, the trader at his desk, would all unite in one sentiment of faith and prayerful gratitude.[1]

In the spring of 1882 Fr. Tom's popularity was at its height. Then it was that he appealed to some friends to help him. He had now to grapple with harder work than the donkey and cart or the prolonged tuggings of an Italian dentist. Time was when Tallaght had been covered with religious edifices, but during penal days one stone was not suffered to rest on another. He was urged to collect the scattered stones of the sanctuary and rebuild a church at Tallaght worthy of his own great zeal. 'Well,' he replied, 'perhaps it is only fair that those who destroy should repair

[1] Fr. Burke was interested to hear that the Angelus bell is rung in the Protestant church, Ecclesfield, near Sheffield, every day at six A.M., at noon, and at six P.M.; also at the parish church, Kimbolton, Huntingdonshire.

the injury they have done. I'll have to go to England to recover the damages.' But everywhere there he found some Catholic charity appealing to him for help, and he never refused to assist, no matter what the sacrifice. At last he seized his pen and addressed from Tallaght the following letter to an influential journalist—Mr. Dwyer Gray, M.P.:

March 1, 1882.

Dear Sir,—For the last twenty-five years the Dominican community of the great novitiate house in Tallaght have been using, as a church, an old outhouse or barn which they found on the premises in 1855. I have been frequently reproached, even by strangers and visitors, during these years for my apathy in not trying to build a decent church; but the fact is, I was so busy helping others, as long as I had health, that I had no time to help myself. When, however, the Supreme Head of our Order visited Ireland last autumn, he commanded me on my obedience to commence the building of a church as soon as ever I should be sufficiently restored in health to undertake it. That time is now come, and I am not at liberty to refuse or postpone the task imposed on me. In spite, therefore, of the hard times and the universal depression of the country, I must appeal to the generous Catholic people to help me in this undertaking, which is all the more arduous for me as my health and strength are by no means equal to it. We do not pretend to erect anything more than a church suitable to our conventual and choral wants and to our humble congregation. I need not say that our kind benefactors will be held in daily and perpetual remembrance in the prayers and Masses of the community.—Believe me, dear sir, ever yours, THOMAS N. BURKE, O.P.

In working for others Fr. Burke was full of energy; when working for himself he showed a little indolence. The General, therefore, 'commanded him on his obedience' to take the work in hand. He told him to imitate the earnest words and persuasive looks with which Francis the sainted Mendicant moved through the streets of Assisi appealing to every passer-by to aid him in building the church of La Porzioncula, designed, like that of Tallaght, to do honour to Mary's name.

Fr. Burke knew so little of finance that, when told it would be necessary to open an account for his new church, he hardly knew what it meant. At last, however, this was done in Father Conway's name and his own; but, when drawing cheques, he omitted to get his colleague's signature, and it was only by special courtesy that, as the manager states, the bank paid them. When the slip was pointed out to Fr. Burke, he would merely say, 'Sure, it's all the same,' and go on precisely as before.

He continued to uphold to the end the glories of Mary. Among other efforts, he preached for the new church of Mary Immaculate, Inchicore. This district had long been most inadequately provided with church accommodation. Now a splendid structure, designed by Mr. Ashlin, succeeds a hut of wood.

It has been said that Fr. Burke's sermons, when read in print, lose their moving power, but this is not so. Sister Aloysius tells us that a gentleman who happened to take up a newspaper containing one of his appeals in the cause of charity was so touched by it that he wrote to 'the guardian' of the Institution expressing a wish to be enrolled as an annual contributor.

Fr. Burke, who felt as much difficulty in beginning a letter as some women do in finishing one, is found, for a wonder, inditing an unelicited missive. But Miss Rowe was a convert lady surrounded by Anglican influences, and he felt it a duty to cast some fuel on the flame. 'Babbo' is the worthy parson her father, who had been a Waterloo veteran before he took Anglican orders. Miss Rowe speaks of Fr. Burke as her 'truest and best friend, whom to think of now is to raise one's thoughts and imagination to those blessed spheres he would speak of with such thrilling joy and hope, mixed with such tender and consoling humility.'

Tallaght: January 18, 1882.

My dear Child,—You will be surprised to get a letter from me, for in truth I am the worst letter-writer in the world. Although late,

I wish you all the graces and blessings of God for the New Year. I was not forgetful to pray for you and for your intentions, and indeed I was delighted at the wonderfully mild winter, for the sake of your Babbo, as severe weather is so bad for old people. I hope he is holding his own. Please remember me to him. We are in a terrible state in this country, and I am heart-broken looking at it. Never was a people so completely and so rapidly . . . changed. The Ireland that I used to talk of and love to think of is completely vanished, and nothing remains for me and such as me but to die.

I continue to suffer constant pain, but not at all as bad as formerly, *Deo gratias!*

Your friend, Mrs. Seagrave, has been very badly treated by her tenants. She is gone to London on a visit to Lady Redington. I am glad you like my old friend Rose Columba. Every year narrows the circle of our friends. God grant that we may meet in heaven!

Pray for me sometimes, and believe me, yours faithfully,

THOMAS BURKE, O.P.

'Rose Columba' is now Rev. Mother of a community of Dominican nuns at Adelaide.

With his namesake, the ill-fated Mr. Thomas Burke, most intimate relations had at one time subsisted. The Under-Secretary and his sister had been much attached to Fr. Burke, and Lord Spencer concurred that there was no more fitting place for the stained-glass window *in memoriam* of the lamented dead than the Church of St. Saviour, in which Fr. Burke's voice was wont to resound, and in which the murdered man had often knelt. The assassination gave Fr. Burke a shock from which he never recovered. The same remark applies to his friend, Canon Murphy,[1] who, when denouncing the outrage next morning, sank on the altar and within a few hours expired.

Fr. Burke preached at the enthronement of Cardinal MacCabe, and made two allusions to the recent assassination of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Thomas Burke.

The brightest amongst them had been smitten with sorrow; the

[1] Canon Walter Murphy is noticed in vol. i. p. 237.

whole nation, gentle and simple, rich and poor, had sent forth a cry of anguish and horror for great sin and great crime.

Law was the dictate of justice, speaking by authority for the common good. If that law be not quite the reflex of justice it could be reformed; they had a right to demand its reform, but they had no right to violate it. Now, he prayed that they would not be false to their history; that they would not turn their back on that which was their chief glory in the past; that every honest man would rise in defence of religion, law, peace, and justice, until the united protest and prayer of a nation lift from our island the black cloud fraught with vengeance that blood ever brings from an avenging God. How sad it would be if that faith of their fathers was ever weakened in their land; if their men or women should ever lose those characteristics that won for their land the title of 'Island of Saints'! How sad it would be if all was to be changed, and that they who for so many centuries had known what sorrow was and what oppression was, were to seek to purchase some temporary advantage at the price of all they know to be the dearest and most glorious characteristic of their history. But this would never be. Her saints in heaven would intercede on her behalf that Ireland might be saved in all the integrity of her faith, and that she might obtain all these rights that belonged to a people and which were their due, but that she might obtain them without swerving in the least from the path of lawfulness, justice, and Christian charity.[1]

The watchful eye with which Fr. Burke regarded the spiritual interests of his friends was applied not only at home, but penetrated to other climes. Miss Mary Kane and her companion were still at Rome.

Tallaght: March 30, 1882.

I have been silent too long, but I am up to my eyes in business connected with the new church, and in constant pain, so that I have to spend more than half my time in bed. Your last letter gave me great consolation, and I hope now that the last days of Holy Week in the Eternal City will do you great good, as they assuredly will, if you try to realise the mysteries of the Passion, remembering that you are in the holiest spot on earth next to Jerusalem. What I want you and 'the other Mary' to do, is to throw yourselves thoroughly and in a meditative spirit into the devotions of the week. Don't

[1] In the Cathedral, Dublin, May 28, 1882.

read any worldly matter; rise promptly (lazy rising is the cause of half the tepidity of the world); and don't yield to the mere curiosity of listening to grand music, but try to keep silence, and spend the days as if you were present in Jerusalem when our Lord suffered. Think how the Marys of the Gospel spent the Holy Week.

I hope you have tried to keep up to your daily meditation and the frequent Holy Communion. The Passion of our Lord used to be a favourite subject with you. I beg you to try and get into it this week, and lay up for yourself a store of thoughts and aspirations that will be of use to you when far from Rome.

There is nothing new here. I am going about and trying to get money; a difficult task, especially when you are in constant and great pain. Pray for me, and tell the other Mary to do likewise. God bless you both.

It has been said that some men are good because goodness pays best, while some are *good for nothing*. But Fr. Burke's goodness flowed from him so naturally, that motives originating in the often selfish hope of eternal reward never occurred to him.

That Fr. Burke was able to get through his work was partly due to the watchful care which Sir G. Porter continued to bestow upon his case. A friend said, 'You are manifestly getting stronger.' 'Why shouldn't I be,' he replied, 'when I'm under the influence of *Porter*?' He formed a fast friendship for Mr. Porter, and finding that he was desirous of obtaining a baronetcy, wrote to Lord Bute, Lord Emly and others, the hope of promoting it.

CHAPTER XI.

DEO OPTIMO MAXIMO.

'LIKE the Apostle, he had learned to die daily, and thus, dead to himself, he lived unto God'—words used by Fr. Burke in his discourse on Bishop Moriarty. This was very much his own system, and Fr. Burke's devout clients were at times almost tempted to compare his case to an illustrious triumph over death, wherein He rose again. Fr. Burke, in an Easter appeal, called attention to the greatest of Christian solemnities. He exhorted the Christian souls, who for weeks had shared His sufferings and felt the pain and insults He endured, now to rejoice at the sight of His risen glory. But were they in a fit mood to celebrate the Resurrection with holy joy? Had they sought to die with Him, in order to rise again? Had they crucified their sinful flesh?

Fr. Burke's discourse on St. Paul of the Cross, founder of the Passionists, which he preached at Mount Argus, seems to have gained strength from previous philosophic reflection on his own sufferings. He described how the saint would put upon his head a crown of real thorns, which along the Riviera of Genoa grew thick and strong, even as in Jerusalem; how he pressed these into his brows until the blood streamed down and well-nigh blinded him. His body revealed no stigmata like Francis of Assisi, but open the breast of that dark habit, which bore the brand of Christ, bare that sacred frame a little, and what would they find? There, next his flesh, a wooden cross, armed with one hundred and eighty-six sharp points, and each making a festering wound,

until every moment and every movement became an agony almost unbearable!' Fr. Burke went on to describe how this saint proceeded to Rome to lay his rules and his habit at the feet of the Pope, and to ask the benediction of the Church upon his new society, and how he bore with sweetest humility the officials who rudely repulsed him. Innocent was succeeded by Benedict XIII., a Dominican friar, and there has ever been between the children of Paul and the sons of St. Dominic a loving union. Benedict confirmed the rules framed by Paul, but Clement XIV. insisted upon mitigating them in some cases where the penance seemed to be more than ordinary men can bear.

Fr. Burke told how, as Paul neared the grave, he wore on his emaciated frame an inner coat of mail, so as to increase the agony of every wound. When he raised his voice it was not as the preaching of ordinary men. Like our Lord, he spoke as one having power. He went from town to town with a discipline in his hand, the crown of thorns on his head. When preaching on the Passion, he freely applied the torture to his own person. He preached to the voluptuous the word of the Gospel, but when he found that no appeal to the Crucified moved them to repentance, then quickly the habit was opened and torn down until the man stood half naked before them; then taking an iron chain and turning to the image on the Cross, he tore his body until the hardest heart was moved, and they saw the man thus killing himself for their sins, crying, 'O God! if they won't do penance, I will do it for them!' Some exclaimed, 'Spare thyself, man of God, and I will do my share!' Fr. Burke added that God, as if not satisfied with all this self-inflicted penance, touched him frequently and heavily with the most painful diseases. Sometimes Paul lay for months unable to say Mass, and scarcely able to raise his hand; pain succeeded pain, disease after disease, until he became a greater martyr at the hands of God

than even that which he had been by his own unsparing penitential hand. He sent for two Dominican friars, he renewed with his dying lips his love for St. Dominic, he took in his hands the beads so familiar to him in life, and night after night, as the lamp waned, he contemplated on the Rosary the sufferings of Jesus and the glories of Mary. The light of his youth came back to his eyes, the joy of his boyhood to his heart, and he cried out in the words of the Apostle, 'Veni, veni, Domine Jesu.'

It may be interesting to add that among the more remarkable disciples who attached themselves to the rule of St. Paul of the Cross were the Hon. George Spencer and the Hon. Charles Pakenham, A.D.C. to the Queen.[1] Fr. Pakenham founded the establishment at Mount Argus where Fr. Burke preached. His death, at the age of thirty-six, was not less touching and dramatic than that of the founder.

After the sermon Fr. Burke's queer stories began. Naming a well-known convent he said, as Fr. Donegan remembers:

At one of the grand *déjeuners* which followed the profession of a nun, a rustic-looking man took his place at table, on my hint, but seemed afraid to eat or to drink, or even to help to chicken a fine lady on his left. I at once saw that his mode of carving a fowl would be to grasp it by both hands and tear it asunder. 'Eat your breakfast, man,' said Cardinal Cullen. He seized a fresh egg, and with a carving knife made a flourishing cut at it, as though he were beheading a wolf, sending as he did so a shower of albumen over the costly robe of a pompous dowager; he then took the egg and drained it like a goblet. Observing the waiters laughing, he started up to leave, but paused for a moment at the door to shake his fist at me.

About this time he preached at Dundrum. A few friends waited upon him at the parish priest's house. He spoke of his new church at Tallaght, and how urgently funds were

[1] Fr. Pakenham was the nephew of Arthur Duke of Wellington. We have been informed at Mount Argus that the Duke addressed to him these characteristic words: 'Be as good a monk as you have been a good soldier.'

needed. A lady observed that he had only to name the day, and any pulpit, she was sure, would be placed at his disposal. Delighted, he immediately sang forth, and most melodiously, 'Then name the day, the happy day.'

When Francis begged for means to build the chapel of La Porzioncula, gold and gems at last fell at his sandalled feet, enough to enable him to raise for his Order the church of St. Damiano as well. Fortune smiled less propitiously on Fr. Thomas. The pastor of Swords meeting him in the street, asked him how his church progressed. 'Very badly, David; I fear that—sick as I am—I must go to America again.' 'No, no, the country should support you. Come down to Swords and you shall have its pulpit.' On Sunday, June 4, Fr. Burke repaired to Swords and preached under the shadow of its ruined monastery, founded by Columbkille. Elated, he returned with 40*l.* to Tallaght. At Swords he met at dinner Dr. Davys, the County Coroner, whom he amused with various strange stories.

Mr. M'Weeney, head of the reporting staff on a leading journal, entered a church one day that a sermon was being preached for Tallaght, but only in time to catch Fr. Tom's peroration. He followed him to the vestry, told the circumstance, and got from him a rapid *résumé* of the earlier portion. 'And what may you have thought of what you did hear?' asked Burke. 'You got a half-crown from me that previously I had little thought of giving.' 'May that half-crown expand into a crown of immortal glory.'

A meeting was held (March 29, 1882) to defray the large expenditure attendant on the elevation of Archbishop MacCabe to the purple. Fr. Burke, in proposing a resolution, referred to the anomaly of entrusting it to one who, by his vows of poverty, must necessarily have no funds at his own disposal; 'but,' he added, 'I suppose it is because I have been always more or less concerned in meetings for the purpose of raising money.'

Fr. Greene, who had been charmed by his visit to Fr. Burke at Tallaght, observing a notice of the good work on which the Dominican was now engaged, at once sent his mite. This letter Fr. Greene has disclosed to us only under pressure:

Tallaght: April 27, 1882.

My dear Father,—Accept thanks that by no means express the fulness of my gratitude to you for your generous help to build our church. I need not say that we all here pray God to bless and reward our kind benefactors. I hope when next you come to Tallaght you will find a decent church there.—Ever yours gratefully,

THOMAS BURKE, O.P.

His life-long love for the Blessed Virgin intensified, if possible, during the last ten years. Her beads were never out of his hands. The great devotion into which St. Dominic first breathed life he invested with renewed strength and efficacy. Sleeping or waking, walking or working, his fingers always held the tangible pearls of the rosary. For one justly dear to him he did indeed relinquish them for a time, but a second set of beads promptly took their place. He thus writes to his favourite niece, then in Galway, who, as the inheritor of his genius, made a distinguished scholastic course at Loretto, and like himself was destined early in life to feel the Cross:

Tallaght: June 22, 1882.

My Darling,—I am praying constantly for you, and all here are praying. Try to offer the sufferings to God with resignation so as to draw from them all the rich treasure of merit. I have asked Him to give me your pains, as I could bear them better. I send you my own beads, and I will go down as soon as ever I can. May God strengthen and relieve my darling.—Ever your old Nuncs,

T. BURKE, O.P.

During the time that Fr. Burke was attached to San Clemente, one of the Fathers preached twice a week in the synagogue and succeeded in converting many Jews. Fr. Burke had less prejudice against that race than might be sup-

posed from his burning sermons on the Passion. On June 25 he lectured at Glasgow, Archbishop Eyre presiding, taking as his text, 'Hear ye, O Israel, thus saith the Lord. They shall be My people, and I, the Lord God, in the midst of them shall be their God.' He described this favoured race as a most unfortunate people, for they had hardly tasted the sweets of national liberty and greatness when they lost both for ever:

> Their destiny was to go forth into many lands and to be the bondsmen of the stranger. They scarcely knew what comfort meant; yet in the midst of their trials, and throughout all their great sufferings, they were still the most privileged people on earth—in this, that they were God's own people; that the only true God was their God; that, whilst the nations who acquired greatness and enjoyed prosperity bowed down before idols, the Hebrew people alone kept the knowledge of the true God; its gate lay open to the children of Israel.

Fr. Burke held that the Irish people, in their history for the last two thousand years, were the most striking reproduction that Christianity had effected of the privileges and the glories on one side, and the calamities which in the olden time befell the people of God.

A beautifully illuminated address full of gracious words was formally presented to Fr. Burke. In reply he referred to the bond which should unite Celts of Ireland and Celts of Scotland—the bond of a common origin and the vicissitudes of a singularly similar history. A purse of sovereigns in aid of Tallaght Church accompanied the address. After preaching at Airdrie, Lanark, its pastor, seeing how ill he was, took him for a sail round the coast, of which a detailed account has been kindly furnished. They travelled to Arran through the Kyles of Bute, 'a brilliant sunshine exhibiting with all its shades the beauty of the mountains and the lochs. His spirits rose to the occasion.' 'I left him at Rothsay,' adds Fr. MacIntosh, 'with high hopes of seeing this great and good man again. I could not think that so bright a star would soon be extinct.'

'I have a pain in every nerve and fibre unless—my eyebrows,' he said in reply to repeated inquiries from Mr. Milo Burke.

And yet how the soul rose superior to the weakness of the mortal frame (writes Judge O'Hagan). Ever in the midst of bodily suffering he came forth at the call of duty or of charity, eloquent as of old, with an eloquence even more spiritual and touching, full of the deep and pure love of country that possessed him, earnest against all that seemed to degrade or defile his ideal of the Land of Saints.

He gave so much sympathy to the sorrows of others that he had no time to brood over his own woes.

Neither political anxiety nor personal pain made him forget his suffering niece, and on his arrival in Dublin, weak and weary, we find him preparing to start forthwith for Windfield, Ballinasloe, where the father of the young lady lived.

30 Rutland Square, West, Dublin: July 4, 1882.

My dear Tom,—I am going down to-morrow morning to see poor Katty. I leave here by the 9.0 train, and I shall be in Claremorris about two. If you can conveniently, send a car for me; if not, I suppose I shall be able to find a car to take me on to Holly Mount.

His pleasures were so few and his expectations so modest, that very little served to cheer and nerve him. A kind word from the Bishop of Achonry produced this effect, and prepared him for the great effort next day.

Tallaght: September 30, 1882.

My dear Lord Bishop,—I am more grateful than I can express for your Lordship's kind letter and most generous contribution. The community join with me in expression of warmest thanks, and we certainly shall not be wanting in prayer that God may reward your charity with His choicest graces and blessings.

Begging a blessing, I have, &c.

THOMAS BURKE, O.P.

In storm and rain, on October 1, 1882, the ceremonial of laying the corner stone of Fr. Burke's new church at Tallaght took place. But the preacher's voice rose above the tempest.

He addressed a large audience, consisting of Cardinal MacCabe, a bishop from tropical Trinidad, and a large sacerdotal suite. On the tower which had survived the wreck of the palatial halls of Tallaght the Papal flag, emblazoned with the arms of Rome, loudly fluttered, while beneath was to rise a church planned in the severest lines of Early English architecture. Fr. Burke spoke in the open air, and some of his remarks will be found in an earlier chapter (i. 180). 'On that day,' he said, 'the saints in heaven beheld how the Church of God had risen from what seemed its grave. To-day Melruan and Angus and the grand Irish army of saints that group around Patrick see the cross rise again in this ancient and holy spot.'

The church consists of nave, chancel, and an apsidal choir, with eight side chapels and a sacristy and night choir. Preaching at St. Xavier's, Liverpool, the following year, Fr. Burke said that perhaps this was the only church in Ireland which in nocturnal Psalmody would take the place of the famous churches at Glendalough. He had enthusiastic admiration for all such devotion, and loved to tell of the five hundred monks in Down who kept singing night and day, with instrumental accompaniments, the praises of God—how relays of monks came, and kept up for ages their blessed song.

A new organ was now about to be opened in the City Quay Church, Dublin; and Fr. Burke revelled in the thoughts which the occasion awakened. This church stands in the district where coal vessels unload their cargoes. Fr. Burke was much amused by a joke that 'its pastor ought to be Father *Collier* and its patron St. *Colman*. He was glad, however, to find that the collection on that occasion was not *slack*.' Fr. Collier had been pastor of a much brighter spot—the Vale of Avoca—until translated to a parish which faced the City Quay. One joke led to another until the organ was pronounced less agreeable than the bell, because the latter 'went on when it was tolled, whereas the organ would be blowed first.'

Fr. Burke had imbibed from the writings of St. Thomas an ardent love of mystic theology, doctrinal and experimental. The latter kind has been defined by St. John of the Cross as 'a pure knowledge of God which the soul ordinarily receives in a luminous darkness or obscure light of sublime contemplation, together with an experimental love so intimate that the soul, losing itself altogether, is united to God and transformed into Him.'

We give the definition in full, because if there has been any modern monk who at fitting seasons tasted the sweets acquired by the cultivation of this sacred science, it was Fr. Burke. He could adjust his mind to it with as much facility as ever Wellington did to sleep. A secret operation known only to God and to the favoured recipient of His graces has caused it to be styled 'mystical' and 'experimental,' because it is by personal experience alone that the desired knowledge can be obtained.[1] In the science of doctrinal mystic theology, which discusses the essence and effect of the experimental—according to Scriptural light—St. Teresa holds a rank as high as any of the contemplative canonised doctors; and Fr. Burke had long been struck by her masculine grasp of mind. During an interview with the Provincial of the Carmelite Order, which claims this wonderful woman as its patron, he remarked, with his usual pleasant frankness, that he was not a little jealous that they had never asked him to preach on St. Teresa. For this purpose he was afforded ample opportunity on October 15, 1880, and again on October 10, 11, and 12, 1882.

If Fr. Burke could taste in a moment the joys of heaven, he could realise almost as readily the scorch of hell. St. Teresa's visions claimed to be much more minute in their

[1] But though Fr. Burke followed St. Thomas as a mystical theologian, he held, with that great master, that 'the mystical sense of Scripture' should be rejected, notwithstanding that St. Paul would seem to favour it. The Angel of the Schools, with his usual common sense, holds that arguments can be drawn from the literal sense alone, and in this opinion he is supported by St. Augustine.

identification of that dread region. Fr. Burke rarely expressed more than the horror arising from the terrible thought that while he and his friends or flock were peacefully assembled there was somewhere in the creation of God—

The vast prison of hell, with its millions on millions of unhappy inmates, and its flames, roaring, sweeping, devouring, and yet not consuming; that the air is filled with the spiritual cry of the lost souls and angels of God, dashing in all their wild and impotent rage against those bars that shall never permit them to go forth; that there is enkindled by the breath of an angry God a fire destined never to be extinguished.

Fr. Burke had a great admiration for the Sisters of Mercy, whose special mission it is to guard little children and visit the sick. We heard him tell in the pulpit of Westland Row Church at this time, and not for the first, the following incident of his professional experience. Every winter for years Fr. Burke had preached in Dublin for the charities guarded by the Sisters of Mercy. During the recital of the following, a pin might have been heard to drop:

I was once called to attend a man, such as I have endeavoured to describe to you. There were seven little children in the house. There was a mother, the mother of those children, the wife of him who was dying there. Two years before, this man had fallen from a scaffold, and was so shattered that he became paralysed; and for two years he had lain upon that bed, starving as well as dying. I spoke to him of the mercy of God. He looked upon me with sullen and despairing eye. 'This is the first time,' he said, 'that you have come to my bedside.' Said I: 'My friend, this is the first time that I knew you were sick. Had I known it, I would have come to you before.' 'No one'—this was his answer—'no one cares for me. And you come now to speak to me of the mercy of God! I have been on this bed for more than two years. I have seen that woman and her children starving for the last two years. And do you tell me that there is a God of mercy above me!' I saw at once it was a case with which I could not deal. I left the house and went straight to a convent of the Sisters of Mercy that was near. There I asked the Mother Superior, for God's sake, to send one or two of the nuns to the house. They

went. Next day I visited him. Oh, what a change I found! No longer the dull eye of despair. He looked up boldly and cheerfully from his bed of sorrow, no longer murmuring against the mercy of God, but with the deep thankfulness of a grateful heart. 'Oh,' said he, 'I am so happy, Father, that I sent for you—not so much for anything you can do for me; but you sent me two angels! They came into my house, and for the first time in two long years, I learned to hope, to be sorry for my want of resignation, and to return with love to that God whom I had dared to doubt!' Then he made his confession, and I prepared him for death. Patient he was, and resigned; and, in his last moments, when his voice was faltering—when his voice became that of the departing spirit—his last words were: 'You sent to me the angels of God, and they told me that when I should be in my grave they would be mothers to my children!'

With marvellous zeal and energy—his state of health considered—Fr. Burke preached on October 15, 1882, in the Cathedral, Salford, Manchester, for the poor schools of that district. In the evening he made another appeal, taking his text from the Magnificat.

At the Bishop's house, Salford (writes Fr. Greene), he entertained us after dinner with an unceasing flow of anecdotes; but still there was not the same spontaneous freshness and bright sparkle as in former days. It was by an effort that he exerted himself to entertain us and not suffer us to go away disappointed, as he saw us all eager to draw him out. But it cost him some suffering. He had to lie down with pain and exhaustion afterwards. And, indeed, I have been told by one of his intimate friends that he acted so on various occasions from set purpose of kindness and charity. 'Ah,' said he, 'they expect it of me. And if I didn't give them a taste or two, it would look rather churlish.'

That night he preached an admirable sermon at Salford Cathedral; but the next morning, as we went together to the railway he told me that he had been waked up in the night with agonies of pain.

There were some flashes of humour in him that morning, but still he seemed to be suffering intensely, and at times was depressed and silent. He had heard me make mention the day before of a priest who had been a novice under his care, but who had left the Order and was thought by some (though unjustly) to have gone off the line.

'Tell me,' said he, very earnestly, 'I heard you speak yesterday of ——; where is he? What do you know about him?' and then he spoke so tenderly and affectionately of him, and expressed the deepest anxiety and the kindest regard for him. He was so sad about the possibility of his former novice having gone astray that it touched me and made a great impression on me. Then he held forth most earnestly and solemnly on the necessity of prayer. Again and again he repeated that prayer, prayer, was the most necessary of all things for a priest.

He also spoke two or three times about his exuberant spirits of former days, and very seriously made the acknowledgment that he had given way too much to animal spirits at one time, and that perhaps he was now suffering for it.

Talking of the importance of preaching, in reply to a remark of mine—'Important! Why,' said he, 'it is the voice of the Church; it is the voice of the Church.'

There never was a man who left his moral anatomy more open to students than Thomas Burke.

Faith sustained him when his suffering was keenest. This he could often allay by a foretaste of spiritual joys. He would soar both in thought and desire into the bosom of eternal majesty; but when, as sometimes happened, he failed to realise the full anticipation of all he could wish, he blessed the Holy Name, supported himself by hope, and found comfort in the accomplishment of God's will.

The seventh centenary of the birth of St. Francis Assisi was celebrated on October 4 by an oration from Fr. Burke.

During the inclement season of November 1882 he returned to England, and on the 17th preached at St. Francis Xavier's, Liverpool, before an immense audience, a large number of whom were of other denominations. The sermon was in aid of the Haigh Street Poor Schools, and Fr. Burke, founding his discourse on the Parable of the Sower and the Seed, said that the important passage of the Gospel which he had just read suited exactly the great want for which they had met that day. Their object was to consider the great question of the education of the youthful poor, and of our own

obligations to provide for it in a form that would prove a boon of life eternal to those that receive.

A man, said the Gospel, sowed good seed in his field in the spring-time of the year, upon which all depended; the summer would be the reflection, and the autumn the result, but all depended upon the work that was done in the spring. If the ground was not well broken and prepared, if the seed was not carefully chosen, and if the hand that sowed it did it stintedly, then the summer would be a disappointment, and the autumn a failure. In the Gospel story the ground was well prepared, the seed well chosen, and abundantly cast; but, alas! the husbandman that had prepared the soil and sown the seed lay down to sleep, and whilst asleep there was a watchful enemy looking over the fence with vengeful eye, determined, if possible, to destroy the good harvest. And so he entered the field, and thickly scattered the cockle and tare that were to choke the good seed that was sown.

On the following day he is back at Tallaght, as appears from a letter to one of the Sisters of Charity at Cork.

Tallaght: November 18, 1882.

My dear Sister,—I had promised myself the pleasure of preaching for you, but circumstances oblige me to put it off for another year, as I am under orders to work elsewhere on the Sunday in question. I am all the more sorry for this as it is your first request. Victoire Martin is a good deal better, thank God. Kind regards to all.

Ever yours,

THOMAS BURKE, O.P.

In December 1882 Fr. Burke became once more Prior of Tallaght. Great though undemonstrative was the jubilation of the novices whose hours he had so often brightened. The letter of one of them to be found further on, and descriptive of the closing scenes in Fr. Burke's life, makes touching reference to the genial sunshine which his presence had shed in playground and cloister.[1]

[1] As this and some succeeding passages from the same source make farewell allusion to a habit which small minds pooh-poohed, we desire to add a few words

He tells Miss Kane:

Tallaght: January 4, 1883.

I was in bed from Christmas Eve to the following Friday, awfully sick. On Friday I had to go North, beyond Belfast, to preach on Sunday, and I did not return here till Tuesday night. The sickness and the travelling put all correspondence out of my head, but I hope I am not too late to wish you a whole lot of blessings for the new year. I came home much better than when I left, thank God.

Now, my dear child, you will enjoy everything twice as much if you are faithful to the meditation. It is a small thing, but it will brace you up for the day if you do it in the morning—the proper time. Keep faithful. Don't yield to the repugnance or lazy feeling.

tending to show how wise Fr. Burke was in keeping the novices amused. 'A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any state of the market,' says Charles Lamb. There is no body of religious more ascetic than the Passionists, or followers of Blessed Paul of the Cross. A venerable Father of that Order informs us that they have always found the gloomy student prove a signal failure. Hence cheerfulness and innocent mirth are cultivated. Among their novices was one always groaning in spirit when others smiled. It was found that instead of sweeping out his cell, as required by his rule, he licked it out with his tongue. One day he asked where the nearest chemist lived, and it transpired that his object was to buy wormwood in order to mix it with his soup. Of novices of this sort the fathers find it necessary to get rid. They are wrapt up in themselves; and pride is generally found at the root of their austerities.

This note, already too full, must needs be swollen by an anecdote or two which at the last moment come for shelter. The first shows how Fr. Burke exerted himself to interest and amuse the neophytes. The Rev. Dr. O'Mulloy, who as Br. Dominic will be remembered in the novitiate, tells us that one day, at Rome, when all were playing with an air-ball—large enough to fit the bore of a great cannon, but which really would not hurt a fly—it suddenly struck Fr. Burke on the face. He at once fell on the tiles heavy, mute, and motionless, and in this state remained while a Neapolitan lay brother chafed his hands, opened his shirt, and fanned his face. At last Fr. Burke slowly opened his eye, making a face of the most hideously distorted expression, to the dismay of the already scared Italian, and the relief of the novice, who had begun to fear that he might have to answer for a life so precious. The laughter which followed the *éclaircissement* was loud and long. At this time Fr. Burke sometimes lectured the class on speculative philosophy, including such points as 'Was Virtue a Habit, and was Habit a Virtue?' It will be remembered that during his first year of office he was never known to smile. Why this should have been so is explained by a fact which ought to have reached us sooner. He told one of the Fathers at Tallaght how much he disliked the grave responsibility of Novice-master, and suggested that our informant, who says he often saw him much depressed, should undertake the duties. This office is the only one in the great Dominican organisation which a man can be compelled to accept. Knowing those facts, one can appreciate the strength of the effort by which Fr. Burke had often tried to banish gloom from the novitiate.

A thing is only worth what it costs, and God thinks twice as much of the meditation, which has cost us some sacrifice or self-denial.

Ever thine,

THOMAS BURKE, O.P.

No wonder Miss Kane should have valued these letters, for, as he told her, rather than write one he would walk ten Irish miles.

During his sermon near Belfast several boys sat round the pulpit, and amongst others the son of the late Mr. O'Neill, an able church architect. The cloak which Dominicans wear happened to be reposing on the ledge of the pulpit when it fell on the boy, and led to a pleasant prediction afterwards as to the part he might be destined to fill. 'No, no,' said Fr. Burke, 'he need not aspire higher than to succeed to the mantle of his own uncle, Fr. Alphonsus O'Neill.' This was an eminent Passionist attached to the College of St. Paul of the Cross, Mount Argus, Dublin.

Irresistible in the cause of every charity, unless that in which he was himself ardently interested, Fr. Burke's appeals on behalf of Tallaght were, it must be confessed, somewhat disappointing. This year, however, he threw more vigour into the task. But his most effective appeal was—if the expression may be allowed—not made at all. Fr. Walsh, S.J., on February 18, 1883, placed at his disposal the pulpit at Gardiner Street Church. At the last moment a lay brother from Tallaght arrived to say that the Prior was too ill to preach. Fr. Walsh conveyed this news to the congregation, and seventy pounds was collected on the spot. Since the death of Fr. Burke, the popular feeling in his regard has reacted with gratifying results. Another pleasing feature deserves record. We learn from the 'Freeman's Journal' of April 7, 1884, that 'Protestants are subscribing to this fund with the greatest cheerfulness—a sure sign of the universal esteem in which Fr. Burke was held.'

His English friends did not forget him. Canon Brownlow,

the good pastor of Torquay, and Miss Rowe from Morchard Bishop Rectory, sent help.

Tallaght : January 12, 1883.

My dear Child,—You will think me a very mean body never to write to you until I had to acknowledge money. Well, you can't think of me half so much evil as I deserve. Many and fervent thanks to yourself and to dear Canon Brownlow for your generous contributions. The church is going on rapidly—the money coming in very slowly. I fear I shall soon be in a fix. I hope you are well, and the dear old Babbo.

You wrote to me about the Salvation Army, but, my dear child, you did not surely expect me to answer you seriously on a wild, emotional thing of the kind. May God bless the good people engaged in it and help them to hinder sin and bring them 'into His admirable light.' My health is very poor, but I shall be in London for the opening of our new church in May. Perhaps we might meet then. Things are mending a little in this unfortunate country, but I fear very little. Pray for me, and believe me ever yours gratefully,

THOMAS BURKE, O.P.

One of the most ambitious lectures of Fr. Burke was in April, 1883, in Liverpool, on the 'Music of every European Land,' and accompanied by specimens vocal and instrumental, supplied by professional assistance. He began by acknowledging that it was even a pull on his native assurance to attempt to address an English audience on music; for, although Germany might be said to hold the palm, yet there was no country where the divine art was more carefully studied than in England. It was then daring on his part—a poor Irishman not knowing much of the theory and less of the practice of music—to attempt to address them on this subject; but, he added amid a peal of laughter, he had traded for nearly thirty years on the element of self-assurance, and he was thankful that it had never failed him yet. Recurring to the songs of England, he said that they generally reflected a bright and cheerful national character full of melody and genial nature.

Fr. Burke's allusion to his natural 'self-assurance' shows

that the extraordinary humility of the man, which some Dominicans thought he carried too far, was not quite spontaneous, but may have been produced by a severe discipline.

He knew he was a great man (writes the pastor of St. Anthony's, Liverpool), and that his was an illustrious name. He had taught in the schools of philosophy and theology with great success; yet no one could ever say that he made the slightest pretext to learning or eloquence. In his appearance he was simplicity itself. His winning humility of manner endeared him to all. His last duty at night brought him to kneel at the Prior's knee to receive his blessing before he retired to his room.

Fr. Burke had often praised with enthusiasm Irish heroes in song and story, and England had now an opportunity of seeing that his generous appreciation was of no insular character. Some of their songs, he said, were expressions of great national events awakening the higher emotions, and he specially noticed the 'Death of Nelson.' This having been duly sung by a vocalist in attendance, the lecturer said he doubted whether England ought to be more proud of her Nelson or of the bard who lived to perpetuate his name in song.

The help he got from the sons of Ignatius was not less honourable to them than acceptable to the Dominicans. Fr. W. E. Dubberley, of St. Francis Xavier's, Liverpool, writes:

We gave him the use of the church on the second Sunday after Easter, April 8, 1883, to preach for his new church at Tallaght. He preached both morning and evening to two tremendous congregations. There was no standing room in the church, and both he and I found it difficult work to carry the plate down the nave of the church on account of the crush. He and Fr. Clare took the plate round in the evening. It was the first time, he said, he had ever done such a thing.

On the following evening he gave his lecture on music in the College Hall, Salisbury Street, which was also crowded. The proceeds of this was also for the Tallaght Church. He had not time to finish the lecture. He had touched on the music of almost every nation except Ireland, and that same night he told me that on his return from Rome he would conclude his lecture in the College Hall by giving a special one on Irish music. He had promised to

go to Glasgow on his return from Rome, and to give there his lecture on music.

On the Tuesday I took him to Stonyhurst. He had not seen the new building. He seemed dazed and lost at its grandeur, and at the treasures in the church. We slept there that night, and on our return called at Preston to see the rector, Fr. Dykes. He was greatly struck with the renovated church of St. Wilfrid. The following day he left for Rome, but not before promising our Fathers several sermons in the autumn; one at Stonyhurst for the Feast of St. Ignatius, and some time in September one in Accrington and one at St. Helens. He was evidently at times suffering acute pain whilst at Liverpool, but his conversation and story-telling, especially at Stonyhurst, was as sparkling as ever.

In the evening he preached again, and the Liverpool papers state that long before the gates were opened crowds—not confined to Catholics—thronged to hear him. When preaching on the theological virtues of Faith, Hope, and Charity, his own Christian feeling peeped from under heavy crosses:

What do we hope for? Every Catholic not only believes but hopes. What do we mean in saying, I hope in God? Every Catholic knows the answer. No matter what trials may visit me, I confidently hope for an eternity in which my soul and body purified by God will know suffering no more; and if we had not that hope what would our life be?

Speaking of the appointment of Henry Edward Manning to the See of Westminster—and *à propos* to which it was wittily said that the barque of Peter wanted Manning—Fr. Burke, in a conversation with Fr. Greene, said, 'I believe Manning to be the greatest Cardinal living in the Church at this day;' dwelling specially on the activity, the accomplishments, and the readiness on all public occasions of Cardinal Manning, and his capacity for everything to which he turned.

His disease reappearing with increased virulence, he was recommended rest and complete change of air; and, accompanied by his friend and confessor, the Very Rev. J. T. Towers, O.P., Father Burke proceeded to Rome. The

following account appeared in the 'Freeman' of the day, and we give it entirely on its authority.

He was received with the greatest warmth and cordiality by the authorities of the Church and of his own Order, and had the gratifying privilege of a long private interview with the Holy Father. His Holiness greeted him most affectionately, and addressing him as 'one of the Church's greatest preachers,' referred with extreme satisfaction to the work the illustrious Irishman had done, and, blessing him, prayed that he had yet many years of health and strength to continue his inestimable labours.

After some weeks in the Eternal City he returned by easy stages home. His sister Bridget hurried to Dublin, and in May 1883 saw him alive for the last time.

Fr. Burke's veneration for Cardinal MacCabe — the Bishop of the diocese in which he himself lived—was promoted by strong personal affection, originating in an incident which will presently appear. He was interested in him because he had the courage of his convictions, and took a tone different from nearly every other Bishop of Ireland. Cardinal MacCabe was now struck down by a tedious illness. Fr. Burke, not satisfied with the daily bulletins, travelled frequently to Monkstown in order to ascertain on the spot the Cardinal's exact condition. I have prayed God to spare him and to take me,' he said to Miss Allingham, who accompanied him on one of these journeys. When both reached 'Uplands,' gloomy news came. Fr. Burke buried his face in his hands, and strengthened his prayers with tears.

To a friend of mine (writes Fr. Shearman), he said, 'When you shall hear of the recovery of the Cardinal you will soon hear of my death, as I have offered my life for his.'

The priest to whom this was said thought that Fr. Burke could not be serious. But soon after the circumstance forcibly recurred to his memory. The Cardinal's recovery was hailed as a resurrection at the very time that Fr. Burke's death came upon the world as a surprise. It was not until

two years after that Cardinal MacCabe's sudden death occurred.

Fr. Burke's affection for him had its origin in a small incident. No priest can officiate without having received from the Pope or his delegate an authorisation duly authenticated. When Fr. Burke was introducing to Dr. MacCabe his former novice, P. V. Kenny, who had now become a Dominican Father, and required faculties, Dr. MacCabe said, 'Give them yourself whenever you see the recipient fit.' Fr. Burke did not use this great privilege– if indeed it was seriously meant—but always felt as grateful as though he had.

Our preacher, in now exhibiting, like Dr. MacCabe, 'the courage of his convictions,' did not take the best means of preserving his popularity. 'I am boycotted,' he repeatedly said, alluding to the slowness with which the people contributed to the fund for his new church.[1]

Undaunted, he now toiled unceasingly to complete the handsome church he had begun. 'I hope it will be a success if it doesn't be the death of me,' he writes to the Rev. Dr. O'Mulloy.

Fr. Burke had a sense of his own unworthiness almost approaching delusion; but he was comforted in remembering that David, though stained by great faults, had become dear to God. This was because he had loved the beauty of God's house, and had declared that he would not give sleep to his eyes until he had raised a temple to the Lord, a habitation for the God of Jacob.

[1] It hardly needs to add that these sentiments were not shared by Mr. Parnell, who on October 5, 1883, writes: 'I beg to say that it will give me the greatest pleasure to co-operate in any way I can in the erection of a national memorial to Fr. Burke.'

CHAPTER XII.

CLOSING SCENES.

HARD by Chalk Farm—from which Hood said the supply of London milk once came—and where Moore's pistol failed to bring Jeffrey down, a church of mediæval grandeur lifts its Gothic points like hands at prayer. This is the new Dominican church at Haverstock Hill, the opening of which will ever be associated with the close of Father Burke's public ministry. He had returned home from London but a week when he prepared to visit it once more. Some of the English fathers reminded him of a long-standing promise, and Fr. Burke made no attempt to evade it by assigning the state of his health as an excuse. An old Galway friend saw him off at Kingstown, and recalls with emotion the spectacle presented by that tottering frame, which in its prime had been a fine specimen of Celtic manhood.

It was a strange disposition of the Providence of God (observes Fr. Proctor, of the Dominican Convent, Haverstock Hill), that the first Requiem Mass sung in this new church should have been for the repose of him who preached the first sermon within its walls. And yet in one sense it was not strange, for he came to us at the risk of his life; the shadow of death was upon him. He was warned by his medical adviser that his coming would be fraught with serious danger. No matter, he *would* come. One who knew him and loved him well followed him to the very gate of his convent, and besought him not to undertake the journey. 'I will go,' he answered, 'even if I die on the way. My Fathers in England will know then that I had the will at least to help them.' He came, and although suffering acutely, he preached to us no less than five times, rising from his bed of sickness to do so, and returning to it when his words were at an end.

His life seemed to hang upon a thread. 'I have felt ill for years,' he said, 'but never as I do now. I don't think that I shall get over this. Well, perhaps it is natural that as I began priestly life in England I should end it amongst you.'[1]

A lady, who took deep interest in the preparations, has made some graphic notes of the confusion, the hammering, and the final touches of the workmen; the last of the scouring and dusting, and then the decoration and preparation of eighteen altars for Mass next day. Through all this busy hum of work, numbers of Dominican Fathers kept arriving from all parts, and amongst them Fr. Burke. 'Oh, the radiant faces and joyful greetings! What welcomes and rejoicings! What delight in inspecting and admiring all the beauties of the Lady chapel and the many altars. It reminded our informant of a well-known mediæval picture of the Last Judgment, where angels and Dominican saints are flitting about helping the faithful to rise from their graves, and rejoicing with them. Then the quiet peace and holiness of the next morning. The Provincial, Fr. Williams, celebrated the first Mass at four A.M. Afterwards 'nearly fifty Dominican Fathers came out and said Masses, by turns, serving each other at the different altars.' Then the church was prepared for the grand ceremony of the day. Those whom he now found highest in authority, had been among his novices at Woodchester; and he shared in their joy, when, after sixteen years of labour and anxiety, their handsome church near London rose from the ruin in which, for three centuries, the English Dominican province seemed buried.

Much was expected from Fr. Burke, and he wished to prepare his brethren for the possibility of disappointment. One of the fathers took him round the church, and was pointing out the extraordinary number of panes in one of the stained glass windows, when he remarked with a look of

[1] Letter of the Rev. John Proctor, O.P., Haverstock Hill, October 14, 1884.

mingled humour and distress, 'I tell you there are not nearly as many panes in that window as in my poor body.'

The opening of St. Dominic's Church in the summer of 1883 was to Fr. Burke a bright gleam of sunshine at a time when the chill of death had entered his bones.

The scene was one calculated to linger in the memory. Thought went back to the time of England's catholicity, when long lines of cowled monks might be seen wending their way through cathedral aisles, as they sang the praises of God. These were the days when in Creed Lane they recited the *Credo,* and passing down 'the Row' chaunted the *Pater noster,* and *Ave Maria* until, having reached Amen Corner, all sang the grand assent.[1] On May 31, 1883, while the organ pealed, a procession very much of the old character moved down the aisle and then passed up the nave to the sanctuary. Fifty Dominicans, robed in the habit of their order, were followed by representative Franciscans, Capuchins, Oratorians, Passionists, Redemptorists, Augustinians, Carmelites, Jesuits, members of the Order of Charity, the Pious Society of Missions, as well as many secular clergy, the whole numbering not less than 300 priests. The end of the procession was graced by seven Bishops, Mgr. Patterson, Bishop of Emmaus; Dr. Bagshawe, Bishop of Nottingham; Dr. Ilsley, Bishop of Fesse; Dr. Weathers, Bishop of Amycla; Dr. Hedley, Bishop of Newport, Dr. Riddell, Bishop of Northampton; and the Hon. and Right Rev. Dr. Clifford, Bishop of Clifton. On the entrance of the procession the congregation rose and joined in the dedication hymn. The music was Gounod's Mass of the Sacred Heart, beautifully rendered by a full choir.

There was one monk present—not by invitation—but whose kneeling devotion as the procession passed arrested every eye, and edified many. This was the Protestant

[1] The Black Friars, it will be remembered, were Dominicans. Black cloaks enveloped their white robes.

religious, Fr. Ignatius, who wore a habit made up of the distinctive badges of every monastic order in communion with Rome.

The newspapers say that the 'probable presence of the silver-tongued Dominican had been reported a matter of some doubt.' It was therefore a welcome sight when after the first Gospel of the High Mass, just as the clock tolled twelve, Fr. Burke emerged from the sacristy and ascended the pulpit. Physically he was unfit to preach, and another priest had offered to take his place, but Fr. Burke was unwilling to disappoint those who had come long distances to hear him; and, though it had appeared to his former novice, Fr. Pius Cavanagh, that he was spent in body and mind from his powers having been recklessly drawn upon, and his strength poured out, Fr. Burke now surprised him by an oration full of vigour which occupied nearly an hour in the delivery. Taking his text from the eleventh chapter of Isaias, he addressed himself largely to that infidelity which was unhappily, he said, the tendency of our age.

A distinguished Colonial governor, who claims to be an Agnostic, went to hear Fr. Burke preach, but merely to oblige a convert lady, Mrs. Bishop. However he afterwards wrote her a letter expressing the gratitude of his heart for the hour of real relief which the sermon brought. At its close Fr. Burke referred to the visit of Thomas Aquinas to London, and to the past glories and triumphs of his Order.

Had they not reason to rejoice that day with the Church in this land where the Order of Preachers seems to have died, to see God bringing back His lowly servants to resume their ancient and honoured labours, and enabling them to offer to God that temple of which the prophet might say: 'I have loved, O Lord, the beauty of Thy house and the place where Thy glory dwelleth'? Fr. Burke, before leaving the pulpit, made the interesting announcement that Pope Leo XIII. had sent a message, which had just arrived. This was his

apostolic benediction to the new church, to all present that day, and to all its benefactors.

After High Mass the Fathers entertained the Bishops, clergy, and laity, to the number of 400, at a *déjeuner* in the Priory. To the great joy of all, Fr. Burke appeared at the end, and was allotted a place next to his old friend the Bishop of Clifton, who presided. Fr. Burke, in returning thanks for his own health, proposed that of the Bishops. His voice rang through the vast hall as he described the glories of the English Episcopacy, the conversion of England in Anglo-Saxon times, which since has been celebrated throughout the Church. He spoke of the great names and influence of St. Augustine, St. Anselm, St. Thomas à Becket, Stephen Langton and others, how the labours of these men had been worthily carried out by their successors, and he concluded by declaring that at no time since the days of Augustine had the English bishops been more illustrious for talent and virtue than now.

The evening service was impressive. Again the long procession of Dominican Fathers entered the Sanctuary. They had just finished Complin, or prayers to be recited after sunset, and now traversed the church singing the Salve Regina. Then all knelt to receive the Asperges. Fr. Burke, familiar as he was with the ceremony, seemed affected, and asked Mrs. Grehan afterwards if the Salve was not glorious.

The Catholic journals of the day and the correspondents, to whom we owe interesting details, give great praise to Fr. Burke's evening sermon. As this was the first time the glory of Mary had been preached in her own Church of the Rosary, so it was the last that Fr. Burke's voice was to be publicly raised in her honour.

A lady congratulated him on his sermons, especially the evening one. 'If you knew,' he said, 'what pain I was in all the morning! I felt quite proud last night that I could put two sentences together without breaking down. It is just as if a red hot knife were twisting about in my side.'

Knowing that the designs of God would be fulfilled, he seemed indifferent as to his death or recovery, and, bound by no link to this world, he bowed with the greater freedom to the Divine Will. 'Thank God,' he said, 'I have lost all physical fear of death. I feel the weight of my sins and infirmities more than ever, and have, if possible, a greater fear of the judgment of God, but still all dread of death itself is gone. Whenever I hear of a person dying well, I always envy him. Whether my life is to be long or short, the doctors say I must always suffer. Oh! won't the exchange be beautiful; won't it be lovely when the end comes!' 'As he said this,' writes the lady to whom these words were addressed, 'his face became quite radiant.'

Friday was the Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and Fr. Burke after Complin preached on that theme. He explained that when the Spouse of Christ, His Church, would commemorate all that she received from Him, she found no better means whereby to express her gratitude than by instituting the feast which recognises in the Heart of Christ the fountain of all virtue, mercy, and love. Her prayer was to be clothed with the virtues and to be inflamed with the perfections of that Heart, that so we might become images of His goodness and partakers in His mercy. A foolish and inconsiderate prayer was offensive to God, he said, because He demands from the children of the Faith a well-reasoned and well-thought-out service. If, then, we would have our prayer that day, a reasonable and well-thought-out prayer, we must consider what are those virtues with which we ask God to clothe us, what the affections with which we pray that our hearts may be inflamed. Therefore, he asked them to consider some of the most prominent of the virtues and loves of the Sacred Heart. All that was God is in Christ, all that was man is in Christ; but yet there are in the Sacred Heart some special virtues which we should consider above all others: 'Learn of Me, study Me, look into this Heart of

Mine, and read there the lesson that I am meek and humble of heart.'

When dwelling on the meekness and patience of Christ he made some points not found in ordinary sermons. One urged them to 'consider how His Heart must have been tried with the stupidity of His own Apostles and Disciples, whom He was obliged to teach again and again by word and example before He could drive the simplest truths into their strangely obdurate minds.' He dwelt on the ingratitude of the people, among whom He wrought the most astounding miracles, but who rejected Him with scorn. He described how before Annas one of the soldiers stood forth in front of the Lord, and looking on Him with hateful eyes, drew back his mailed hand, and, gathering up all the strength of his manhood, struck Almighty God in the face, and Jesus reeled under the blow! And flowing from that meekness came an infinite patience and an infinite forgiveness. No sooner had He received an injury than He forgave it. Gentle and meek, He was also humble.

On Saturday morning, so numerous still were the early Masses, that very few recognised Fr. Burke as he came out of the sacristy at eight o'clock in the red vestments of the Feast, to say Mass at the altar of St. Joseph. His weakness was such, that the brother who served him feared he would hardly be equal to the exertion. He finished Mass and returned to the sacristy, passing the Rosary Altar and that of St. Dominic next to it. The latter is adorned with a most striking and pathetic picture of St. Dominic on his death bed blessing the friar preachers as around him they wept. How strange was the likeness to the scene of that day month at Tallaght! Fr. Burke's eye seemed to rest on this picture as he passed, and, no doubt, felt that it foreshadowed the great end coming. On one other occasion only did he celebrate the Holy Sacrifice.

On Sunday morning, an immense audience had mustered

to hear him, and the avenues to the church were quite choked. High Mass began at eleven ; and Fr. Burke was announced to preach after the first Gospel. He was in the sacristy with his former novice, Fr. Condon, when he said with his usual humility : 'Offer up a Hail Mary that I may succeed—I have not a word prepared.'

Mr. Plumptre was one of the many Protestants attracted to the spot. The following is the opinion of this able elocutionist :

> On last Sunday I had a great elocutionary treat in hearing the Dominican orator, Fr. Burke, at the new Dominican church, Haverstock Hill. In voice, gesture, and fluency of delivery,[1] he is certainly one of the finest preachers I ever heard.

Readers will naturally say what must not that man have been in his prime, who, with the hand of death upon him, made this impression! The man who did not weep like the rest because he belonged to another parish, would have no business in church when Fr. Burke preached. The morning sermon of Sunday, to which Mr. Plumptre refers, was on the 'Conversion of Sinners.' Fr. Clarke, S.J., formerly Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford, describes it as 'one of the most touching and perhaps one of the grandest sermons he ever preached. His text was: "This man receiveth sinners and eateth with them." The way in which he painted the mercy of God and the sinner's return to Him was masterly, and strong men round the pulpit were moved to tears.' Fr. Burke's dramatic action was evinced in this sermon. Few will forget the manner in which he drew the folds of his habit round him, when he described the gesture of the proud Pharisee shrinking from contact with the sinner.

On Sunday evening, Fr. Burke was so prostrate with pain, that until the last moment it was thought hopeless for

[1] To this may be added 'face.' A bust of Fr. Burke, pronounced to be a success has recently been executed by Mr. Angelo Beck of London. 'I never had the pleasure of an interview with the great Dominican' (he writes, September 23, 1885). 'I heard him preach once, and the expression of his face I can never forget.'

him to preach. When he heard, however, that an expectant congregation filled the church, he rose superior to his pain. His suffering state was clearly shown, as he bent down and supported himself on the pulpit rail. Soon, however, his firm voice was raised, if not quite with its old power, yet with an increase of sweetness and pathos which went straight to the heart. His very tone in pronouncing the single word 'Beloved,' which he used throughout in addressing his hearers, was like a farewell of supreme tenderness. And as if conscious that it was almost the last time he would ever preach, his whole soul seemed poured out with yearning to inspire faith and love for the great legacy left us by Christ the night before His Passion in the Holy Communion, and again faith seemed almost to pass into vision, as with inspiration well nigh supernatural he treated of the effects of the Eucharistic Union: the real true union with Jesus; the sanctification of body and soul; the daily purification from sin and increase in virtue; the continual loving presence and protection through every phase and trial of life, 'till at the hour of death Jesus comes in the Holy Viaticum to conduct our souls to Himself, and the very dust of our bodies goes down sanctified to the grave; to remain till, at the last day, Jesus Himself raises them up, and folds them to His Sacred Heart.'

Fr. Burke paused for a few moments, and then said:

Are there any here present who do not share our faith in this Blessed Mystery? Is there even one? If so, let me only say this: I ask you to reflect with me on what we read in the 14th chapter of St. Matthew. The disciples were in a boat in the midst of the sea, tossed by the waves. And in the darkness of the night they saw a white luminous figure walking on the waters. And not one of them could discern that it was the Lord, and they were full of fear. And he said to them, It is I, fear not. And the brave loving Peter cried out, Lord, IF it is Thou, bid me come to Thee. And Jesus said, Come. And Peter cast himself out of the boat and walked on the waves to come to Jesus. Now in a few minutes you will see the lights burn on that

Altar, and a white luminous form encircled by rays will be lifted up and all the faithful will adore. And for you, all I ask is, that you will say as Peter said, Lord, *If* it is Thou call me and bid me come to Thee. And if you hear the sweet voice of Jesus in your hearts saying, It is I, come ! Oh, do not delay. Cast yourself with Peter into the waters, and hasten to the feet of your Blessed Lord. He will hold you up and support your steps, the waves of doubt and temptation solid beneath your feet ; and you will believe and adore the Real Presence like Peter, and be admitted into His true fold on earth, and into His glory in Heaven ![1]

After these words, the effect of which on Catholics as well as Protestants was most striking, Fr. Burke left the pulpit and returned at once to his bed of sickness.

Mr. Justice Day, and Mr. Bagshawe, Q.C., in afterwards speaking of this sermon—and no doubt influenced by Fr. Burke's voice and gesture, in which his great strength lay—agreed in pronouncing it almost the grandest piece of eloquence they had ever heard.[2]

During respites of torture Fr. Burke rose from his bed to preach. Old friends who heard of his illness—Lord and

[1] The lady, who resides near Haverstock Hill Priory, and to whose MS. notes we are indebted for many of the preceding details, adds in connection with this sermon : 'Among the Protestants who attended the evening service was a lady who came simply out of curiosity to see the new church. She became so impressed with what she thought she saw during Benediction, that she left the church with firm and unwavering belief in the Real Presence. She immediately sought for instruction, and in due time was received into the fold.'

[2] 'We know,' said the Provincial of the Jesuits, 'how different in taste, in feeling, in mode of thought, in manner of expression, are the Irish, the English, and the American people. What is called a popular preacher, who can sway the masses, is almost sure to be a failure if he face a highly-educated and select audience—above all, an audience with a natural prejudice against his nation and his style of oratory. Yet Fr. Burke was as prized in England and Scotland as in Ireland and America, and he again and again held the most cultured audiences in London as spell-bound by his marvellous eloquence as he held the country and city of his love. I fear not to say that we have record of no illustrious preacher who preached so constantly, for so many years, to the same audiences, and to such varied audiences, and possessed all through to the end such an attractive fascination and power. He was perfection in his preaching. The solid, magnificent truths of God and His Church, drawn from inspired and authorised sources, crystallised in his bright and cultured intellect, welling forth in strong yet calm flow from a soul that was pure, devotional, and holy.'

Lady O'Hagan, Colonel Colthurst, Mrs. Bishop—sped to the spot. Miss Wyse started expressly from Naples to see him, and took apartments near the church until the crisis passed.

His old friend, the Rev. Michael Greene, came from Durham.

We spoke of the very hopeful signs of the return of England to the faith. 'Yes,' said he, 'and as England is recovering it, Ireland is losing it.'

For the first time through the ages her people were losing their reverence for her Priests, and their love for the Church of God. His words, as he continued, were very sad and despondent and very impressive.

That which Scott calls 'the curse of the sleepless eye' now fell upon him. But Fr. Burke took every cross as a blessing from the hand of God. Some fruit of the contemplation in which, during darkness, he wrapt himself, may be traced in one of his sermons at Haverstock Hill. He spoke of Christ watching and praying throughout the long black night; how for forty days and forty nights he closed not his weary eye in repose.

The noonday sun shone down upon His unprotected head. The moon and stars came out and looked down wondering upon the upturned face of God in prayer. The dews of Heaven fell upon Him, but there He remained for forty days and forty nights in intimate communion with His Heavenly Father.

Happy as the pain-struck Friar was when he wholly abandoned himself to the love of God, and remained lost in contemplation, he yet hailed with joy the morning light welling up from beneath the black horizon and gradually extinguishing the stars of the night. Then it was that the hour for Matins came, and when the pent-up feelings found vent in bursts of splendid psalmody.

I went up to his room after one of his last sermons (writes Colonel Colthurst), and, finding him lying exhausted on the bed, I said, 'I fear

you are very ill, Fr. Burke.' He said, 'Oh, I am always ill, but I am like a sick cat; I can still mew.'

Some friends, remembering that he had once felt all the better for a trip to the Zoological Gardens, urged him to visit 'The Fisheries Exhibition.' He was told to take the 'bus for Kensington, but he felt perhaps that 'the Gravesend omnibus with one inside' would suit his case better. From his youth he had been fond of fisheries, and not long previously he had a correspondence with Mr. Brady, the official Commissioner, in reference to the distressed fishermen of Boffin. He liked what he saw at Kensington, and returned to his work refreshed.

There are men who will carry with them till they die the thought that what is best in them was first stirred by the words of Fr. Burke (writes Mr. Rankin). As an orator he must rank with the first. He had a strange power of human sympathy, his winning personality seemed to charge his simplest words with some special meaning that sent them straight to the heart. His humour lit up the dullest subject, and a pervading and passionate earnestness excluded the insincerity which is often the bane of public speech.

Fr. Pius Cavanagh, who knew him from the Woodchester days and watched his after-life, mentions in the notes that he made at this time that his life was vicarious—he lived and died for others. What he preached was true to himself, and came forth with all the ardour and fervour and power of realised truth.

The physician whom we called in to see Fr. Burke told me (writes Fr. John Proctor) that his was the most agonising disease known to medical men. In fact, he added, 'I do not know how he can physically endure it—to me it seems unendurable. But when you tell me that he goes about preaching, I am more than astonished—it is a miracle.' Yet all the time I was with him, night and day, for about a fortnight of the crisis, I never heard him complain once. When seized with the pains his features became pinched, and his whole frame convulsed, but the only word that escaped his lips was a pious ejaculation. 'My Jesus, mercy,' was his favourite one. He

would often repeat the Divine praises which are said after Benediction, 'Blessed be God, Blessed be His Holy name,' &c., with the greatest fervour. In fact, this was the signal that called me to his side in his greatest pain.

He was very much disturbed because I would not let him say his office, for which he was utterly unfit, and from which he was dispensed by all human and divine and ecclesiastical law. Sometimes I hid his Breviary, and then he would proceed to say it by heart, until often forced to desist by the fierceness of his pain. One day he appealed to the doctor against my authority, and asked to be allowed to say his office. I argued with the doctor against it, and *he* argued for it, and the poor doctor was fairly puzzled between us. At last his greater force of logic prevailed, and the doctor made a kind of compromise that he might 'say a little at a time.' When the physician had gone, the patient laughed at me in triumph and said: 'Ah! you old Saxon, you thought you would get your own way as your countrymen have done for so many centuries, but I *did* you. Give me my Breviary if you please, and don't stay to argue against me again in that sneaky way.'

Fr. Burke had great confidence in Br. Joseph, who used to nurse him at Tallaght. I wanted him to be sent for when he got so ill. 'Ho, ho,' he replied, 'what would the Provincial and the Fathers in Ireland say if they heard that I was doing the English swell with a valet all to myself.'

He was too ill to joke much, but when he did get a moment's freedom from pain he would tell me a comic story. One day he sat up in bed and began to sing, and then he said, 'Well, that's a sign I'm better; I was never so quiet in my life before as I have been during these days. See if I don't give a *séance* in honour of my nurse before we leave for Ireland; positively the last appearance of Fr. Burke.'

He was pleased at the prospect of being able to go back to die in his native land; for though he wept over Ireland he loved her very dearly. It reminded me of our Lord's love of Jerusalem. He protested His love, as he shed bitter tears over the object of His love. Fr. Burke felt keenly the troubles of his country and often spoke of them during his last days, and he told me they affected him so much that if he was a younger man he thought he should like to come and work in England for a few years till the dark cloud of sorrow was dispelled. When we were crossing from Holyhead to Kingstown he said, 'You are coming now to the land of misery and

tears.' When we arrived on the pier it was raining. 'You now feel the tears,' he said; 'you'll see the misery later on.' So I did, in poverty-stricken towns and villages through which I passed. It was a relief to get back to London, and see people well-dressed, houses comfortably furnished, and shops well stocked.[1]

Time was, when standing on the American shore, Fr. Burke prayed in the words of St. Columba that he might have the wings of a dove to fly across to Erin. This prayer now gave place to that of the fifty-fourth Psalm: 'Who will give me wings like a dove that I may fly away and be at rest?' The pilgrim was indeed weary and footsore. Just as Thomas Aquinas, on entering the cloister of Fossa Nuova, exclaimed, 'This is my rest for ages without end,' so Thomas Burke thought at Tallaght as he looked out upon the little grass plot, to which his mortal part was soon to be consigned.

His wish would have been to sleep where his mother lay in the graveyard of the old West Convent, close by that river whose voice was the sound of all others he most loved to hear. But Fr. Burke felt that in death as in life he was the property of the Dominicans. 'I am hastening to bear Fr. Madden company,' he said, pointing to the plot at Tallaght in which as yet but one Dominican reposed.

The following letter has reference to some engagements which he had entered into with the Jesuit Fathers of Liverpool:

Tallaght: June 20, 1883.

My Dear Fr. Dubberley,—I have not written, as I was not able to write. Since I left you in Liverpool I have never had an hour's health, or freedom from violent pain. I am after putting four acute attacks over me, and I am completely prostrate. I will, I hope, be able to keep my engagement with Stonyhurst for the great Saint's feast; but I must ask the Fathers of St. Helen's and Accrington to give me a longer day and I will redeem my word, if God ever gives me back health sufficient. I and the Community here have been

[1] Letter from the Rev. John Proctor, O.P., London, October 14, 1884.

praying to God to bless and reward you all for your magnificent help to me when last in Liverpool. Indeed, dear Father, I cannot express my deep gratitude. With best love to Father Rector and all,

I am, ever yours affectionately,

THOMAS BURKE, O.P.

The new Dominican church which he had just seen at Haverstock Hill, and the joy of getting home to his loved cell, rekindled his ardour. How determined he was, even to the bed of death, to accomplish the object dear to his heart, a letter to Mr. J. B. Gallaher shows:

Tallaght: June 21, 1883.

The repeated attacks of severe illness have left me unable for some months to do anything whatever for my new Church. The building is going up, but not a farthing coming in. As I feel a little better, I intend to begin again at once some effort at getting money for the building.

Br. Joseph had more than once observed him going to the window and looking out wistfully at the skeleton walls of his church. The thought that he was going to leave it unfinished added to his pain: and once he confessed to Br. Joseph that his heart was like to break.

His life as a religious might be told in a few sentences (writes one of the novices). He loved with an ardent love holy obedience, and prayed all day long. It was a common saying amongst us, as he passed us by in the garden, 'There goes Fr. Burke with his stick and his rosary.' He was truly Mary's child. Born on the feast of her Nativity, he died on the feast of her Visitation. His last aspiration was, 'Help of Christians, pray for us.' Tallaght was his paradise and the novices his loved children. Here amongst us one would have thought him inferior to the simplest lay brother. Nothing about him either in manner or dress bespoke the great Father Burke, whom men had learned to honour and revere. He lived as if he believed himself the lowest of all. But the virtue that shone in him conspicuously, and which, I am sure, is the highest gem in his heavenly crown, was the extraordinary patience with which he bore the terrible pains wherewith it pleased God to visit

him. Sometimes, while telling some funny story, he would get into an agony of suffering, and from the expression of his face one would imagine a sword were piercing his body; yet no word of remonstrance escaped, and when he recovered speech he used to say, 'Oh, thanks to Thee, O my God!' And then immediately he would make some quaint joke and have us in roars. No longer shall we enjoy with him the sweet pleasure of association; but the day will come, please God, when we shall once again and for ever join our dear father, and with him and our dear saints sing the everlasting song.

Mr. J. N. Murphy, D.L., had just produced a book which enabled Fr. Burke to forget for a time his pain, but when writing the subjoined letter his thoughts seem to have been distracted by a return of the visitation. It is inadvertently dated July 23, twenty days subsequent to his own death. 'Of' is written for 'on'—mistakes most unusual with him.

Tallaght: June 23, 1883.

My Dear Sir,—I have been travelling a great deal on business of the Order, and this together with constant heavy sickness prevented me from writing sooner to thank you for the copy of your admirable book 'The Chair of Peter.' Moreover, I did not wish to write until I had read it. Now, my dear Sir, from my heart I thank you for this rare gift with which you have enriched the literature of our miserable time. I am not competent to pronounce with any weight on the merits of the book as if I were a great theologian or writer. That, I am glad to see, has been done by others who were fully fitted to do it. I can only say that I was as charmed reading it as I have ever been by any book which I have read. It revived all that I had ever studied or read on the subject, and added a great deal of new knowledge to my mind. It served to while away weary hours of sickness, and made me forget pain. For this I thank you, and I pray God to bless and reward you.

Believe me, ever yours gratefully,

THOMAS BURKE, O.P.

In the power and pleasures of mind his pain found its best anodyne. To the same resource was due that capacity for contemplation to which allusion has already been made. Following the spirit of St. Thomas, he longed for that bliss

which alone satisfies the spiritual appetite—that of the Beatific Vision. And he felt with the Great Master of Christian philosophy, that while the Will is an appetite which tends to its object and rests in it, it is by the intellect that an immaterial object becomes actually present to the soul; and just as the mind is the noblest of the faculties, the bliss of man must consist in the exercise of this power.

After taking to his bed at Tallaght, he never again left it but once. That 'once' illustrates with pathetic force his overflowing sympathy with human suffering, and the spirit of heroic self-sacrifice which filled him to the end.

Before he left England he received a touching appeal to preach for the starving children of Donegal. At no time could he be deaf to the call of charity; but his strong love for children precipitated the promise.

His frame was so enfeebled, and the pain which racked him so intense, that thrice he was on the point of announcing that he dared not fulfil his pledge. Three times the pen fell from his hand when he thought of the five thousand innocent children who were crying for bread. In the solemn stillness of the night their wail rose round him, and a voice kept ringing in his ears, 'What is one life compared to that of five thousand little ones?' Indeed, his life for years past had been but weighing the interests of others and their spiritual lives in the balance with his own.

Nerved by a seemingly supernatural strength, he rose. Long miles he travelled that the board of the children might not be bare when their father lay buried. Br. Joseph, who accompanied him into Dublin, says that he was sorely afraid Fr. Burke would die on the way. But, perhaps, it was meet that he should travel the thorny path to the end, and that his charity towards the children of Donegal should be the crowning deed of a life beautiful in its unselfishness, and one which

he had ever used in working for God and his neighbour. Truly it was felt that :

His bones, when they have run their course and sleep in blessings,
Would have a tomb of orpans' tears wept on them.

On arrival at the Presbytery, Gardiner Street, the first remark he made to the hall-porter, who for years had been admitting him, was: 'This will be my last sermon.' The man at first thought it might be one of the jokes which Fr. Tom would make with a solemn face, but when Fr. Burke added that he had brought with him a lay brother, the truth became too apparent. 'Let me into this room,' he said, 'and be sure you send no one to me.'

When in his full strength he hated to write a letter; as he grew weaker he tried to weed his charity of even this small blemish. A lady residing near the church wherein he was about to preach for the last time, asked him to meet some friends at luncheon, though a little inquiry must have satisfied her how unfit he was for such an effort.

Tallaght: June 22, 1883.

My dear Madam,—I am much obliged to you for your kindness in offering me hospitality on Sunday. Don't think me churlish, but I am not able to go about at all nor join in the little amenities of friends. I must get home and to bed as soon as ever my work is done.

I am, ever yours gratefully,

THOMAS BURKE, O.P.

Fr. Burke never recovered the effects of overwork in America. Since his return, the same rate of speed and toil had been continued. John Boyle O'Reilly, an American journalist, compared him to a racer full of pure blood and mettle, speeding on to the last post, though his heart beat convulsively. Fr. Burke had been always felicitous in preaching on the Gospel of the day, and as he now ascended the pulpit in Gardiner Street, all eyes were fixed upon him. Traces of the severe ordeal through which his health had passed were printed in his face. As soon, however, as he opened his

lips (records the newspaper reporter) a sympathetic thrill passed through all present, and the fascination of that tongue which may be said to have moved the world, was once more felt. His text was the multiplication of the Loaves and Fishes. We had here, he said, a wonderful miracle, performed by our Divine Lord for the relief of a starving multitude. After three days and three nights, during which they had not tasted food, all became faint with hunger. Our Lord's heart was touched with compassion, and, having learned that a few loaves and fishes still remained, he multiplied this small quantity in such a marvellous manner that four thousand persons were fed, leaving a large portion of the loaves and fishes unconsumed. There could not, he said, be a more appropriate gospel for the purpose of introducing the subject which brought him there that day. He appeared before them to plead the cause of nearly 5,000 poor little children threatened with starvation in the mountains of Donegal. They had been supported for a long time by the exertions of a zealous lady, who had been seeking relief for them during weeks and months, and had preserved them from the pangs of starvation and death. Now, however, the funds which she had by almost superhuman efforts raised were well-nigh exhausted, and there remained barely sufficient to support these poor children for one week and three days more. How appalling to contemplate, that if charity did not step in to avert this impending doom the spectre of famine would appear in those children's midst! One short week, then Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday pass by, and on Thursday the grave opens, and these little ones must perish. Such would be their fate if timely relief did not come to save them; but he knew and felt that the fountains of charity would never be closed when he addressed an Irish audience. He had often appeared before to advocate the cause of charity, but never in a cause which appealed so strongly to the noblest feelings of humanity. He only regretted that he could not

speak at more length and with greater energy; but a cause like this required neither length of time nor efforts of eloquence. Therefore, in the name of God and charity, and on the part of the thousands of poor famished children, he asked their help. He left the cause before the altar of God. He left it in their hands and in the hands of that God who had declared that whatever they did to any of His little ones, believing in Him, would be done to Himself. If they acted now in the true spirit of charity, the Giver of all good gifts would bestow upon them every blessing both in life and in death.

Few thought that he was himself so near his end—or rather, so near the commencement of his glory. Such an effort in his state of health was simply phenomenal. But when he confessed that he was sick unto death—when, having delivered his Divine message, a cold sweat burst from every pore, and he seemed to clutch at the rails of the pulpit—there were kind critics found to pronounce Fr. Burke's 'acting' as the most finished performance he had yet given. Gifted men, however, were there superior to such suspicion.

Who that was present, observes Mr. Justice O'Hagan, can forget the closing scene, when, with bent and broken form and faltering footsteps, he ascended the pulpit to plead the cause of the starving children? Never in the brightest days of his career were his utterances more tender and impressive. But every lineament told of coming dissolution. He had gathered together what remains of life and fire were left within him to do this last act of charity and pity.

But he gathered still more:

He gathered up the bread with his trembling hands and placed it before the little ones, and then surrendered himself to the clasp of one who stood by him in the pulpit, almost visible to my eyes—the strong Angel of Death—who waited pityingly till the work of that day was done, that last generous struggle valiantly made, and then bore him away for ever from our sight.

Thus writes Rosa Mulholland; but a more prosaic statement of the facts will probably be looked for.

Fr. Burke was conveyed in Lady Power's carriage to Tallaght. Brother Joseph, who accompanied him, says that, owing to the severity of his pain, they were obliged to stop the vehicle three times on the way. Fervent ejaculations in Latin—especially 'Jesus have mercy on me'—ceased not to fall from him. When near Terenure he said to Brother Joseph, 'Say the Rosary and I'll answer as well as I can.' He asked the Brother to put the beads round his neck, but the circle was too small to allow this to be done. He then held them in his fingers until, from loss of muscular power, the chaplet would drop; and then, with renewed fervour, he would begin the pious exercise anew.

His medical adviser, Sir George Porter, found him weak to the last degree. He administered a little milk and brandy—but this, he says, the patient at once rejected from his stomach. Dr. Cruise, and the local physician, Dr. Lalor, were also in attendance. The crisis had come—human skill was now of no avail. But yet for days he lingered. There, in his cell, Fr. Burke lay suffering the most intense agony, but with a calm fortitude that astonished—not less than deeply moved—his brethren. Crucified as he was, he went through the full detail of a general confession.[1] He had been announced to preach in Glasgow on the following Thursday, and his great regret was that he dare not hope to keep the engagement. However, he had a letter written to Fr. Wilberforce, who took his place.

On the morning before his death (writes one of the novices) he received, for the last time, the sacraments of the Holy Church. It was most touching to hear the aspirations of love and faith which he uttered as the ciborium was uncovered. In accents that betokened his lively, active faith, he would every moment say, 'Oh! my Lord

[1] The practice of general confession, though useful for people who seek to acquire increased humility and a deeper knowledge of themselves, had been rather discouraged by Fr. Burke's ghostly adviser as tending to scrupulosity and loss of time; but these objections did not apply to a man whose hours on earth were numbered. Lacordaire was much given to general confession, and required his confessor, by a special arrangement, to scourge him at the disclosure of each new sin.

and my God!' 'Oh, my dear Lord!' And then turning to the Father Sub-Prior and his devoted children, who sadly knelt around the bedside of their dying Father, he asked, in words of deep humility, their pardon, as well as that of all the members of the Order, and of all whom he might have offended.[1] During the Sunday he lingered on. A faint hope comforted us that the danger might pass away, but as the shades of evening began to dim the brightness of the day we learned that the end of our dear Father was fast drawing near. About nine o'clock we retired to rest; our eyelids would fain repose, but the thought that death was about to close our Father's joyful eyes and seal those lips that burned only for God, held sleep at bay.

His intimate knowledge of death under angry auspices lent additional calm to his own end. Few will forget his picture of that terrible moment when the life of a man spent either for good or evil ebbs away. 'When the soul, looking back into the past, will see the awful spectres of the sins of its youth rising up in their dread deformity; when all the pleasures, sinful and otherwise, of this life, shall rise up as so many accusing angels before the judgment seat; when, in short, memory will come upon us only to crush us down with the weighty consciousness of our own sin and our fearful unpreparedness to face the eye of an all-searching God.'[2]

His agony increased with every stroke of the clock, his expressions of Faith, Hope, and Charity grew stronger in proportion as his heart grew weak. At last the moment arrived when, to use his own words, 'Faith was lost in Vision, and Hope absorbed in Fruition.'[3]

In the grey dawn of Monday, July 2, he breathed his last, his glassy eyes fixed upon the red streaks which marked

[1] Lest it should be inferred that he had been wanting in equanimity, the remarks of a Father who knew him well may perhaps be added: 'I need hardly say that he was never known to give cause of offence to any. The world may speak of the great scholar, the splendid orator, but those only in daily and hourly contact with him can speak of his unvarying sweetness of disposition, his tender piety, his complete self-abnegation, his marvellous modesty. The one thing that could bring a cloud to his face was to single him out in any way for distinction. Truly, he was to us all a splendid example of humility.'

[2] Fr. Burke in the Cathedral of Achonry, November 19, 1876.

[3] Fr. Burke's sermon on Mercy at Passage, August 10, 1873.

the rising sun. Few will hesitate to join Fr. Proctor in his prayer:

'May the great and earnest soul of our dear Father rest in peace on the bosom of that God whom he loved in life and served even unto death: on the bosom of Him who has said, "Where I am, there will I that my ministers shall also be."'

About three (continues the novice whose letter has just been quoted) rapid knocks sounded on the doors of our cells, and a brother entering exclaimed, 'To the prior's cell.' All was over; our father had gone to join the angelic choir.[1] The consciousness of his eternal happiness calmed our sorrow. Yet the scene was penetratingly sad. There lay the remains of one whom we loved as a father. The recollection of the pleasant hours he devoted to recreation with his poor children came to our minds; his wit, the laughter and fun his genuine humour evoked, the efforts he would make that we might be happy; but above all, the spiritual influence he exercised made him so dear to us and now rendered his loss so sad. Never shall we forget the instructions he delivered to us in the chapter-room. I have not a good memory, but somehow his every word has found a nest in the recesses of my soul, and I hope shall never depart. His instructions on regular discipline, on silence, and charity are still green in my memory, and with God's blessing shall never decay.[2]

Fr. Burke had latterly recurred with warmth to his project of revisiting America, and there obtaining means to raise a temple more worthy of its purpose than the poor structure in which he had so long preached at Tallaght. Added to bodily torture, his mind—at one time the source of all his happiness—may have suffered pain by its wrench from a world where he had mapped out good work to do.

The last scene summed up all his life—a scene of sacrifice for Christ. 'In his fifty-first year he died, in the very

[1] Sir George Porter was out of town when finally summoned, and arrived at Tallaght only to find him dead.

[2] Fr. Burke was in some respects more perfect than Pius VIII., whom Cardinal Wiseman, in his *Recollections* (ii. 369) describes as 'in a state of constant pain which produced an irritation that manifested itself sometimes in his tone and expression.'

blossom of his manhood, with the tonsure on his head, and with scarcely a grey hair'—words used by Fr. Burke himself when preaching on St. Dominic.[1] His own age was fifty-two.

An intimacy subsisted between Fr. Burke and Mr. Mulvany, late keeper of the National Gallery in Dublin. The artist's children, with whom he played by the hour, loved him. Mrs. Mulvany regarded him as her father and friend. The gifted artist asked Fr. Burke to allow him to paint his portrait in life-size. Several sittings were given, but death struck Mulvany down before the picture received its final touches. For years it faced Mrs. Mulvany's bed; and it gave her consolation at many times to gaze upon its speaking features. On the morning of July 2, she dreamt that the cord of the picture was snapped, and that it came to the ground with the words, 'It is finished.'

Owing to its uncompleted state, it wore an expression at times painfully suggestive, while the white robe of his Order, undraped by the artist, seemed as a shroud. Mrs. Mulvany, then in bad health, started from her bed, and for some moments was much affected. All that week she continued so ill that her family withheld from her the news of Fr. Burke's death. Mrs. Mulvany survived not long, and her brother states as his belief that the death of Fr. Burke must have been simultaneous with her dream. The picture was afterwards on view for more than a year at Jones's Rooms, Dublin. In 1885 it was sent to Düsseldorf to be finished by a gifted son of the artist, but who, unhappily, is

[1] At St. Saviour's, Dublin, October 13, 1878. A parallel case is found in the closing years of St. Louis Bertrand, the great Dominican of the sixteenth century, and Thomas Burke, who both died at almost the same age. The Saint's biographer tells us that he spent his whole life on the Cross, and would say with Augustine, 'Here burn, here cut, but spare me for Eternity.' In 1580, after preaching in the Cathedral of Valentia, he became so ill that he was carried from the pulpit to the priory, where he died. Probably the greatest Dominican preachers were Tauler and Suso in the fourteenth, St. Vincent Ferrer and Savonarola in the fifteenth, St. Louis of Granada in the sixteenth, and Lacordaire and Burke in the nineteenth centuries.

since deceased. So revered was Fr. Burke by this family that when he died it was felt that a Tower in Israel had fallen.

'In feeding the lamp of charity he exhausted the lamp of life,' Grattan said, when referring to the death of Dr. Kirwan, another great Galway preacher, who had worn the Friar's habit. But Walter Kirwan lost the faith and died a dignitary of the Protestant Church Establishment. Can it be doubted that Fr. Burke, during his agony, experienced a thrill of joy while he muttered with St. Paul, 'I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith; I have finished my course'?

The news was promptly wired to America, and swept from Labrador to California.

Depatches to the press have little chance to express sentiment (says the 'Boston Pilot'), but the telegram announcing the death of Fr. Burke is in itself an epitaph and eulogium.

Since the death of O'Connell (said 'The Irish American') no man has carried with him to the grave such universal heartfelt feelings of regret as Fr. Burke.

On some the news fell as though midnight had come at noon. And as they read of his last effort to save from starvation the daughters of Donegal, it was sadly asked, what were a few hundred dollars to buy bread compared with a life so precious? But others with sounder philosophy asked who could regret the sequel in the story of so noble a soul? Who could grudge him the glorious consequence of that last act of fervent love of God and his kind, or wish him back to life from which death in mercy had released him?

Many were the comparisons that his death evoked. One compared it to that of the French soldier, who, when a regiment was in imminent danger, saw that it could be saved by his own personal sacrifice: he rushed forward, and by making that sacrifice succeeded in saving hundreds. Judge O'Hagan likened Fr. Burke 'to a warrior mortally stricken on some well-fought field—folding his cloak around him and laying him down to die.'

Troops of pilgrims thronged to the rustic chapel where for two days Fr. Burke's body lay. The white robes of his Order enshrouded it, and contrasted well with the black bier on which it reposed. Sorrow was keen, and tears flowed as a last farewell look was taken of the familiar face, which now—beautified by death—seemed cut in some chaste marble. It had been wisely decided that the chapel in ordinary use could not hold the number desirous to attend, and moreover the appropriateness was recognised of bringing his body into his own Church, and there holding the first service within its walls. The builder was therefore deputed to place an awning over the church in course of erection, as also to provide a temporary flooring.

Among the condolences telegraphed was one from Cardinal MacCabe. But the most remarkable expression elicited was that of the present Pope: 'The death of this great orator and excellent Religious had placed in mourning, not only his Order, and all Ireland—but the Universal Church.'[1]

On Wednesday, July 4, the humble funeral of Thomas Burke took place at Tallaght. No catafalque—no trappings of pomp met the eye. The spirit of the man was averse to display, and though general grief almost demanded a public funeral, it was decided that the burial should be marked by his own loved simplicity. Had the obsequies taken place in St. Saviour's, the streets of Dublin would have been a scene of mourning. However, it was a consoling feature that the funeral of him—to whom every diocese owed a debt—should have been followed by more bishops than attended the office of Cardinal Cullen. The dirge was chanted as the procession defiled into the unfinished church. The massed crowd increased in density with fresh arrivals; and thousands vainly tried to catch a glimpse of the coffin, and to fall upon their knees. For two hours they listened to the plaintive tones of the Liturgy for the Dead. Antiphons and solo parts

[1] See *L'Année Dominicaine* for August 1883, p. 367.

were sung by two Dominicans, and the responses were intoned by all the clergy present. At a temporary altar, draped in black, High Mass was celebrated. But perhaps the most impressive part of the service was the thrilling Dies Iræ, which six hundred years before had been composed by the Friar Celano.

The funeral was a homage paid to goodness—not homage to talent, nor to wealth, nor to birth—goodness made Burke great and gave him power. Every Catholic felt at his death that he had lost a friend.

It was with difficulty that a route for the procession could be opened through the dense crowd which filled the church. An acolyte bearing the cross aloft, and joined by others with lighted tapers, preceded the novices down the avenue thus formed. These again were followed by the Fathers of the Order, and then the Secular clergy. The *cortège* was closed by thirteen Prelates in violet robes, the last being the Archbishop of Tuam. Following all, borne on eight white-robed shoulders, came the coffin. The duties of those charged with preserving a pathway had been no easy one ; but the moment the coffin passed in between the closely-built walls of spectators, the crowd pressed forward, well nigh carrying the pall-bearers off their feet. Weeping, sobbing, struggling, praying—rich and poor, peasant and townsman, vied as to who should have the sad consolation of touching the pall that covered God's great servant. Nought but the exertion, gentle though firm, of the Provincial could have averted an accident. He desired the crowd to make and keep a passage, and at last the coffin emerged from the doorway of the church. Meanwhile the head of the procession had led on through the beautiful grounds, chanting the grand liturgy provided for the burial of Dominicans. On through smiling flowers and waving cypress the procession walked, returning by a circuitous route towards the grave. The uncovered heads and moving lips of the people testified to the depth of

their emotion. Women fell on their knees, weeping silently; when the winding walks began to narrow, everywhere was apparent the same anxiety to touch the coffin. Frequent stoppages were the result. At last—three-quarters of an hour after leaving the church—the procession reached the spot where he was to rest.

No handsome mausoleum yawned to receive the dead; nor was it beneath the high altar of a grand cathedral that they laid their burden down. The 'God's acre' is a small plot well loved by Fr. Burke in life, and which he designed as the site of the cloister in connection with his new church. The subdued excitement of the crowd now became intense, and it was with difficulty that during the final words of the service they were restrained from rushing to take one last look at the coffin. Wreaths of flowers fell upon it—the white bloom of Purity mingling with the bright green of Hope—until naught of the black cloth could be seen. Those who were behind and had brought wreaths were obliged to pass them over the heads of the crowd until they reached the group by the grave. There stood people of Fr. Burke's blood, and the grief shown by his sisters was in high degree affecting. To them his death proved one more link to Heaven, and one less to earth. Some who had erst been morally blind and to whom he gave vision, now turned their eyes towards Heaven in prayer, that he who had opened their eyes to the light might himself enjoy light eternal.

The suppressed emotions which struggled in the breasts of some pilgrims present, found vent soon after in bursts of feeling. Some lines by Mr. J. MacDonnell, though never meant to be preserved, yet as expressing the thoughts of the hour, we venture to give:

Sad are our hearts to-day,
As o'er thy senseless clay,
Soggarth Aroon,[1]

[1] Beloved Priest.

Hot, blinding tears we shed,
For that pure soul hath fled
That round us fragrance shed,
Soggarth Aroon.

A pure, unselfish band
On Erin's altars stand,
Soggarth Aroon.
Yet who can sorrow chase?
Who our deep grief efface?
Who fill thy vacant place,
Soggarth Aroon?

Who in the day of need
Will for our people plead,
Soggarth Aroon?
When want and woe are rife,
And man denies relief,
Who will assuage our grief,
Soggarth Aroon?

When from dark Donegal
Orphans for succour call,
Soggarth Aroon,
Who, lest they call in vain,
Will rise from a couch of pain,
And his own woes disdain,
Soggarth Aroon?

But why this useless moan?
Heaven but claimed its own,
Soggarth Aroon.
And sure this thought alone
Can for our loss atone—
Thou art to glory gone,
Soggarth Aroon!

Within the next month a public meeting was held to take steps for the erection of a suitable monument. The Right Hon. W. F. Cogan said that it would be perhaps more gratifying to many if it were to take the form of some marble

statue in a leading street; but they were bound to consider the life of the man they desired to commemorate, and what would be most pleasing to him. His wish would have been that a monument should be erected not to his own individual honour, but to the honour of Him whom he served.[1]

The completion of his church was therefore decided upon, which led the Archbishop of Philadelphia to remark, that that 'beautiful temple, built over his grave on Irish soil, would be a suitable memorial of him, on whose fine Celtic nature God raised the structure of supernatural virtue.'

[1] Perhaps the most touching tribute was 20*l.*, from the children of Donegal, which a bountiful harvest enabled them to send some months after the death of Fr. Burke. 'Their first act has been to join in a grateful and generous tribute to the memory of their benefactor,' writes Mrs. Power Lalor. And as he made his last appeal for all in need without distinction, and his call was responded to with equal generosity by Catholic and Protestant, so the Protestant and Catholic children of Donegal unite to-day in their offering of love; and among the very first thus to express their gratitude were those who differed from him in creed.

'A very few days after his appeal for the children, he stood before the throne of Him who said that He looked on what was done for the least of His little ones as done to Himself. Fr. Burke's last work of charity not only provided food for the starving, but evoked a spirit of gratitude and mutual love that proves how blest his work must have been.'

APPENDIX.

(VOL. I. PAGE 66.)

NICHOLAS BURKE, while yet a schoolboy under Dr. O'Toole at Galway, was present at one of the last elections of the Government of the Claddagh,—that primitive race who centuries ago settled near the old 'cittie of the Tribes.' 'The Morning Chronicle' of September 8, 1846, contains an account of the proceedings sufficiently curious to merit preservation. This once influential journal was then conducted by Mr. Cooke, afterwards Editor of the 'Saturday Review.'

Sunday last, after Mass, the fishermen of Claddagh proceeded to the election of an admiral and vice-admiral for the future government of the interests of their colony. Impressed with the importance of the issue to their welfare, this primitive people determined upon making their choice from the most impartial and experienced among themselves, to conduct the election with the utmost decorum. At the appointed hour the Very Rev. T. D. Folan, O.P., prior of the West Convent, with the Rev. Messrs. Mullins and Fitzpatrick, Patrick Joyce, Esq., and Bernard M'Donnell, Esq., proceeded to the new piscatory and national school in the district to preside over and witness the election. Fr. Folan requested B. Murphy, Esq., to receive the votes and place them to the credit of the respective candidates. The fishermen having taken up their position outside the school where a piper was placed to amuse them with some old Irish airs, a person was placed at the door to admit only one at a time to record his vote. The proceedings occupied two hours and a half. Previous to the close the Rev. George Cummins, P.P., of Claddagh, the Rev. B. J. Roche P.P., St. Nicholas East, and the Rev. Dr. O'Toole, principal of St. Mary's College, made their appearance, and expressed themselves highly gratified with the exemplary conduct and decorum of the poor people. No fisherman was allowed to vote under eighteen years of age. Before closing the election, the Very Rev. Mr. Folan directed a person in attendance to visit every lane in Claddagh with a bell, and to invite the presence of those who might wish to vote; but the answer returned was that more than

half of them could not come for the want of clothing. The election having concluded, Mr. Murphy announced the votes in favour of each candidate, when it appeared that Bartholomew Hynes, as admiral, and Owen Jones, as vice-admiral, had an overwhelming majority. Hynes is a very respectable old fisherman, and does credit to the choice of the poor people. The other candidates were then appointed as a council, with whom the admiral and vice-admiral are to consult upon every important question affecting the interests of the colony. The Rev. Mr. Folan having communicated the result to the fishermen who were in waiting, the name of their king was hailed with loud cheers, the piper striking up 'Garryowen.' The Rev. Mr. Cummins then addressed them in Irish, telling them as the admiral and vice-admiral were of their own choosing, it was imperative on them, in everything in which their fishing interests were involved, to render them implicit obedience, and act upon their advice, to which the poor people responded with hearty cheers. They then quietly retired to their homes, and as the evening turned out wet, were prevented gracing the occasion with the amusements which they had in contemplation to celebrate the election of their sovereign. They, however, erected a bonfire in front of the convent gate. The following evening the Very Rev. Mr. Folan went in the admiral's boat to remain fishing with them during the night; and we are glad to mention that there was a very general take of excellent harvest herrings on the occasion, which will afford some temporary relief to numbers of the poor creatures, who have been for a considerable time in the most wretched condition imaginable, and who the moment this relief ceases will, unless other means be found to assist them, be in as pitiable a plight as ever.

The Claddagh is an outlying hamlet connected by a bridge with the 'cittie' of Galway. The houses are all thatched cabins, greatly reduced in number since the exodus of 1847. One of these cottages is pointed out as the birth-place of the Marquis Oliver, who as a poor fisherboy emigrated to California, where he has amassed enormous wealth. It will be remembered that he attended with Nicholas Burke Br. Paul O'Connor's school at Galway. When Fr. Burke became Prior of San Clemente Mr. Oliver visited Rome, and was hailed by his old friend with affection, and from the Pope received the title which he now bears. The cottage wherein his early days were spent (thanks to a sum of money annually remitted by the wealthy Californian for its care) presents a very neat and interesting aspect. The old West chapel in which Fr. Folan so often preached, and where the vocation of Nicholas Burke was first received, still stands to guard the virtue of the primitive colony.

FATHER BURKE'S THOUGHTS AT WOODCHESTER.

(VOL. I. PAGE 176.)

We are indebted to William Leigh, Esq., J.P., Woodchester Park, for the following interesting MS.—which Fr. Burke, when he left his cell and first went on the mission in Gloucestershire, found it useful to study. The earlier lines are probably in the handwriting of Fr. Aylward. The part within brackets are supplied by Fr. Burke, and form the panoply with whicht he young follower of Aquinas encased his heart against the assaults of Sin.

A FEW THOUGHTS FOR THOSE EXPOSED TO THE DANGERS AND TEMPTATIONS OF THE WORLD.

Remember that if we would gain Heaven we must suffer; there is no other road.

We must keep ourselves in the Presence of God, and live for Him *alone.*

To resist temptation we must watch and pray, and mortify ourselves, our eyes, our ears, our touch, our taste.

If we seek for pleasure from the Creature, let us remember that *God alone* can make us happy.

Thou hast made us for Thyself, and our hearts are not at rest till they rest in Thee.—S. Augustine.

Let us reflect too how short-lived is all pleasure, and how lasting the *pain.*

Pleasure lasts but for a moment, pain is eternal.—S. Gregory.

Think often of eternity—in Heaven or in Hell.

Think too of Death, and how soon the world will come to an end. 'What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?'—S. Matthew xvi. 26.

Think of Jesus, who has loved, suffered, and died for our love.

Fly often, especially in temptation, to His Sacred Wounds.

He will not forsake us if we forsake not Him.

Love forsakes not if it is not first forsaken.—S. Augustine.

[The remedy of remedies against sin is to avoid occasions. Cost what it may, the occasion must be avoided, for the Kingdom of Heaven suffers violence and the violent bear it away. Therefore the Holy Ghost says (Ecclesiasticus ix. 7), look not round about thee in the ways of the city, nor wander up and down in the streets thereof. Turn away thy face from a woman dressed up, and gaze not about upon another's beauty. For many have perished by the beauty of a woman, and hereby lust is enkindled as a fire.' God is our true and loving friend, but He tells us that 'he who wisheth to depart from his friend seeketh an occasion.' If then we

put ourselves in the occasion of sin we clearly show that we wish to 'depart from our Friend.' No temptation so hurries a man on as to utterly anticipate reflection (save perhaps motions of impatience or anger). A man should pause for a moment under pressure of temptation and ask himself, What am I about to do? To ruin my soul, to sacrifice grace, Heaven, and God. He should picture to himself our dear and loving Lord standing meekly before him and saying, 'Quid feci tibi aut in quo contristavi te?' I have created thee, I have redeemed thee, I have loved thee with an eternal love. For all this wilt thou crucify me?

The flight of occasions should be accompanied by prayer, quick and fervent, like the cry of S. Peter, when the waters were closing around him and he cried out, 'Lord, save me, I perish.' The will thus strengthened by a short fervent prayer will be able to make even the most violent effort and so break through any temptation of the evil one.

The third great remedy is watchfulness—a quiet, constant guard over our senses—especially the eyes. 'With all care keep thy heart,' says the Wise Man. But we can only watch over our hearts by guarding our senses. Therefore we should ever pray with David, 'Turn away mine eyes, O Lord, lest they look upon vanity; give me life in Thy way.' Holy Job tells us 'I made a compact with mine eyes not to think of a virgin.' The eye, says S. Augustine, is the master sense, and the Scripture tells us that 'He that keepeth his eye keepeth his soul.'

Finally, the remedy for sin is frequent Confession; if possible, weekly. The man who adopts these means is sure to triumph over sin and the devil. 'Give me strength, O God, to expiate my offences, to overcome my temptations, to subdue my passions, and to acquire the virtues proper for my state.']

The last two lines are from the Universal Prayer, to be found in every Catholic Manual of Devotion, and which Fr. Burke in the confessional was fond of giving as a penance to be recited by those whom he had shriven.

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